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Collier's

SEPTEMBER 6, 1941 FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

John P. Marquand's New Novel

Mercator Island

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FLOHERTY JR

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—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN
MAGAZINE — WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Sept. 6 '41

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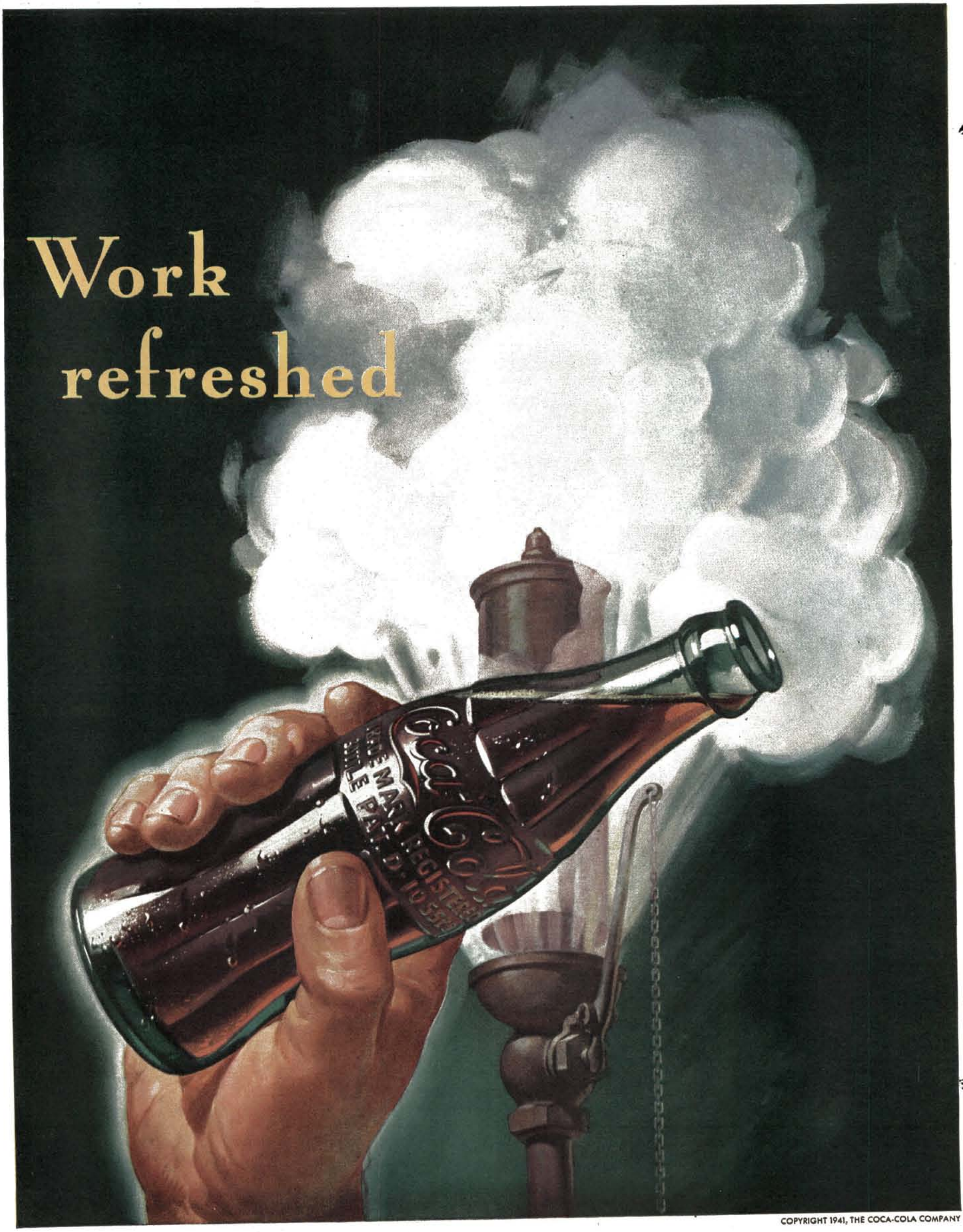
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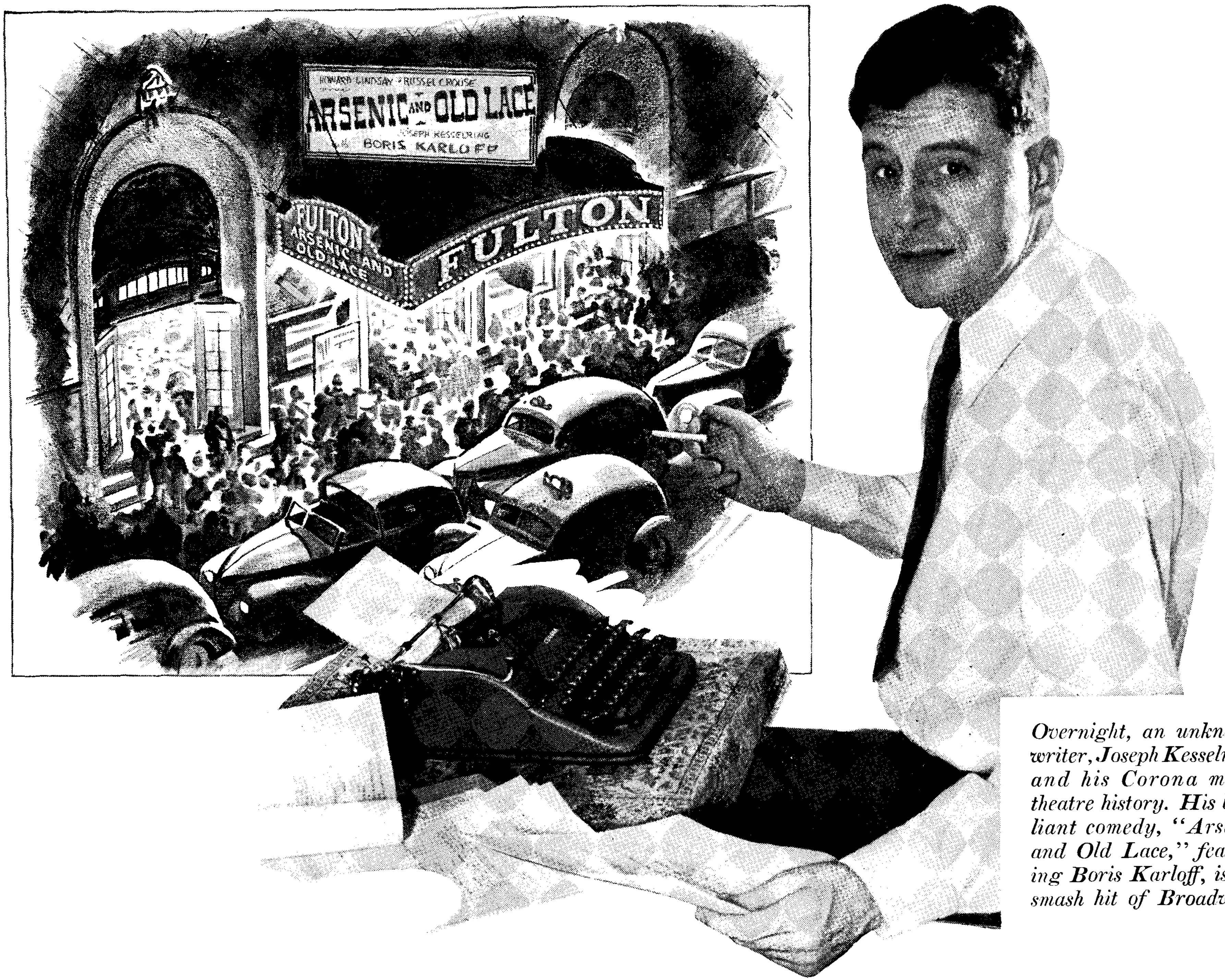

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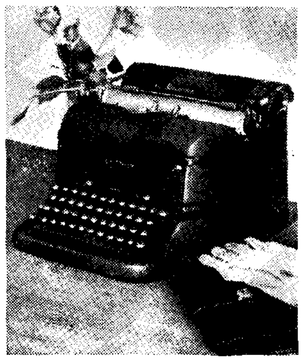

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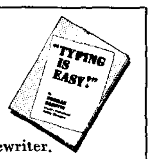

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SEPTEMBER 6, 1941

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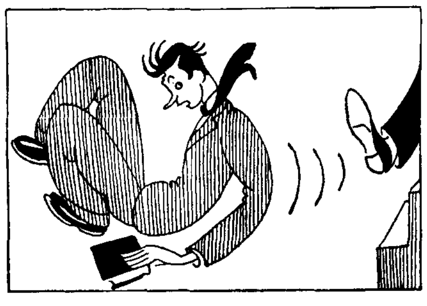
COVER JOHN FLOHERTY, Jr.

ANY WEEK

AS YOU have every right to suspect, we get a great many letters telling us what's wrong with mankind. The majority of them are of a financial nature, the writers almost always being financially strapped at the writing. Although it is getting more and more difficult for an able-bodied man to avoid gainful employment, our mail shows no decrease in the numbers of correspondents who would remold our fiscal policies and monetary system. We still have our weekly take of schemes of greenbackers, inflationists, fiat-currency shills and funny-money promoters. The best we've received this week deviates a trifle from the conventional. The gentleman is Mr. J. Metapac of Topeka, Kansas. Mr. Metapac assures us that it would be of no benefit to the have-nots to divide the country's financial wealth equally amongst the populace and let it go at that. That would be but the first step. "After we get the money all divided up," says Mr. Metapac, "we got to see that it keeps divided up so that the same thieves do not get it back again soon." We shall summarize the rest of Mr. Metapac's thesis. When all the money is apportioned, share and share alike, he says, the name of the holder shall be inscribed upon each bill. Thereafter no other person may own that piece of currency. It may circulate itself to shreds for all Mr. Metapac cares but every time it turns over a profit, that profit shall go to the person whose name is on the bill. That's the gist of it and we release it in Mr. Metapac's name and with his consent for what it's worth. "But," adds he, "it's no use unless every man, woman and child has one thousand dollars to start with. If the divide-up won't be that much then the government must make up the difference."

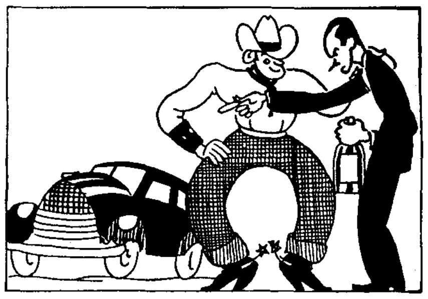


WE WERE working Mr. Metapac's system out on the back of a telephone-bill envelope when our secretary handed us one from Carpentersville, Illinois. She said it couldn't wait. The writer, a Mr. Hein Fitbom, said that an article by Kyle Crichton had inspired him to commit a similar act. "I am no professional writer," insists Mr. Fitbom, "but I published a book —The Iron Rule—lately. This was a challenge to a boss who claimed he couldn't understand my language. I told this know-nothing of protégé: 'Listen, you better wash out your ears.' This remark broke my neck. I was promoted down the steps into the street and join since February 27 the army of million jobless. As you know better as myself, an unknown soldier in literary field has a quite time before he gets recognized but I trie hard to master the American language and want to be in future a worker who earn his daily bread and butter as before. Please read this article. If not acceptible tell me all about it. Thanking you for your kindliness please don't hesitate let the wind blow from every direction."

MR. CRICHTON has Mr. Fitbom's article and is industriously blowing in every direction, an art in which Mr. Crichton is more than adept. For our part, we're inclined to regard both letters as we're sure Mrs. Millholland would. This lady is the mother of Ray Millholland of Indianapolis. He writes for this alert magazine, Production Doctor being his latest story, we think. Some time ago Miss Ethel Gurley Willis, who writes a column for the Grand Meadow (Minnesota) Record, called on Mrs. Millholland, taking with her her cousin, Mrs. Duke Kemp. At dinner Mrs. Millholland turned to Mrs. Kemp and said: "Did you say your name was Duke Kemp or Kemp Duke? Well, anyway, pass the butter."

WITH our position thus clarified, we turn to this week's complaints. Mrs. Nancy Dwell of Dubuque, Iowa, complains about Charles Augustus Lindbergh whom, incidentally, we've been forced to include in a collection of major American tragedies which we've been compiling for some years. "I know precisely what's wrong with Mr. Lindbergh," says Mrs. Dwell. "He still believes that Hitler was telling the truth at Munich and stopped with Czechoslovakia." And we proceed with a flattering letter from Mr. Jock MacKimble of Los Angeles, California. Mr. MacKimble thinks that no fairer demonstration of this magazine's insistence upon giving our readers both sides of the story can be had than our articles by Quentin Reynolds and W. B. Courtney—Mr. Reynolds from England and Mr. Courtney from Germany. "Now all that I'd like to see," concludes Mr. MacKimble, "is a nice party thrown for Mr. Reynolds' 'R.A.F. glamor boys' and Mr. Courtney's 'blitz kids' with Elsa Maxwell running the high jinks."

AMONG others who are profiting by the dismal state of the world are dentists. We are assured of this by Dr. Julius Deefusch of Chicago, Illinois. "Ninety-nine per cent of my patients," says he, "come in with badly broken teeth. Half of them are teeth grinders —America Firsters, Columnists, Anglophobes, Italian-Americans who used to believe in Mussolini, and retired Army officers whose advice has been rejected by the War Department. Grinding the teeth is very bad for them. The others are teeth chatterers —Communists, Bundists, political officeholders who have been notified to appear before their draft boards, and economists who predict postwar conditions. Very bad."



THE illustrator of this column, George DeZayas, has gone west. We have just heard from Mr. DeZayas from Montana. In Montana they're having rodeos and Mr. DeZayas was invited to ride a couple of bad horses. When the invitation came, Mr. DeZayas was in a drugstore purchasing liniment. The hospitable Montanan asked Mr. DeZayas whether he could ride. "Ride?" cried Mr. DeZayas. "Can I ride? Come with me." And Mr. DeZayas took the fellow by the hand and pointed to a motorcar at the curb. "Can I ride? Mister, I've been riding that for 22,539,492 miles—farther, in fact, all the way from New York." The Montanan told Mr. DeZayas that it was not 22,539,492 miles to New York. "Says you," yelled our illustrator, uncorking the liniment.

IN THE meantime our down-East scouts have flushed a few items of first importance. From one whom we've frequently thought of firing because of his lack of imagination we learn that there's a diner near Concord, New Hampshire, bearing the sign: "Leave the War at the Curb and Come In." Moreover there's a shop in Boston where you can make sweaters and similar comforts for the R.A.F. As you enter you may read its welcome: "Sit, Knit and Smile." Two or three more earnest souls bade us to pay no attention to that one, adding that the creator of that slogan lacked feeling—anyway the proper feeling. However we insist upon smiling as much as possible this year and working up an occasional snicker. We're told that a Mr. Hillegast of Montpelier, Vermont, greeted a tourist from Washington, D. C., with: "Washington, D. C., hey? Well, how's the war coming along down there?" When told that a great deal of confusion obtained in the capital, Mr. Hillegast replied: "Nothin' extra, hey? Well, well. That's Democrats fer you." . .

W. D

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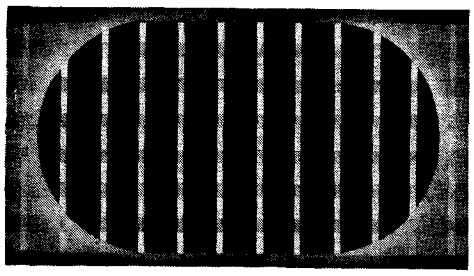
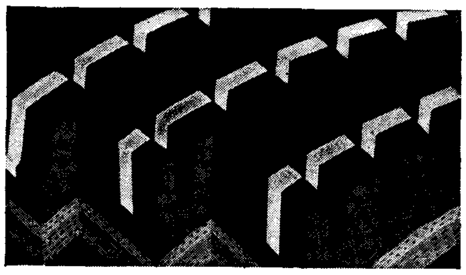
Stripes in Action

SURE-FOOTED as a big jungle "cat" the new *Fisk Safti-Flight Tire* with the *Safety Stripe Tread* grips the road with a wedging action that works like the pads of a tiger's paw.



LONG, SMOOTH RIDE. The *Fisk Safti-Flight Tread* is as silent as a tiger's paw. This new tread puts more rubber on the road, too (see "foot print" above), distributes weight over a larger area to give you thousands of extra miles. Fisk's thicker *under-tread* makes possible effective regrooving after the original tread has worn down—important when you are looking for tires that will last safely for a long, long time.

STOPPING POWER. The instant brakes are applied block #1 grips pavement; block #2 piles up against block #1 and grips; block #3 jams against block #2 and so on, in a continuous wedging, squeezing, gripping action that stops you quicker! (Note how strips of soft white cushion rubber, inlaid the full depth of non-skid tread, link the blocks together firmly, yet permit extreme flexibility of movement!)



PROTECTION AGAINST BLOWOUTS. The independent spring action of each tread block, absorbs small road bumps, protects against *outside* bruises. *Inside* the tire, anti-friction cotton cords, safety-sealed in pure latex, resist the high temperatures generated by constant flexing; give greater protection against blowouts! (The Safti-Flight Rayon, at extra cost, runs even cooler, is even less vulnerable to blowouts at high speed!)

LOOK FOR THE
SAFETY-STRIPE
TREAD
FISK

TIME TO RE-TIRE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
"Get a Fisk"

The New FISK SAFTI-FLIGHT

Copyright 1941, United States Rubber Company

FISK TIRES, CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS • DIVISION OF UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

BALONEY! How can they make Frankfurters with NO SKINS?

GIRL: "Well, I had them for lunch at school, smarty. And I can prove it. You stop in at the butcher's with me on the way home and I'll show you."

BUTCHER: "Yes, these are SKINLESS frankfurters, there's not a trace of skin on them. You see they're stuffed and smoked in clear 'Visking' casings. Then, after the smoking process, the cellulose casing is removed leaving only the tender surface of the frankfurter itself."

☆

FATHER: "Say! These are wonderful frankfurters. Something new?"

MOTHER: "Tommy told me about them. They're SKINLESS frankfurters. The butcher says that practically all meat packers make them this way now. But I like this brand best. They're tender, juicy and digestible. And the children just love them."

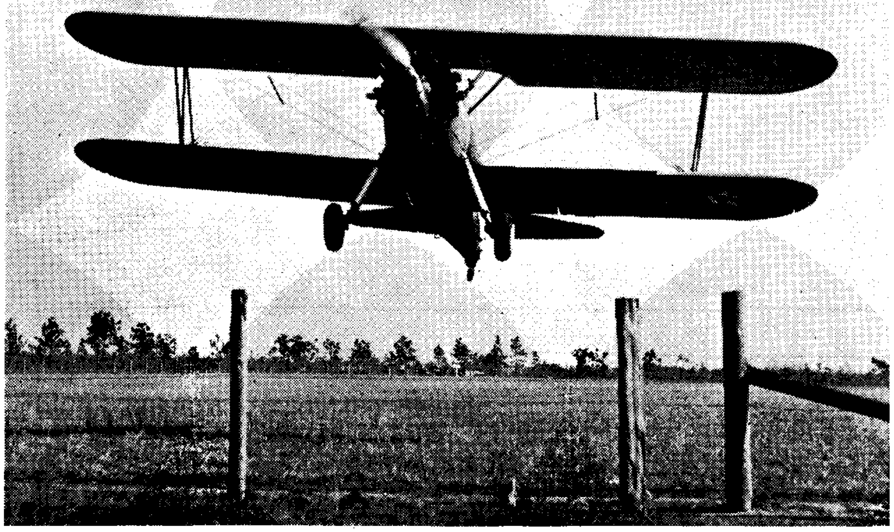
HERE'S YOUR "SCHOOL DAYS" DISH

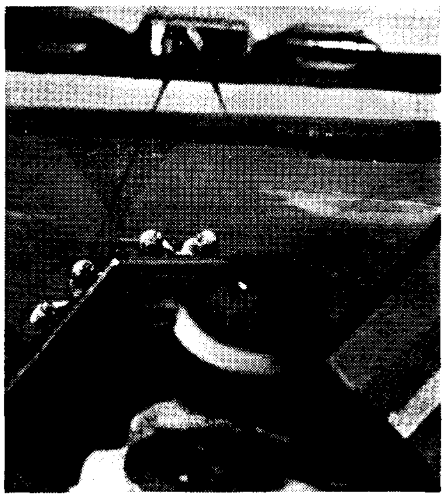
SKINLESS frankfurters or wieners on lettuce leaves garnished with sliced American cheese. The center is potato salad. School teacher's costume is black crepe paper with pipe cleaners for arms.

FRANKY SAYS: "HEY KIDS, TELL YOUR MOM HOW DIGESTIBLE GOOD FRANKFURTERS AND WIENERS ARE WHEN THEY'RE Skinless"

TRADE MARK

WING TALK


HAROLD W. KULICK


Three hundred new students now enter the Pensacola Naval Station each month, and learn fence-hopping take-offs, above, and the tricky spot landing, right

THIS is no place to argue whether the Air Corps should be completely divorced from the Army or merged into a separate Air Force with other government aviation. Would take too long. But now and then you run into instances where the young, ambitious Air Corps is slowed down by the older, less explosive branches, which makes you wonder if a separate Air Force might not be a good idea. One such instance was when the Air Corps requested permission to send two of its experts to England to study an aviation development in which we are deficient. Back came the suggestion that we've got a lot of people in England now, so why not send them to Cairo.

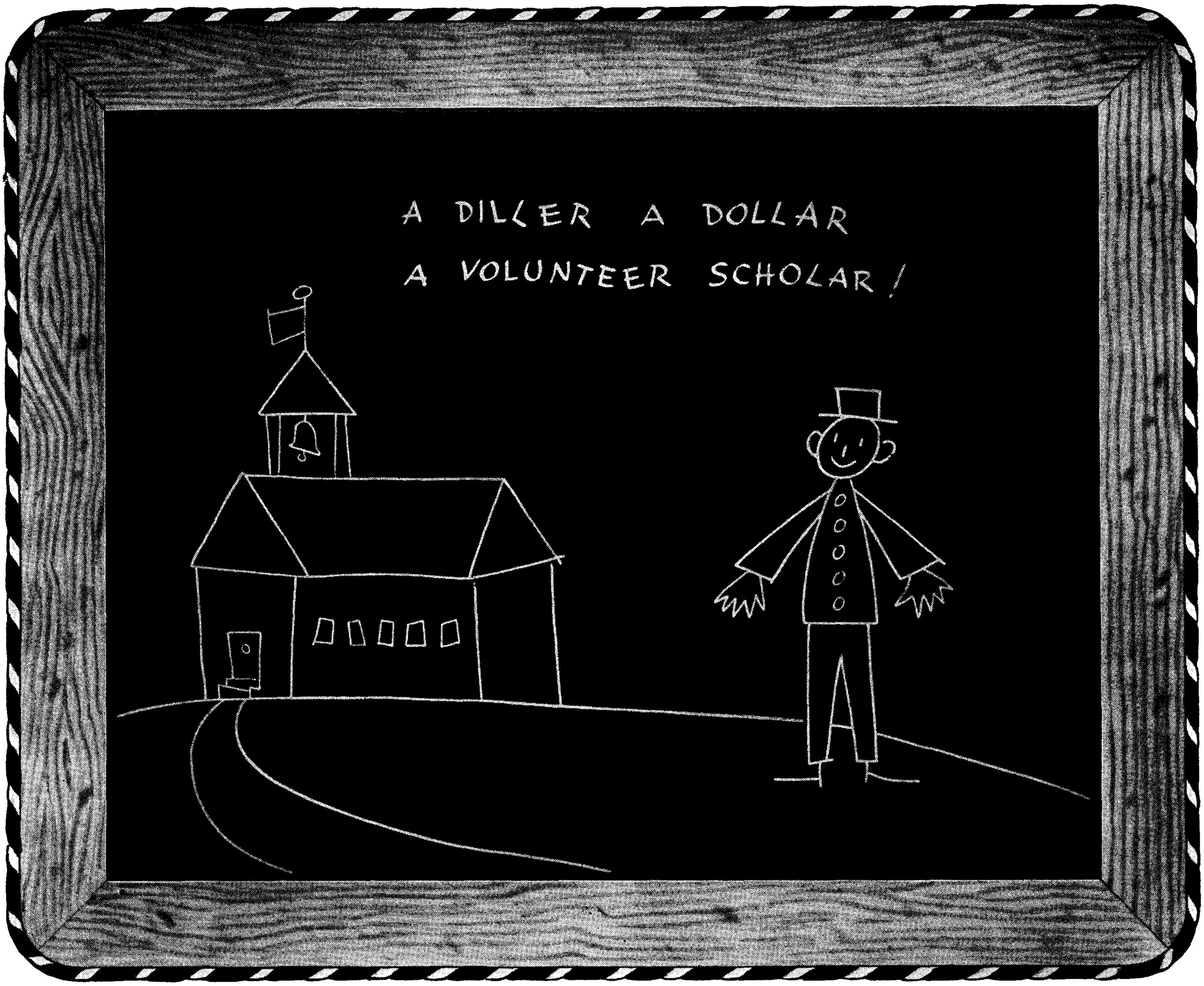
ONCE a student has soloed and got along all right, his enthusiasm runs high. First thing you know he wants to take you for a hop; he's that proud. When you climb in with him, you are then participating in the most dangerous form of flying extant and you are conspiring with him to violate the Civil Air Regulations which were set up to save your life. Last year, one third of all the passenger fatalities in civil aviation occurred in flights with student pilots. Only your refusal to ride with the student will put an end to this situation.

THE Army Air Corps has more planes to procure and more pilots to train than the Navy, but you mustn't lose interest in the latter, for they're doing all right. From only one school and 100 student entries per month, a year ago, the Navy now has three main pilot-training stations with a combined student entry rate of 800 per month. Pensacola, the original, now has 300; Jacksonville 200 and Corpus Christi, 300. There are now 4,300 naval aviators (including Marines) on the rolls and 2,700 students under training. Rear Admiral John H. Towers, Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, and most vitally concerned with naval air expansion, is number 1 senior pilot, by historical fact, not by virtue of his present rank.

SABOTEURS, be there any in operation in the aircraft industry, are getting off pretty easily right now, what with all the green help around to confuse the investigators. Three years ago there were 30,000 workers employed in the then small industry, all of them pretty much old-timers and not only good at their trade but under no pressure. Today there are six times as many factory workers and the number is mounting constantly. Every one of these newcomers into aviation couldn't possibly be skilled and drilled in all the fine points of aircraft construction, and besides they are being pushed at top speed by all companies to make deliveries to the United States and the British. That's why it is hard for the industry to cry "sabotage" about accidents that have happened, and those bound to come, when pins and bolts are missing, cork is found in fuel lines, waste in engines, or tools floating around in concealed parts of the planes. It's really tough on the F.B.I. but Mr. Hoover's boys are the last to excuse off a situation to green labor, you may like to know.

THE lad was a shiny new ensign and he was out with his dive-bomber squadron for the first time since he joined the carrier. Came his turn to go down, he cut the gun (contrary to public belief they do not go down on the target with throttle wide open) and having scored a direct hit, he pushed on the throttle to get back in formation, but the engine just kept ticking over as before. "Engine trouble," he yelled in his microphone and the squadron leader immediately turned and started down alongside. But as he got there, the engine burst into a roar and it was not until they were back on the carrier that the shiny new ensign revealed his deep-rooted honesty by reporting, rather hesitantly, that he was pushing on the bomb-release handle all the time.

F. R. N.



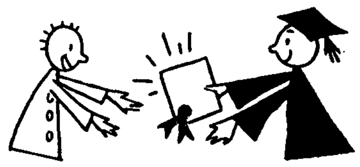
HELPING A MAN BUY the kind and amount of life insurance protection he should have, and serving him properly after the sale, is a highly specialized responsibility.

It requires on the part of the agent an understanding of people and their problems. It requires an appreciation of each individual's present and prospective needs and circumstances.

Today, the needs of millions of policyholders guide the training of every agent. Because this training is in great demand among agents, Metropolitan, for instance, has established training courses to give the agent the benefit of the knowledge the company has accumulated through years of experience and research.

Most prospective Metropolitan agents first attend a training course conducted by a Home Office representative. In localities where this is impractical, a similar course is conducted by the management of the District, supervised by the Field Training Division. When this is completed, the new agent works from two to four additional weeks with an experienced assistant manager who helps him get acquainted with his new duties. After this, continuous training by the District management is supplemented by instruction conferences and courses conducted by members of the Field Training Division.

Most fieldmen have completed the Company's Correspondence Courses; 1255 were actively enrolled in 1940 alone. More than 800 were enrolled in the course which, when completed, brings the coveted designation, "Chartered Life Underwriter," awarded by the American College of Life Underwriters. In addition, Metropolitan constantly issues instructive material for the benefit of all its agents.



Last year, approximately 190 full-time instructors were engaged in carrying on Metropolitan's educational program in the United States and Canada. An agent's training is never finished. Thousands of agents are striving, year in, year out, to improve their efficiency and ability and increase the value of the services they render you.

It is a fair statement that life insurance agents today are better equipped than ever before to advise with you on all problems connected with your life insurance program.

COPYRIGHT 1941—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

This is Number 41 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

TAKE A TIP FROM ME:

don't let double O do you out of romance

"IT SEEMED almost like love at first sight when I filled in on a date with a dashing young flier. But what an awakening I got when I overheard him say: 'Next time, Ted, don't stick me with a gal who has the "Double O." Ellen's nice, but when she opens her mouth, I long for the open sea. She's got double trouble.' "

Sister, your charms don't mean very much if you're careless about the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath). It's the double offense that can come between you and many a good time!

So, why not use the delightful double precaution so many popular girls insist on. For the teeth, the new Listerine Tooth Paste. It's made especially for the beauty and brilliance of your smile. It's a special, new formula which does a really remarkable job on dull, dingy teeth, removing cloudy, loose deposits.

The new Listerine Tooth Paste is the result of 8 years' work on the part of skilled experts. Many girls say they can see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time.

For the breath, it's Listerine Antiseptic, of course. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis.

Delightful Daily Double

If you want to put your best foot forward, don't neglect the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath).

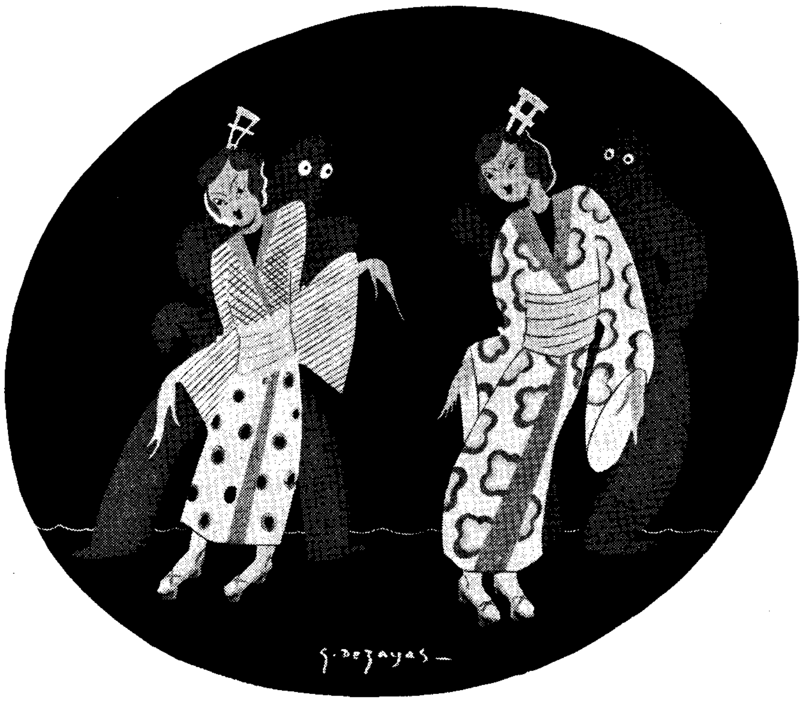
Start right in today with the delightful Listerine Daily Double: the new Listerine Tooth Paste for a more attractive smile and Listerine for a sweeter breath.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

the double precaution against double O *Offensive Breath* *Offensive looking Teeth*

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

and LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

For more than three hundred years, the Doll Theater has been a major amusement in Japan. Almost life-size, the dolls perform more tricks than puppets manipulated by cords or sticks, through being "worked" by men who hold the dolls in their hands. Compared with their gaily dressed marionettes, these handlers are virtually invisible as they are dressed in black clothes and hood and work before a black curtain.

A phenomenon of plant life is luminous moss, *Schistostega osmundacea,* which is found in caves and other dark places in the woods. When a light is flashed upon it, this plant glows, reflecting the rays like the eyes of a cat.

Most Korean women paste their clothing together instead of sewing it at the seams, change their given name, instead of their family name, when they are married, and rise when men enter the room.—*By A. Campbell, Kaishu, Kokai, Korea.*

Fingerprints may be destroyed by such diseases as leprosy, scleroderma, radio dermatitis and occupational therapy. In some cases of leprosy, the lines of the fingers have been changed to such an extent that they could not be used for purposes of identification.

Compressed air was used to separate a concrete highway in New Jersey recently. The air, forced through a fire hose which was backed by blocks, moved fourteen thirty-ton slabs a few inches at a time and pushed the sections of the highway apart to make a safety island between them twelve feet wide and eight miles long.—*By Russell Gross, East Orange, New Jersey.*

As living animals, some species of sponges increase their weight forty per cent a day; others pump water through themselves at the rate of a gallon an hour.—*By J. Roy Barron, Jr., Charleston, South Carolina.*

In 1921, scientists in the Dutch East Indies tried to improve their strain of sugar cane by crossing a high-yielding variety with a wild Javanese variety. The result contained no sugar at all. But by 1924, its descendants, after numerous crossings with other canes, produced the famous "P.O.J. 2878," which has a twenty per cent larger sugar yield than any other known variety.

One of the most complex watches ever made was a double-faced pocket timepiece with 975 working parts and eighteen dials and attachments, which gave such special information as altitude, temperature, barometric pressure, humidity and the time of sunrise and sunset each day. One dial even showed how much time had passed since the mainspring was last wound.

As late as the 17th century, America held "trials by touch," in which the defendant in a murder case was made to touch the corpse to see if it would give some indication that he was the guilty person. In one such trial in Virginia in 1663, several members of a family had to touch the body of a former Negro servant. But they were acquitted because Uncle Joe "gave no sign."—*By Brandes Smith, Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey.*

Because the jury at the first trial of Boss Tweed in New York City in 1873 disagreed on a verdict, the prosecution, at the second trial made certain that it had twelve "untouchable" jurors by assigning twelve officers to watch them, twelve watchers to watch the officers and twelve other watchers to watch the watchers, all thirty-six of whom had to make a daily report. —*By Edward F. Fagan, Brooklyn, New York.*

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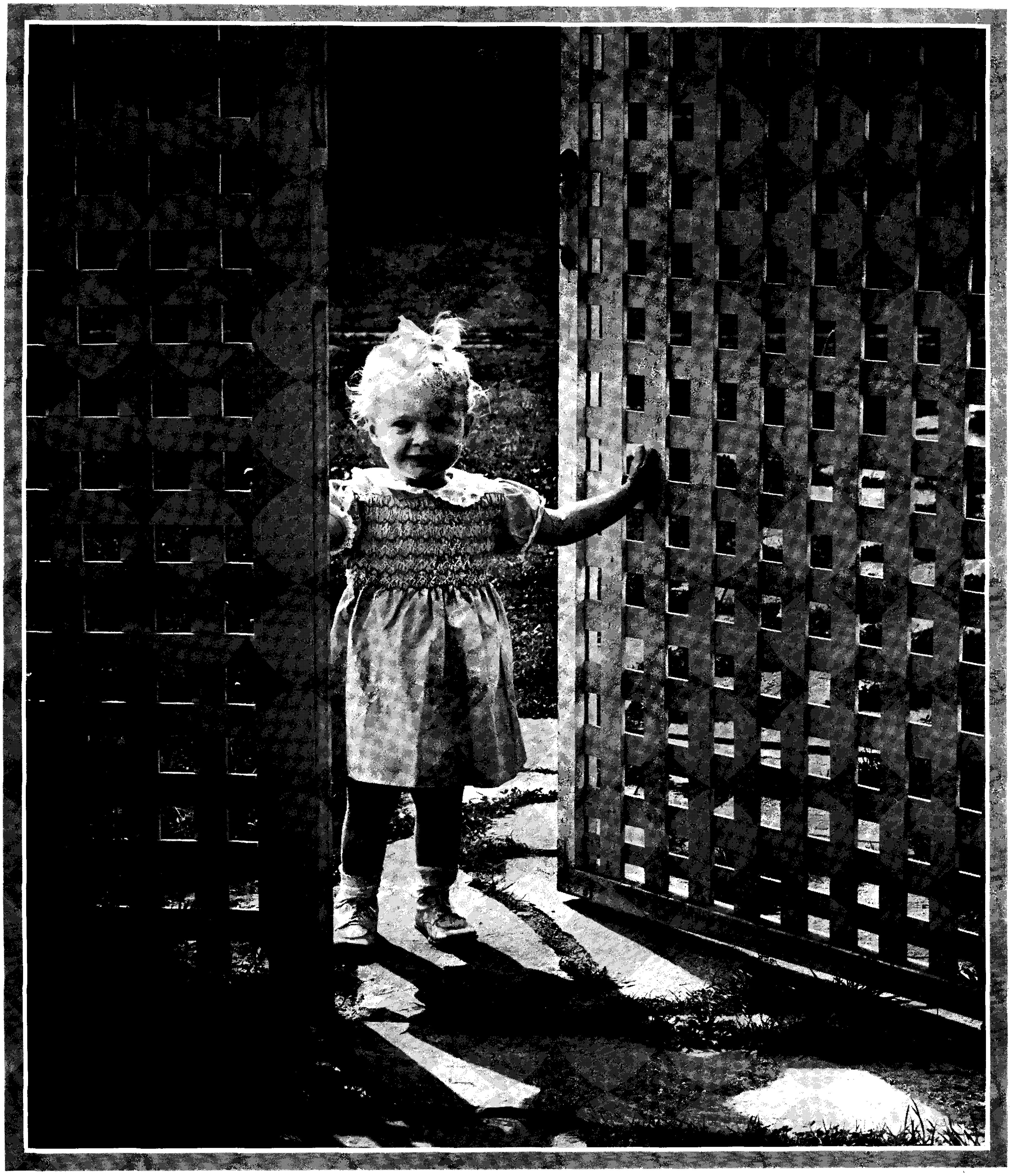

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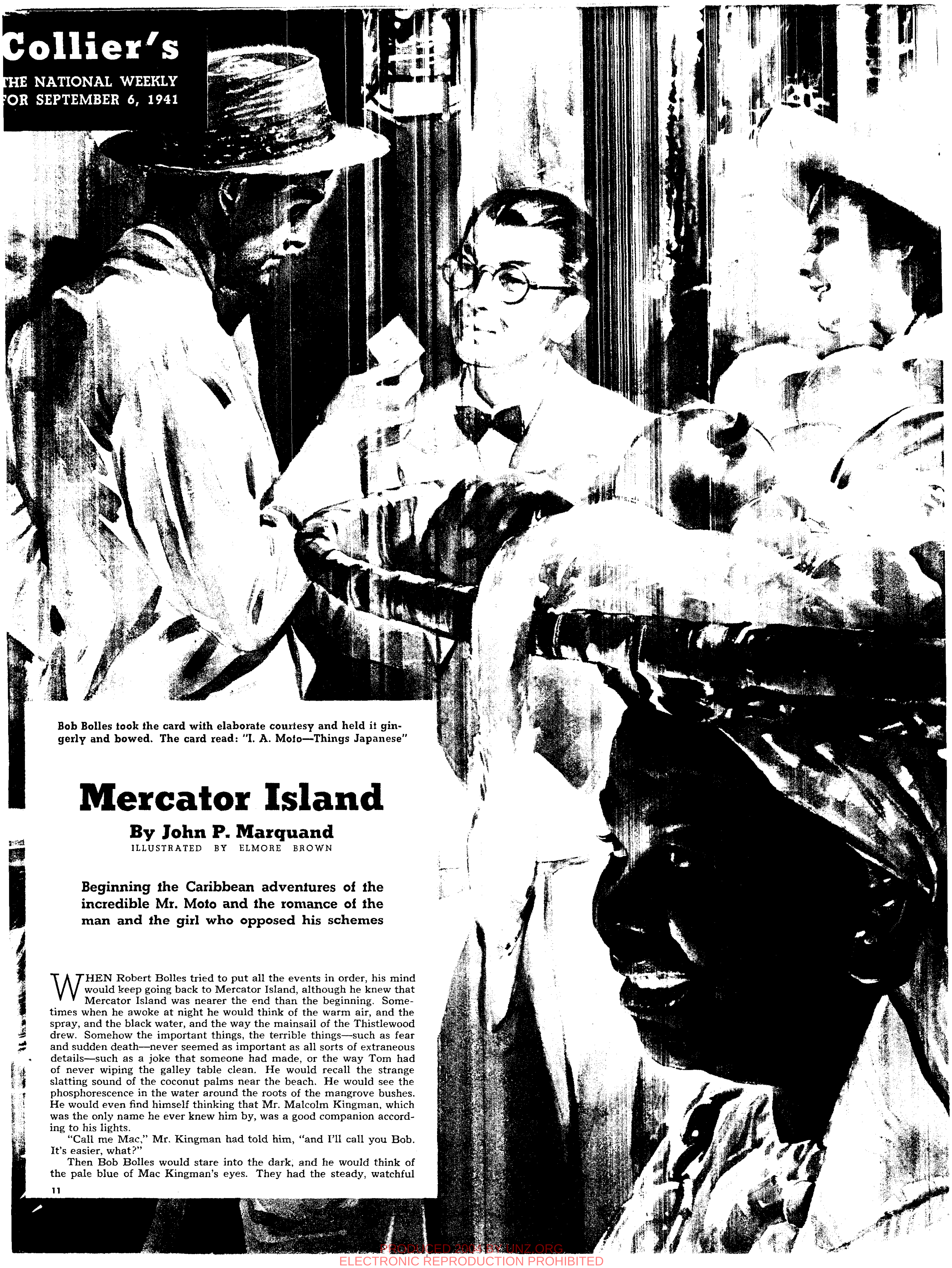


Bob Bolles took the card with elaborate courtesy and held it gingerly and bowed. The card read: "I. A. Moto—Things Japanese"

Mercator Island

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Beginning the Caribbean adventures of the incredible Mr. Moto and the romance of the man and the girl who opposed his schemes

WHEN Robert Bolles tried to put all the events in order, his mind would keep going back to Mercator Island, although he knew that Mercator Island was nearer the end than the beginning. Sometimes when he awoke at night he would think of the warm air, and the spray, and the black water, and the way the mainsail of the Thistlewood drew. Somehow the important things, the terrible things—such as fear and sudden death—never seemed as important as all sorts of extraneous details—such as a joke that someone had made, or the way Tom had of never wiping the galley table clean. He would recall the strange slatting sound of the coconut palms near the beach. He would see the phosphorescence in the water around the roots of the mangrove bushes. He would even find himself thinking that Mr. Malcolm Kingman, which was the only name he ever knew him by, was a good companion according to his lights.

"Call me Mac," Mr. Kingman had told him, "and I'll call you Bob. It's easier, what?"

Then Bob Bolles would stare into the dark, and he would think of the pale blue of Mac Kingman's eyes. They had the steady, watchful look of a sailor's eyes, though, of course, he was not a sailor. And when he thought of Mrs. Kingman, for that was the name she was using, he would find himself still surprised at her capacity for enjoyment. It had impressed him long before he came to know her well. She had really loved it—all the lights at the sunrise, all the strange, shimmering green of the hillsides, and the candlewood trees, and even the delicate little shells on the beach. She had loved it at Westerly Hall, when she had stood on the gray coral stone terrace, where all the weeds were growing and where the umbrella ants were walking in an endless, weaving column. She had said that she would like to live there always, and she had really meant it.

Even when he had heard the footsteps that night—and he had not heard them until they were just behind him—he remembered most clearly what a pleasant night it had been and how well he had played his hand of four spades, doubled and redoubled. Of course they had meant to kill him as soon as he had left the table, but it was those small aspects that remained more vivid than the rest.

"Bob," Mac had said, "your sense of cards is excellent."

"Such a nice hand," Mr. Moto said, "and to make the three of diamonds good! So very nice."

She was the only one who had not said anything.

"Helene," Mr. Kingman had said, "you must be tired. Perhaps a little walk in the air—"

That was the first time that he had not called her Helen—just one of those slips that you could not help. It was all made up of little things like that, hundreds of little things.

There was no rancor, because it was all strictly business, and they had done it very nicely, because they were professionals. He could not get it out of his head that they really liked him as a person and as a human being, but it had not begun at Mercator Island. That was only the middle and the end.

IT HAD begun in Kingston harbor, when the Thistlewood lay anchored in the still blue water on a November morning in 1940. He always hated the mornings. In the morning everything that was disagreeable came back to him, for he could never get himself into the way of drinking before twelve o'clock. All he could do was to sit and wait until noon came and assure himself that after twelve he would feel better and that by evening he would forget nearly everything that troubled him.

"Mr. Bolles, sar," Tom had called from the cockpit, "it's after eleven o'clock, sar."

"What do I care?" Bob Bolles said.

"You expressly ordered," Tom said, "when we came aboard last night for you to be awakened at ten o'clock, sar."

"Don't talk with that damned British accent," Bob said.

Tom came down into the cabin and stood grinning at him. He was a lanky Jamaican colored boy, copper-colored, with a small head, flat nose and heavy hands. He did not look like much, but he was good at sea.

"Where was I when you took me aboard last night?"

"Up to Henry's, sar," Tom told him.

"Henry's?" Bob said. He passed his hand over his chin and found there were no contusions or bruises on his face. "I wasn't fighting again, was I?"

"No, sar," Tom said. "You haven't fought, sar, since they threw you out of the Myrtle Bank bar. You were at the tables like a gentleman, and Mr. Henry came down to tell me you were cleaned out and that you had best be took on board. You came with me like a gentleman."

"Cleaned out?" Bob said. "Have you looked through my pockets?"

"Yes, sar," Tom told him. "Ten shillings and six is left, sar."

"All right," Bob said. "Haven't I told you to watch me at Henry's?"

"I endeavored, sar," Tom said. "You are most difficult when you are in liquor, sar, actually. You began talking about the board, sar, and what you thought of that Old Man. You are always most difficult when you think of the board."

"Well," Bob said, "all right." He had grown used to being on the strangest terms with Tom. Sometimes he thought that Tom knew more about him than anyone had ever known. "We're going to be short of money."

"They're loading bananas, sar," Tom said. "I could get work today and tomorrow."

"No," Bob told him, and he felt half ashamed of himself. "I'm going ashore and you go too and find yourself another berth."

"Oh, no, sar," Tom said. "I like it here."

"Why do you like it here?" Bob asked.

"It's the way you treat me, sar. White men don't often treat colored people like you treat me."

"Get me some coffee," Bob said, "and hot water and a razor. Bring them up topside so I can be in the air."

WHEN he climbed up in the cockpit the white sunlight from the water made him blink. In the morning he sometimes felt ashamed of himself and he did not like the feeling. He had a pretty clear idea of what they thought of him along the water front in the morning. He stood in the center of the cockpit, in his last clean shirt and in his soiled white trousers. He had not shaved for two days and now he decided that he might as well wait another day before he tried it.

"Stow the razor," he said. "Just the coffee."

He noticed that his hand was shaking when Tom handed him the tin cup of coffee, but he felt better when he drank it. All the water front and the harbor came together more clearly in focus.

"Coat," he said, "shoes—hat—and bring the dinghy alongside."

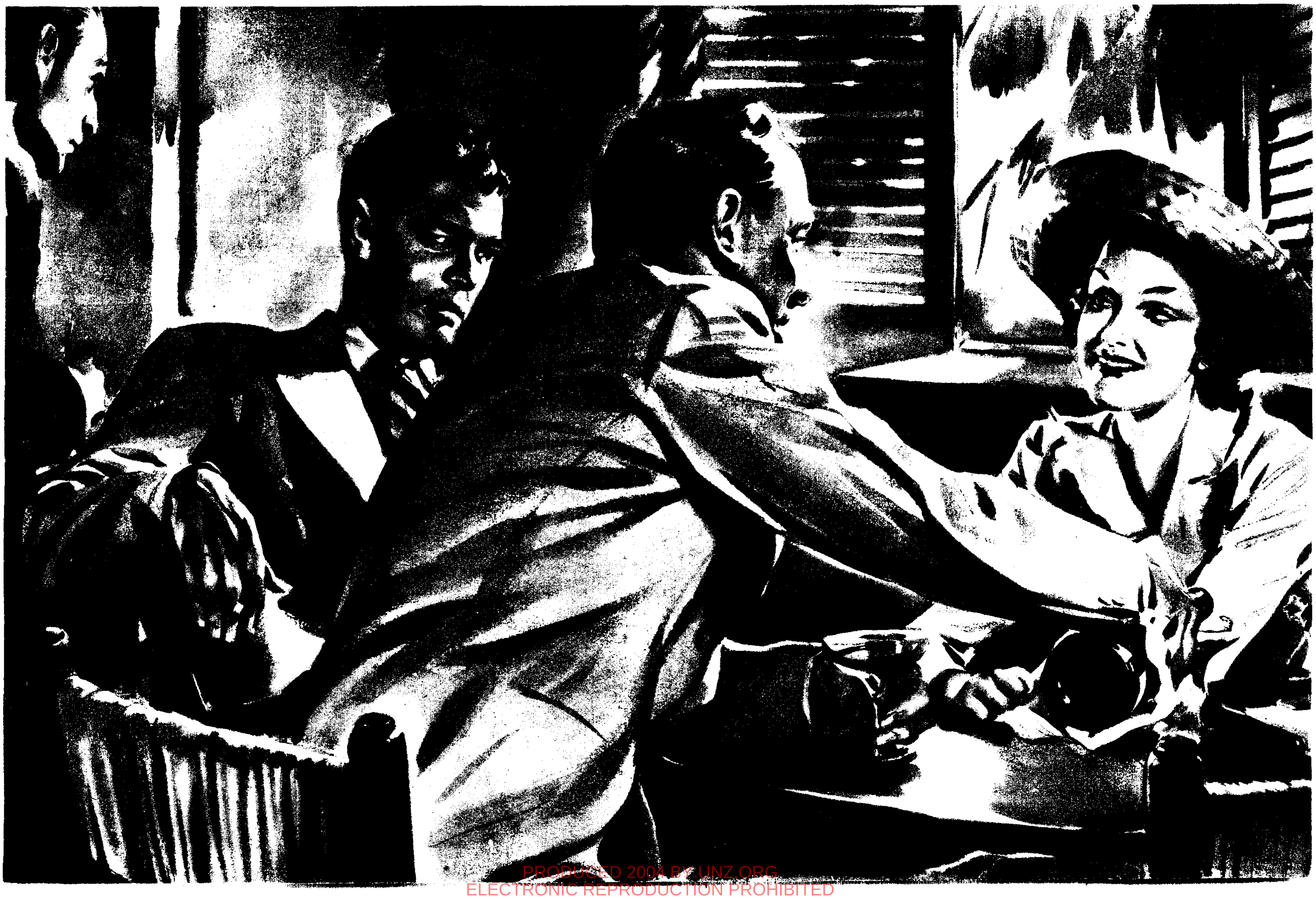
They were loading a banana boat at the pier. He could hear the shouts, and he could see the line of black men and women with the bunches of bananas on their heads. Then he looked toward the entrance of the harbor. A United States destroyer was coming in, gray and cloudlike.

"Tom," he said, "go down and fetch the glasses."

"You pawned them yesterday, sar," Tom said.

(Continued on page 37)

Mr. Kingman smiled. "Now, wait a minute, sweet," he said. "You know you promised to let me do the talking"



AUK

General Sir Claude Auchinleck, Wavell's successor in Egypt, is a soldier ahead of his time. Years ago he foresaw that war would outgrow the "mule and march" era, so he replaced camels and cavalry with tanks and armored cars, substituted machine guns for sabers and bombing planes for artillery

GENERAL SIR CLAUDE JOHN EYRE AUCHINLECK married Jessie Stewart of Seattle, Washington, twenty years ago. That's why he lost his British accent.

And ever since 1930 he has been one of the British army's leading exponents of armored warfare. That's at least one of the reasons why at the age of 57, when most careerists are beginning to hope they might become brigadiers, Sir Claude is a full general and commander in chief of the armies of the Middle East.

Sir Claude talked tanks and muttered motorization while Hitler and Goering were still beer-hall roughs. It took him nearly eight years but he pulled the Indian army down off horseback and gave it motors. He wanted cavalry to move 300 miles a day when its maximum speed was 30, and he envisioned infantry marching into action at 100 miles a day when its forward movement was limited to ten. He, like General Charles De Gaulle and Douhet and Winston Churchill, was a man ahead of his time —a soldier who foresaw as did General von Ludendorff that war would outgrow the "mule and march" era.

Even three or four years ago his concept of war was considered radical and revolutionary and it took five months of arguing with the famed Chatfield Commission, which in 1938 ordered the modernization of the British army in India, before it adopted his proposals. The official biography of General Auchinleck states merely that he was able "to put many of his ideas into effect."

The truth is that for five months General Auchinleck and his staff labored on blank maps of India tacked up on the walls of general headquarters in Simla, filling in down to the last machine gun where planes, tanks, motor transport and rapid-fire armaments were needed. They proved to the Chatfield Commission that the security of India depended upon having not camels and cavalry but tanks and armored cars, not sabers but tommy guns, not lookouts on hilltops but fast reconnaissance planes and not merely artillery but squadrons of mobile heavy artillery called bombers and squadrons of fighter planes to chase the enemy's bombers. The potential attackers of India then were well-armed Russia and Germany, and General Auchinleck finally demonstrated to recalcitrant traditionalists who thought and fought war as Kipling knew it that India's potential enemies could easily pry out of the British crown its most brilliant imperial jewel.

Of all his names the one that fits General Auchinleck—which he pronounces Awkinlek—best is the straightforward "John." The Claude contrasts with his bearing of a well-conditioned light heavyweight and could be set down to a fond error of Mother Auchinleck's except that he got it because his father's name was John Claude and when they named him they just reversed it. The Eyre is his mother's family name and the Auchinleck is Scottish from way back. Lady Auchinleck is Scottish, too, a Stewart of Appin, and she's very pretty.

And No More Siestas

To his troops and to his staff when he isn't listening, Auchinleck is "the Auk," which is a contraction of his surname but tells more about him than Claude or John. He's as direct as a monosyllable and as forthright as the crack of a pistol.

He said he would be in the lobby of Shepheard's Hotel at three o'clock that afternoon, and at three he was there. There was considerably more than six feet of him in a short-sleeved khaki shirt that was unbuttoned at the collar. He wore shorts and moved on ample feet in the way of a man who knew exactly where they were taking him.

He hadn't had much sleep. He'd only just arrived from India and at three o'clock that morning had taken over from General Sir Archibald Percival Wavell. But his eyes were clear, blue-gray and steady. They looked from under the overhanging ledge of a broad, slightly freckled brow. He's just this side of being a redhead. His head is set on a powerful neck and he has a clean jaw that suggests the strength of a broad, flat, phosphor-bronze spring. His mouth is straight and wide and his lips are dry and he looks as though he forgot to shave his upper lip but it's really a close-cropped mustache.

He chose a cool, shadowy corner of the lobby and made the chair creak when he dropped into it. That he arrived promptly at three o'clock proved more than the obvious. It showed that the Auk doesn't take siestas. At least, not unless it's so hot it knocks you down. And after India, where it really does get hot, the Middle East seems cool as a refrigerated movie house to the Auk. Three o'clock in the afternoon is a poor time to make business appointments in sultry Cairo. At that hour everybody except those who keep themselves awake by blowing taxi horns and clanking bells and blackmailing sleepers into baksheesh by cranking barrel organs under windows are taking a nap. But the Auk was there at three and you had a hunch suddenly that lots of people would be skipping siestas thereafter in this highly important part of the world that's fighting Hitler.

The Auk came without a fly swish. The fly swish is an important accessory in the Middle East. It consists of about eighteen inches of horsetail tufted to a short leather handle with a thong to dangle it from the wrist. It's used to keep the very affectionate flies of the

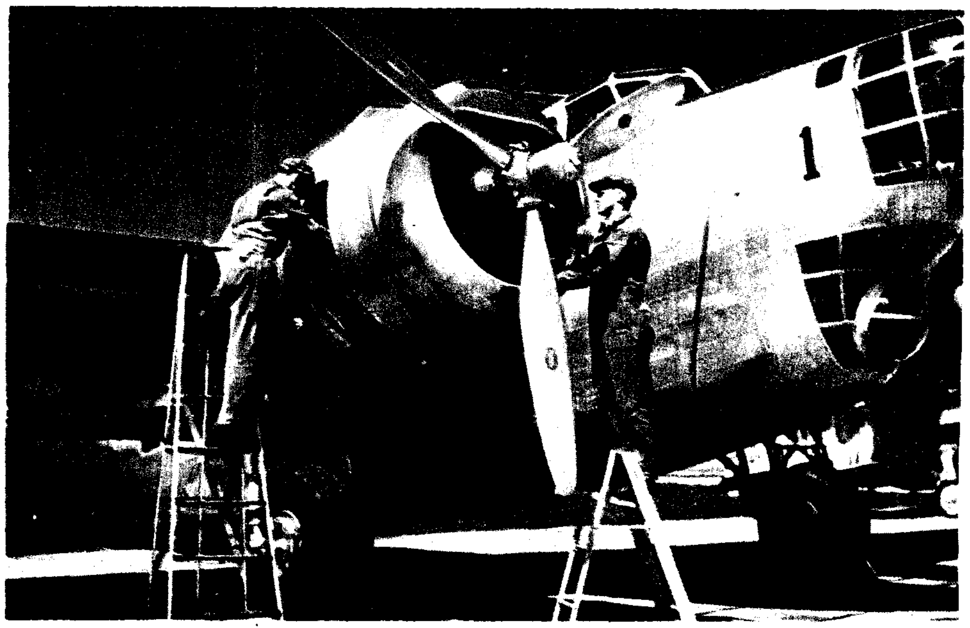
(Continued on page 44)

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Direct and forthright, a soldier in the best British tradition, General Sir Claude Auchinleck commands Britain's armies on the vital Middle East front

Priorities and press relations are handled for Auchinleck by Capt. Oliver Lyttleton, who'll also see that American weapons are used by men who know them

BRITISH COMBINE



GREASE MONKEYS. Because it takes from six to ten mechanics to keep one plane flying, the Army Air Corps Training Division is feverishly expanding to keep pace with plane production. During 1938 the Air Corps trained only 2,000 technicians. By the end of 1940 the Army and seven private schools under contract were producing 25,000 mechanics annually. This year, five Army and fifteen private schools will train some 50,000 men. Ultimate goal is 100,000 a year

Typical of the private training centers is the Casey Jones School at Newark, N. J., where potential grease monkeys study ten hours a day for six months and emerge as maintenance men upon whose shoulders rests the responsibility of keeping U. S. warplanes in perfect condition. Shown herewith are phases of training: Top, right: Student practices welding. Upper left: Metal tail assembly. Above: Tuning a B18-A. Below, left: Installing motor

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HERMAN RUDOLPH AND WILLIAM FRUTCHEY

OUR NEW ARMY

IF YOU'RE *planning to send a gift to* a soldier, bend an ear. Here are some of the things Collier's knows the boys in camp want and will use (we surveyed almost a thousand of them in personal interviews from coast to coast, and got the low-down on what they yearn for from home):

1. A camera; pocket-size, preferably, so he can use it in the field. Don't forget films.
2. Shirts—white shirts and sports shirts—are always welcome for off-duty wear. Odd slacks wouldn't hurt, either.
3. A wrist watch with a second hand would help him on maneuvers.
4. A washable lounging robe in the new O. D. color will earn you a thank-you letter.
5. A stationery outfit; pen and pencil set and stationery to thank you on, complete with stamp books to save his $21 *a month*.
6. All kinds of toiletries are No. 1 in any survey on what they want in camp—extra razor blades, shaving lotion, nail file and scissors, extra tooth paste and an extra tooth brush, hair tonic, powder, shoe polish. Make up a kit that he can stow in his duffel bag.
7. A portable radio can make his life happier—the kind he can carry to a quiet *spot without being too conspicuous.*
8. Tobacco or a new pipe won't make him mad. Don't send him a bulky humidor—instead place a standing order once a week with a local tobacconist. And of course a carton of cigarettes on the same standing order.
9. Magazines make a swell gift, and so do the new Pocket Books that sell for a quarter.
10. Candy and gum. Send him the kind that comes in cartons for easy storage. And don't send him the kind that freezes in cold weather or starts to run in hot weather.

In general, choose with care. Bulky things are out; be careful when sending perishable foods; when in doubt as to what is practical, ask your local retailers or write direct to this department.

LOUISIANA

34TH DIV.

CAMP CLAIBORNE, Alexandria. As is universally customary, Pvt. David J. Beed, Co. D, 168th Infantry, wrote home a few unglowing tributes to all the spuds he had to peel. The parent Beeds own a hardware store, so it was a comparatively simple matter for Mr. Beed to send

(Continued on page 50)

Dina Cashman

By Kathleen Norris

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ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

The Story Thus Far:

LIVING with her impoverished family in Railway Flats, near San Francisco, Dina Cashman meets and falls in love with Vere Holland, a student at the Yale Law School. Vere (who professes to love her) returns to New Haven; and a short time later, Dina learns that she is to become a mother!

Desperate, terrified, she writes to Vere. But the boy's mother persuades him to ignore the letters. Dina then turns to Vere's wealthy uncle, Rogers Holland, who is himself in an embittered frame of mind because the woman he loves, Aline Pierpont, has jilted him and married Andrew Havens, an artist. Moved by Dina's distress, Rogers proposes a curious solution of her problem—he suggests that Dina become his wife, in name only.

Wanting her child to have a legal father, Dina accepts the offer; she marries Holland. Whereupon, Aline—who feels that Rogers is her property—begins to make her plans for getting rid of Havens (whom she does not love) and working her way back into Rogers' favor. . . .

Dina's baby (a girl) is born; and shortly afterward, her life and the lives of those around her become extremely complex and difficult. Aline, preparing to divorce Havens, tells Rogers that she loves him, has always loved him; and Rogers looks forward to the time when he and Aline—both free—may be happily married. Meanwhile, Dina has become infatuated with Andrew Havens; and Havens, loving her, but suspecting that it would be unwise for them to marry, has gone away and sent her a letter informing her that he is planning to leave for Spain.

The situation is further complicated by the reappearance of Vere who, although he is "almost engaged" to another girl, soon makes it obvious that he still cares for Dina. But when Rogers urges Dina to divorce him and marry Vere, the girl is indignant—she refuses flatly to become the wife of the man who had deserted her in her hour of need.

Realizing that with Aline—an acidulous person who can be extremely disagreeable when she wishes to be—constantly at Rogers' beautiful home, she can seldom be at ease again, Dina makes a sudden decision. And a few hours later, she is back in her family's home.

XII

AFTER infinite discussion it had been arranged that the Cashman family should go to the lake for a six weeks' holiday. John Cashman, rejoicing in the prospect of fifteen free days, would drive the car, his wife and small son by his side. In the back seat, in a rampart of luggage, would be Myrna, Dooley, Lou and El'ner.

Dina and the baby would remain behind to keep house for Art, and after his vacation, for her father; but after four weeks her mother would return and then Dina and Art would drive up to join the younger girls at the lake for two weeks more. This plan being infinitely satisfactory to everyone, and Mrs. Cotton having brought over the key of the cottage at the lake, great struggles in the matter of packing and wardrobe and luggage questions had arisen, but these had all been settled by the first of July, and the plan had included a six-o'clock start so that some of the long two hundred mile trip would be made before the heat of the day.

Dina had never had much faith in this six-o'clock start, and was not surprised, four hours later on the appointed morning, to find the house still cheerfully filled with her swarming family and the dilapidated car still standing at the gate.

Her father, whose attitude toward recipients of relief and migratory labor had recently become one of pitying scorn, was impressive as he directed the children's activities. With his mustache, his intellectual forehead bared by receding thick gray hair, his lean, active form clad in slacks, he was typical of a million other householders everywhere, a man eager for a holiday and already enjoying every phase of it.

His daughters circled about him excitedly. The day was burning hot; their young faces were wet and their soft hair was clinging to their temples as they dashed to and fro. Dina and her mother had filled a cardboard box with sandwiches; a small bucket, packed with ice, held milk bottles; fruit they could buy on the way. But sweaters—they must all have sweaters ready for the mountains.

"If you can believe it's ever going to be cold anywhere!" Dina said, wiping her face with a sweep of her arm.

She began preparations for an informal lunch, and the meal was welcome when at twelve o'clock the whistles blew, and Art came home, and the expedition was not yet on its way.

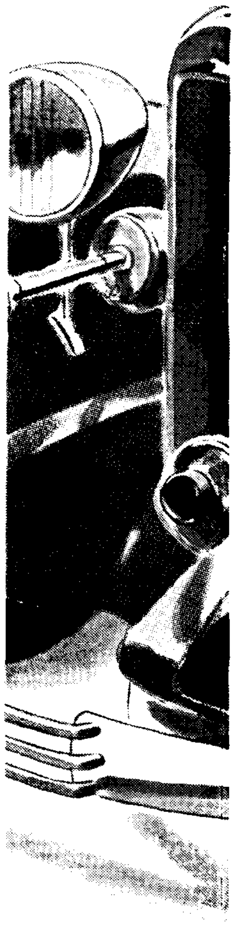
However, everything really was in order now, and lunch was absolutely the last delay. Donny, one cheek very red, and his whole small person damp and hot and fretful, was at last awake; Margaret had been picked from her pen on the side lawn and fed and put to bed, and no amount of cogitating could suggest to any member of the family a forgotten item or a possible improvement in arrangement.

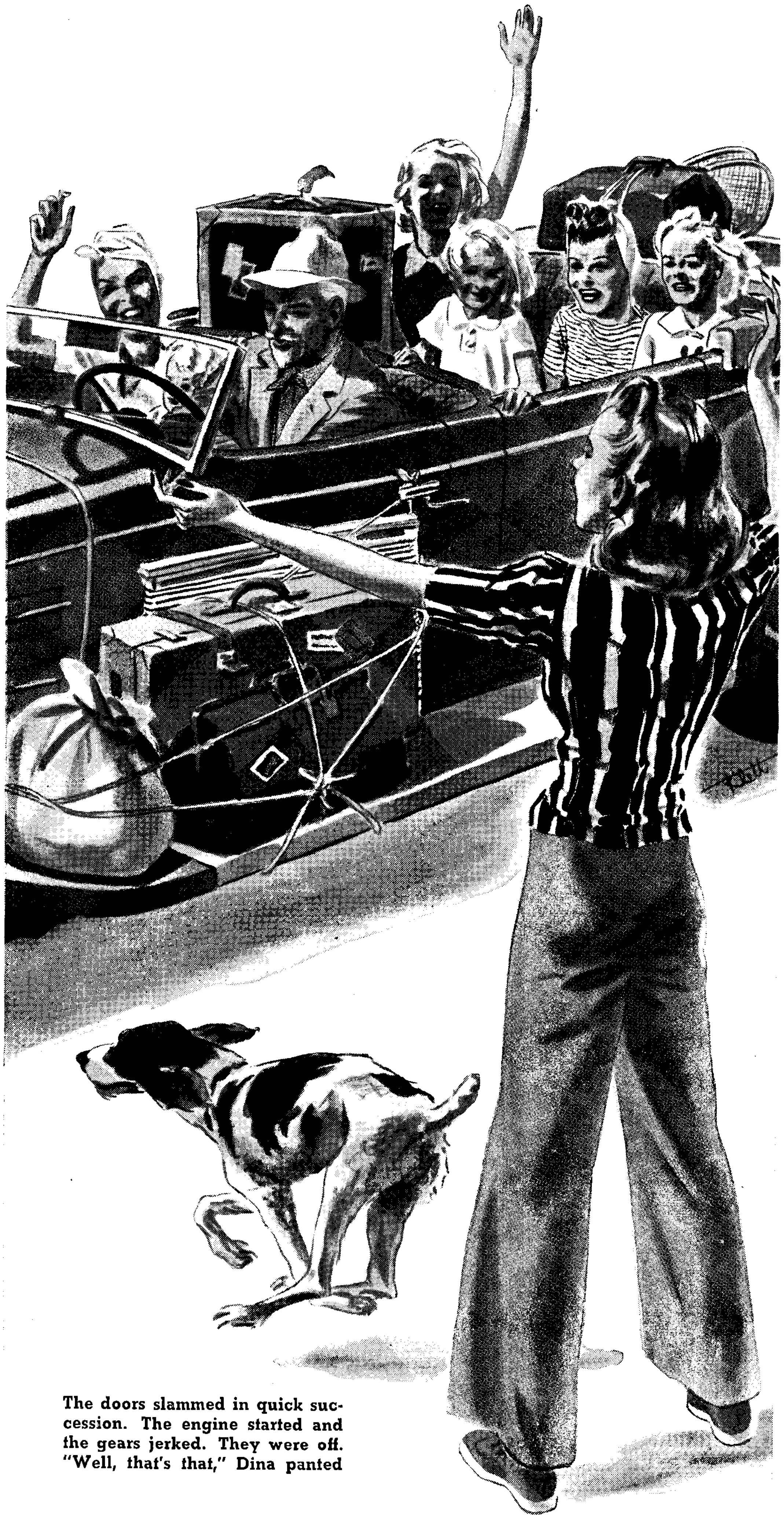
"With that hall door wide open, Dina, you'll have an awful time getting rid of the flies."

"Ida and I'll go at 'em as soon as you're gone."

"We don't want anything; we're just going away for the summer," Myrna said to the tall stranger who had walked in through

(Continued on page 29)





The doors slammed in quick succession. The engine started and the gears jerked. They were off. "Well, that's that," Dina panted

Monkeyshines

By Kyle Crichton

The taxpayers get their money's worth when the St. Louis Zoo's sextet of Congo zanies stages its just-like-humans revelry

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

BACK in the old days of vaudeville they used to say there were three bad weeks in the year—Holy Week, the week before Christmas and St. Louis. After considerable research we have discovered the reason for this, to wit: St. Louis likes its shows good and it likes them inexpensive. Which accounts for the St. Louis Zoo, which is good and doesn't cost the spectators a cent.

The lion act is swell and the elephant act is fine but it is the monkey act at the St. Louis Zoo that stirs up natives, visiting relatives and circus experts.

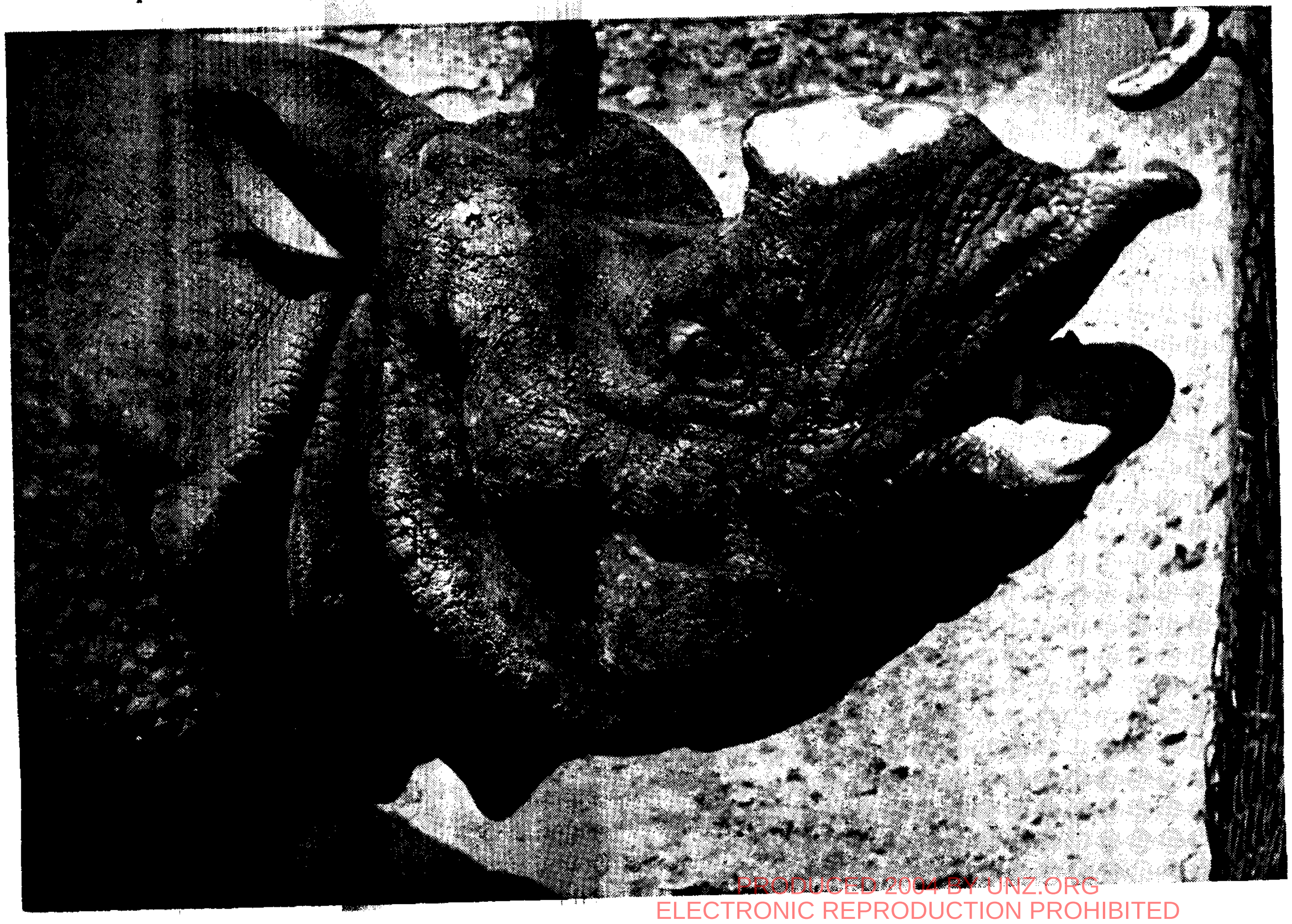
"A downright and absolute kick in the teeth!" cry the circus people, ecstatically. "Nothing like it on land, sea or under tent."

What they have is a set of six chimpanzees that do everything but square roots. It is headed by the famous Jimmy, and the act is entitled Jimmy and His Gang. If, in an enthusiastic moment after seeing the act, you admit that the chimps are almost human, you get nothing but a black look from your St. Louis friends. There are otherwise amiable citizens who will stand right there on the corner of Olive and Grand and offer to push your eye out if you say that they're anything *but* human.

Consider what these Six Champions from the Congo give you for free admission: Jimmy, the pride of Sierra Leone in the Cameroons, does a back flip-flap from the back of one racing pony to another; the squad does an acrobatic pyramid number with Jimmy and Alice, working as "understanders," riding on the backs of ponies trotting abreast, with Rudy

Jimmy is boss of the amazingly versatile troupe of chimpanzees as well as star of the act, and is well aware of both facts. Here he is wearing the hat that goes with his Spanish dance

The zoo's Indian rhinoceros is one of the two in the United States and cost $8,800, but runs a poor second in public interest to the chimps, which can be bought for from $275 to $400 each



Jimmy doubles in brass for the big band act, getting lots of noise but not much in the way of music. Jimmy also does a back flip-flap between two racing ponies

and Jitter on the backs of Jimmy and Alice and with Swanty topping it off by doing a headstand on the shoulders of Rudy and Jitter. Sailor is the "baby" of the troupe.

"Never done before in the history of the world!" says George P. Vierheller, director of the zoo and a mighty proud man. "Chimps hate to have another chimp touching them or resting on them. It took Leon Smith almost a year to work that one up."

They do trapeze stunts, turn cartwheels, do back flip-flaps until the audience is dizzy, ride bicycles like wizards, smoke, eat meals, play slide trombones, ride bucking broncos. The famous Jackie, now retired, could count up to ten and did a fake mind-reading act with his trainer, tapping off the required number after a secret signal from his human accomplice. He could also distinguish colors.

"He can also distinguish between a nickel cigar and a fifteen-center," says Mr. Vierheller, half proudly, half ruefully. "Come over here."

You go over to the cage where Jackie is now enjoying a well-earned rest. Mr. Vierheller hands Jackie the bit of five-cent rope. The chimp bites off the end daintily, takes the patent lighter Mr. Vierheller extends, twirls the thumb screw expertly and lights up. As he is doing this his eyes are cagily observing his friend. After a few puffs of the cheaper weed, he puts it carefully on the rock behind him, extends his paw and starts going over the Vierheller vest. From that he eventually extracts the fifteen-center, sniffs it gratefully, makes a sound of extreme gratification and forgets all about the lesser gift.

When the St. Louis Zoo started the monkey shows in 1924 it had a single orangutan riding a bicycle and drinking water out of a bottle. But the chimpanzees are the real actors and the orangutans have been crowded out of the picture. The famous Joe Martin, for example, could no more make the St. Louis Zoo team than Man Mountain Dean could make the Brooklyn Dodgers. Even with the chimps it is a matter of aptitude. Some of the best-looking prospects have never been able to learn anything; others can pick up the most intricate trick in a few days.

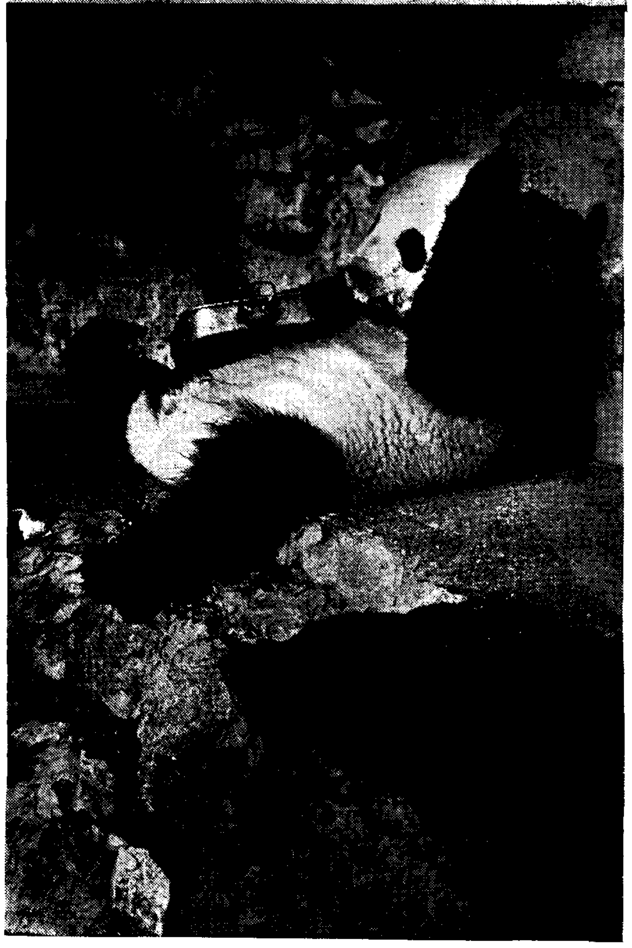
"Just like the Cards' baseball chain," comments Vierheller. "If they don't make the grade, we farm them out or sell them."

Even with their intelligence, chimps are inexpensive, being bought for from $275 to $400 each. Gorillas are scarce and come high, bringing between $2,000 and $3,500. That monarch of the jungle, the lion, you can get them thrown at you—a drug on the market. The lions they use in show acts cost around $750 but an ordinary beast goes for as little as $50.

"Last spring they offered us six lions for $200 and we turned them down," says Mr. Vierheller.

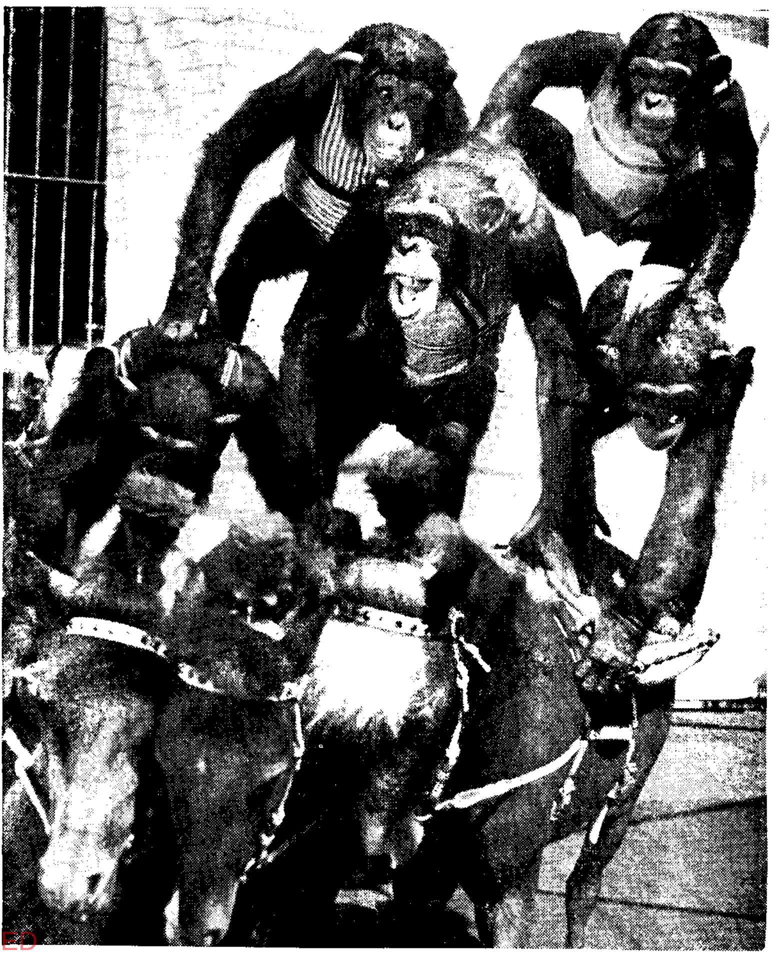
With the death of Pandora, *(Continued on page 49)*

Paopei, the baby panda, is the darling of the zoo, matching the chimps in popularity. There are only four pandas in the United States and St. Louis has two of them



Jitter, above, lights up a cigarette and does his sentry duty. Below, the educated Jimmy again, drum-majoring the band with hands, feet, grunts and lots of grimaces

Prize wallop of the act is the 5-chimp pyramid on the backs of three trotting ponies. It took nearly a year to teach them this stunt, which, with their three-high pyramid, astonishes even circus trainers



WHAT PRICE HENDERSON

By Walter Davenport

The director of the office of Price Administration and Civilian Supply holds many conferences each day, and this one is typical: Leon Henderson talks and the conferees listen

He's the busiest, loudest, fightingest man in Washington. Daily he wears out a dozen assistants and secretaries, browbeats big shots who clutter up his path and grinds his heel on the necks of profiteers

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

WHEN Leon Henderson was graduated from Millville, New Jersey, High School in 1913, one of his classmates asked him to write something prophetic in her memory book. Leon, a born seizer, seized the book and wrote:

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell how I lie.

As personal prophecy this quatrain has fallen somewhat short of materialization. Moreover, Mr. Henderson has done nothing to make it come true. His Millville defenders, the membership in which is by curious coincidence exactly that of the town's population, point, however, to the last line's brief departure from Alexander Pope's original wording. Mr. Pope (1688-1744) wrote "where I lie." The defenders, mildly desperate, say that Mr. Henderson knew this perfectly well and was indulging in impish irony and that he had no intention at any time—babe and boy—of living unseen and unknown nor of stealing from this world in any manner short of cataclysmically. On the other hand, Mr. Henderson's current Washington opposition, chiefly dollar-a-year men whose toes have been mangled by the Henderson heel, contend that he's no humorist and produce no proof that he ever was. Mr. Henderson himself professes to have forgotten the whole incident, understandingly preferring to hear no more about that long-ago lapse into an unwonted and unprofitable modesty.

Today he is Director of the Office of Price Administration and Civilian Supply (OPACS) and as such comes very near to being the most important man in our hyperthyroid federal government. Briefly stated, it's his job to hold down crisis prices of everything from beer to battleships and to do it with more success than his bewildered opposition has had in holding down Leon Henderson. He is not a humorist; he's an economist.

Several years before Leon Henderson rewrote Pope for his classmate he had made his first major decision. His deceased father, Chester B., is naïvely described by less than headlong recallers as a struggling farmer. Henderson says that this is largely nonsense, that his father was merely poor as all hell. Anyway, when Leon was about thirteen, a couple of years before he went on record as desirous of obscure anonymity, his father bade him make his choice between working on the chronically unproductive Henderson acres for bed, board and one pair of store pants a year or continuing at school. If Leon chose the latter, it would be up to him to feed and clothe himself, the paternal roof to be his while it lasted. Leon chose the latter extremity.

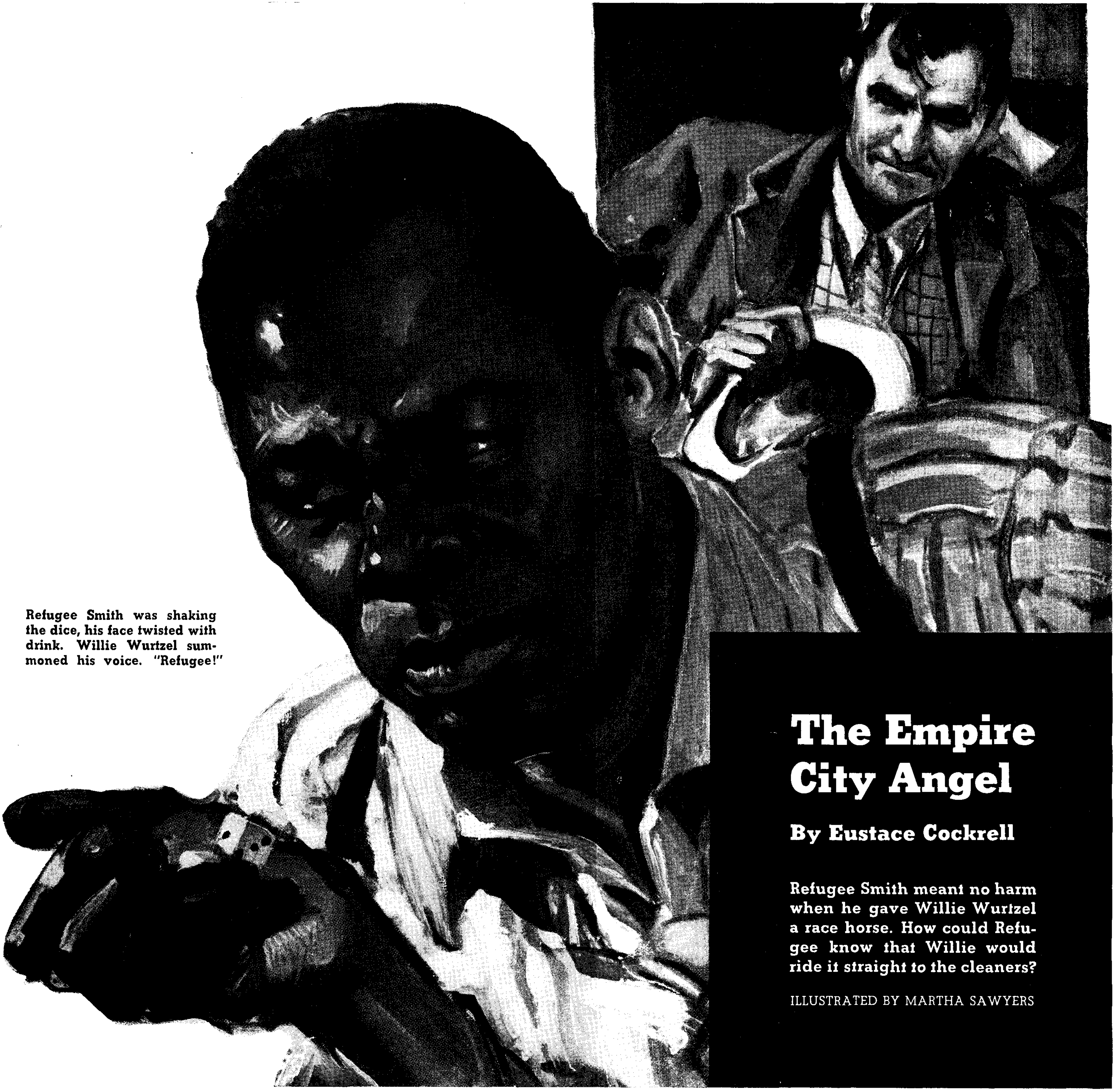
In the Horatio Alger Tradition

He did not pursue education; he ruthlessly trampled it flat the first month and thereafter had education pursuing him. Having read everything that Horatio Alger had written, more than a hundred volumes of virtue rewarded, Leon lit out on the dead run. He rose at four-twenty in the morning, seven days per week, and rode a third-hand bicycle two miles into Millville. There he delivered the Millville Republican and Daily Reporter to a couple of hundred still-drowsy homes. For this he got seventy-five cents a week. Speed was necessary, a rather full day lying ahead, so the Henderson method of newspaper delivery was born. It consisted in rolling up the papers tightly and while pedaling at top speed flinging them toward front doors. This not only spread the world's doings from one end of Millville to the other but frequently served also to warn the citizenry that it was time to be up and doing again. And yet in his whole career as a deliverer of tightly rolled newspapers, Leon broke only twenty-two windows.

That done, he started home for breakfast, stopping only at the office of the Millville Republican and Daily Reporter to write a few items of high-school news and whatever sundry intelligences he may have picked up the night before and, on the fly, while serving his morning route. After breakfast he hitched up a couple of horses, drove ten hither and yon miles gathering up farmers' children and delivering them at school. Back home again he unhitched the horses, flung himself again upon his bicycle and delivered himself to school —high school—where he was regarded as a determined pupil whose only weakness seemed to be mathematics.

At eleven-fifty-five in the forenoon, school being out, he bicycled to the newspaper office. Promptly at five minutes after noon, the United Press would telephone a ten-minute summary of world events. Leon would take these down in shorthand, transcribe them for the printer, crown them with appropriate headlines. Then he ate lunch and caromed back to school. By special dispensation from an awed school board he was released from his studies at two o'clock. Homeward bound by bicycle, he paused merely to take a five-minute United Press telephone release, write it, caption it, throw it to the hungry printer. Then home to hitch up the horses, collect the morning delivery of kids, take them home and bicycle back

(Continued on page 51)



Refugee Smith was shaking the dice, his face twisted with drink. Willie Wurtzel summoned his voice. "Refugee!"

The Empire City Angel

By Eustace Cockrell

Refugee Smith meant no harm when he gave Willie Wurtzel a race horse. How could Refugee know that Willie would ride it straight to the cleaners?

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

WILLIE WURTZEL wandered disconsolately into Honest Mike's Smoke Shop and leaned against the counter. Mike reached down and brought forth a box of three-for-a-dollar cigars. Willie waved them back, took three cigars from another box and threw a dime on the counter. "Now don't get smart, Mike," Will said. "I know you've heard."

"Heard what?"

"You know."

"I ain't heard a thing," Honest Mike said, holding up his right hand. "Honest."

"If you ain't heard," Willie said, slowly, "you are the only man between here and the Brill building that ain't. Also, it is a story I do not get no pleasure from giving with. But if you ain't heard . . ."

"Honest," Mike said. "I ain't heard a thing."

Willie Wurtzel clipped his cigar, lighted it. His face wore an expression of acute pain. "You know my boy, Refugee Smith, he gives me a bangtail for Christmas last year?" Willie said finally.

"Yeah, name of Deuces Wild."

"Okay," Willie said, mentally bracing himself. "I am boarding this hide out on the Island and it costs just two percentage points less'n if they was feeding him salad, catered outta Twenty One, alla cart. So," Willie went on, "I figure I will get some Joe to sharpen him up and knock down a small purse with him out to Empire. They tell me around Lindy's that there are trainers that train for maybe three, four guys at once; one-horse guys like me."

Willie paused, rubbed his brow with a damp hand. "I get all registered up and it ain't bad; the Whitney stable, the Vanderbilt stable, the Wurtzel stable; that's all right, see? I get my colors offa the vest I buy when Refugee stops Jimmy Stiller and we cut up twenty-seven gees. Purple, blue-trimmed in—but you seen it."

"Yeah," Mike said, "that's one thing I *did* hear."

"THEY ain't any use in drawin' this out," Willie said grimly. "I gotta trainer name of Ringo Harness. This Ringo he hires him an exercise boy and he gets his Deuces Wild readied up and so we enter him in a race. It is strictly a cinch, see? A six-panel sprint with a bunch of dogs ain't fit to carry Deucy's water bucket."

Willie's cigar was out now and little beads of perspiration clouded his brow. "Deucy is a price, and by now I am Wurtzel the big sport of kings man and I know that if I chunk it in heavy at the track, in the mutuels, it will cut the price and hurt my take; so I lay it around with the handbooks. A gee here, five yards there. And Mike . . ."

"Yeah?" said Honest Mike.

"I never told nobody this. This strictly can't get no farther . . ."

Honest Mike piously crossed his heart with a blunt forefinger.

"I chunked in all I had," Willie Wurtzel finished thickly, "an' the money I was supposed to have started Refugee's annuity with besides. I was gonna give him a break."

"What happened?" Mike asked.

"I put it on to win," Willie said, "and Deucy run a secont with a sponge stuffed up his nose."

"Ohhhhh . . ."

"That Ringo Harness," Willie said, "the

(Continued on page 46)

If We'd only Met Ten Years Ago

By Meyer Levin

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

The love affair of a man and a woman who almost failed to remember they had a past

She caught herself thinking: how is it with Army wives? If she became an Army wife, would she be all right?

FIRST, the cab driver called her Miss instead of Madam, and though this happened often enough for Grace to know the error was unintentional, she got a special lift from it today. She was out to feel young. She was out to feel like a freshman. Wearing those utterly wicked red shoes. And actually going on a blind date! Even though her husband had arranged it.

Yes, Mr. Arthur might be needed by his country soon, and it was very right for him to take the six-week course that would adapt his engineering skill to military needs. But did he really have to go away, she wondered? Couldn't he have studied, somehow, in the city?

And beneath her wonder was the uneasy thought that Mark might simply stay on, in the Army. Men could do things like that. They could simply go away, to their jobs, to their armies, and be without women. Mark was one of those men who, even in marriage, left in a woman the proud yet frightened feeling that there was a final masculine reserve she could never penetrate. At any time, he could just take himself behind that wall and live sufficiently, without her.

Grace had never outgrown the girlish wonder whether there was some man who would not leave her that exquisite frustration. Some man who would be wholly open with her. The wonder whether Mark was really and finally her destined man.

Though she was pleased at her husband's solicitude, there was also a thread of dark speculation in her, at Mark's having asked this stranger, this old college mate, to call her up, take her out. Did Mark, perhaps, want her to become interested in another man, while he was away? Could Mark be tired of her?

The soldier at the entrance to the office building said, "Who'd you want to see, girlie?" Imagine! Girlie! He was no kid recruit but a heavy-set man of the genial, rough type, the seasoned-campaigner type, the kind that was supposed to know its girlies.

Mrs. Arthur didn't mind. She was delighted. "I was to meet Captain Garnett," she said. "I believe he's in the supply department."

Touching his cap, the soldier led her down a corridor. The building was no thrill. Merely an ordinary office building taken over by the Army; its halls and doors were newly painted gray. But she was glad she had arranged to come and meet the man here, instead of having him find her in a restaurant. Entering this world was like being for a moment in contact with Mark.

WITH the first glance, coming into Captain Garnett's office, Grace experienced the delicious relaxation she used to have in blind-dating girlhood days: he looked okay. He even looked intriguing. He was the open-faced type, with a quick smile. Under a soft, thick mustache.

She had walked in on him just as he was finishing talking into a dictaphone. He jumped up, midsentence.

"I always feel that's an intimate intrusion—like walking into someone's bedroom," she apologized.

His eyes brightened. He excused himself again for not having met her downtown. But Army lunch hours couldn't be stretched. Of course, if she could have made it for dinner—

"To tell you the truth," Grace said, "I made it lunch because if we didn't hit it off, this way we'd only be stuck for an hour together, instead of for an evening." She didn't know what made her talk like that. From the instant she came into the room she had felt herself charged with boldness.

"Me, I usually try to make it cocktails, for the first look," he responded with the same bright ease. "That can be even quicker than lunch."

"Or longer, if it turns out well," she

(Continued on page 42)

Russians Learn Fast

By Alice Leone Moats

When the bombers come, Moscow goes down into those lovely marbled subway stations. When the bombers go, Moscow comes up the escalators and calmly goes about its business. Collier's special correspondent, between raids, radios the story

SUDDENLY Moscow began to feel the effects of war. After four weeks of calm it was difficult to realize that one of the greatest battles in history was raging a few hundred miles away. Then the bombings began. Moscow cringed in the sound of bursting antiaircraft shells, the rattle of machine guns and the crackling of fires started by incendiaries. The Germans had been stopped in the region of Smolensk. Apparently they decided to go to work on the civilian population. Moscow braced herself. Everyone faced the fact that the bombings were only beginning; that they would go on almost nightly for many weeks to come.

But the people are showing that they can take it. For the first four nights German planes arrived with clocklike regularity between ten and ten-fifteen. The next night we waited until midnight. But the days were free, the Russians deciding not to sound the alarm in late afternoons when reconnaissance planes usually come over. Working hours are uninterrupted during daytime and pleasures continue during the evening. People stroll around the streets. They crowd the restaurants, the movies and the theaters. They dine early. But shortly before ten they make for home. They must pick up their bedding and be ready to carry it to the nearest shelter or subway when the alarm sounds. The new regulations even permit women and children to go into the subway and settle themselves for the night long before the planes arrive. These very grand subway stations, lined with marble from the Urals and which have long been the pride of the Muscovite heart, have turned out to be more useful than anyone ever imagined. Those who wait until the loud-speakers blare out the ominous word "*Trevoga*" (alarm), which always precedes the sirens, waste no time taking cover. Once I stood on a balcony watching the people pouring into the square from side streets, running toward the subway. Within ten minutes the streets and the square were clear. This haste was caused not so much by fear as by the rule that makes it imperative to take shelter while the sirens are still sounding.

Each night I have made it a point to be in a different part of town under different conditions to get an idea of what is going on. The first night I spent in the subway, the second in the apartment of an English journalist whose windows command views north and south, the third in a hotel in the center of town watching from windows facing west and the fourth at the residence of the American ambassador.

I am writing this dispatch in a house shared by two ambassadors, about twenty miles outside the capital. It is a rambling place built of logs painted white and set in the middle of a lovely Russian countryside with woods all around. The garden is gay with hollyhocks, zinnias, snapdragons and other flowers. It seemed so peaceful when I arrived this morning that I couldn't believe anything would ever shatter the quiet. But it turned out that I was wrong, for at midnight we heard the sirens.

As I write, carefully sealed up in a tiny room so that no light will show, I can hear the noise of antiaircraft fire. When the racket grows particularly loud I rush out on the terrace to join others watching the searchlights playing in and out of the clouds and often meeting right over the house in trying to locate the planes. Once in a while it is possible to hear the drone of the bombers' engines but it soon dies out. No doubt those planes are escaping back to their base.

On the night of the first raid I was in a hotel room undressing for bed. As soon as I heard the siren I slipped on shirt and slacks and made a beeline for the subway station in the square below. It was far more crowded than it had been during the short alarm in the morning when nothing happened. But there was no pushing or shoving. Everybody went in quietly and reached the lower platforms quickly, as there is no necessity to buy tickets on these occasions. People walked up and down the platforms talking just as though they were killing time between the acts of a play.

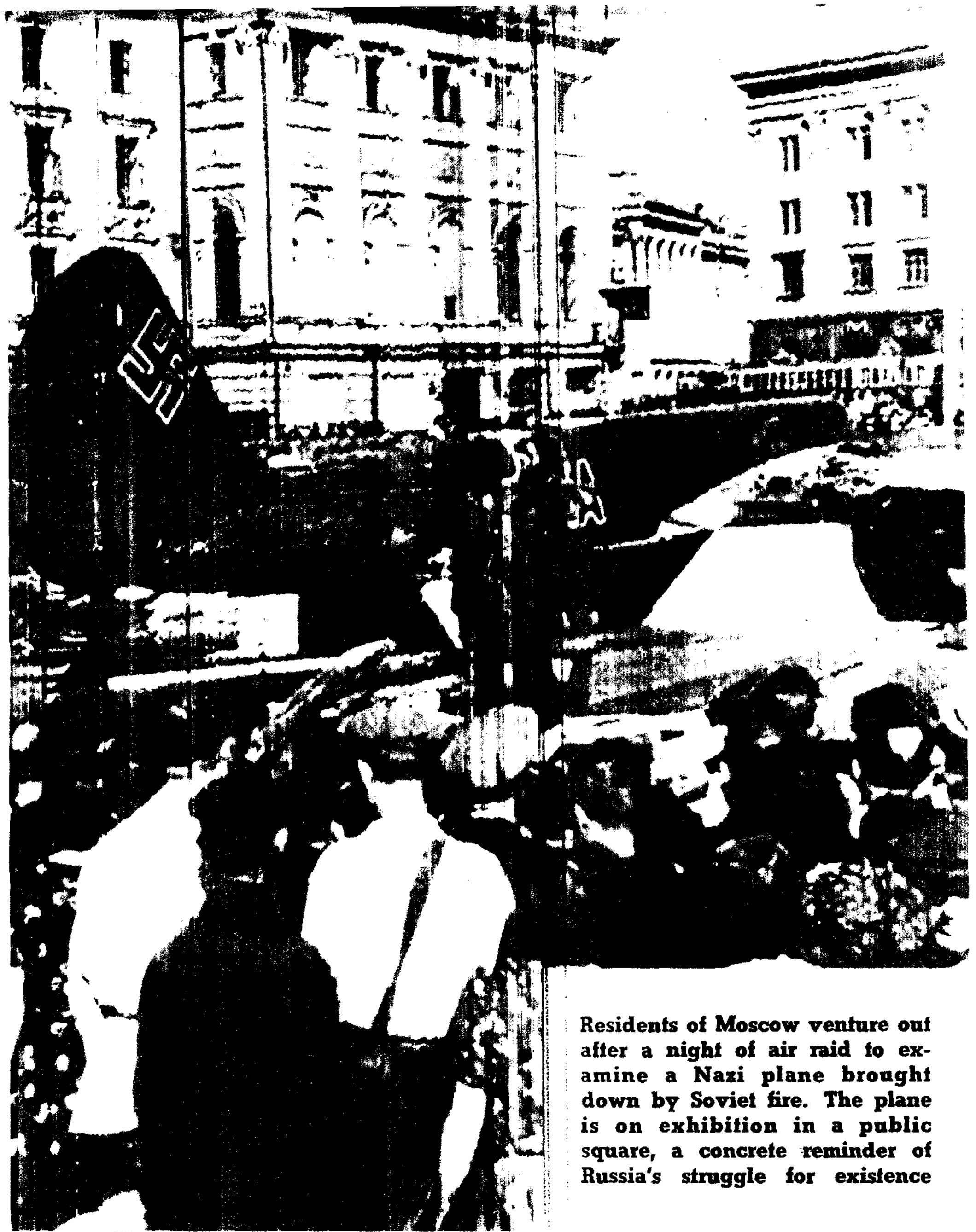
Talk Russian, Please

I spied Margaret Bourke-White, the photographer, sitting by a pillar on a case containing her precious cameras, and went over to talk to her. After a few moments everybody was ordered to go down to the tracks into the tunnel. We walked along as slowly as we dared, hoping to be the last in order to be nearer the entrance where at least one gets an impression that the air is fresher. But the police were firm. We found ourselves well in the middle of a crowd and followed their example of spreading newspapers on the tracks and sitting down. It wasn't long, however, before the police themselves delivered us.

We had been overheard speaking a foreign language, which made us suspicious characters, so we were led off to one of the little booths where a captain of militia sat by a telephone which kept ringing busily all night. There we were asked to produce our passports. Since they were in order we were soon allowed to go.

I had not been much perturbed at being picked up, as this was my fourth encounter with the local police. The other three times had been when I was staying with friends who live near the American ambassador's residence. Twice I was on my way back from the embassy where I had taken refuge during false alarms and was stopped for

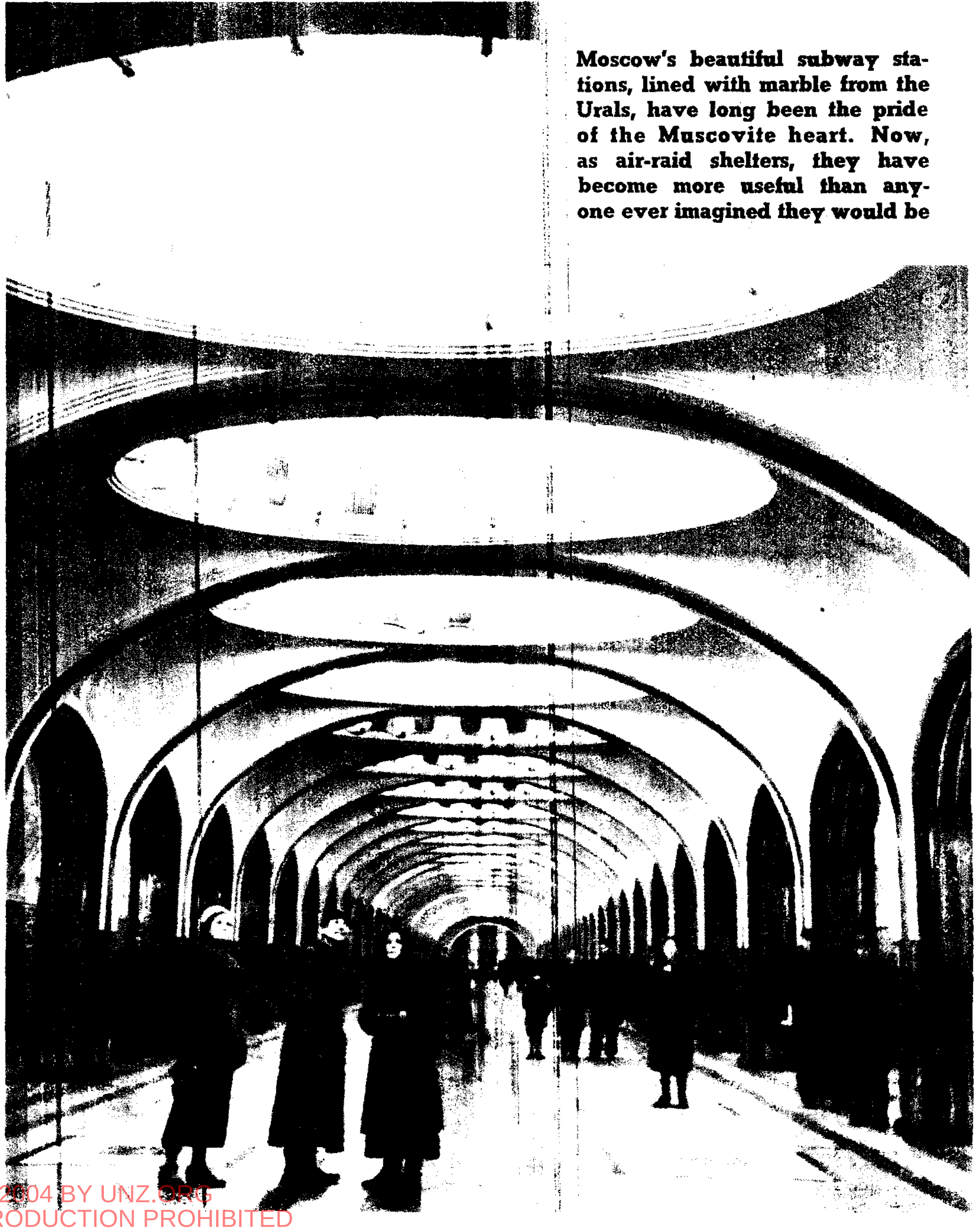
(Continued on page 36)



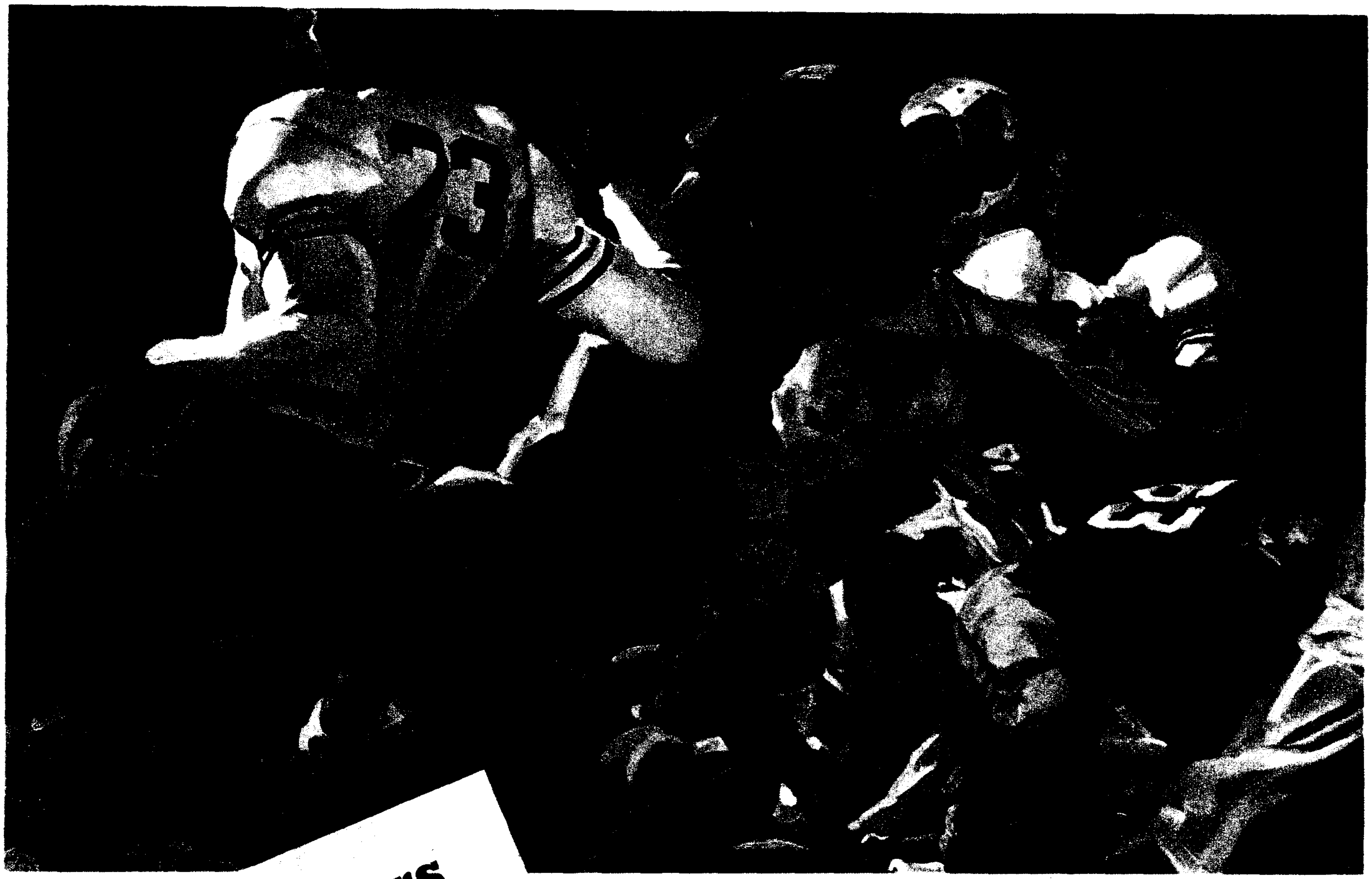
SOVFOTO, RADIOPHOTO

Residents of Moscow venture out after a night of air raid to examine a Nazi plane brought down by Soviet fire. The plane is on exhibition in a public square, a concrete reminder of Russia's struggle for existence

SOVFOTO



Moscow's beautiful subway stations, lined with marble from the Urals, have long been the pride of the Muscovite heart. Now, as air-raid shelters, they have become more useful than anyone ever imagined they would be



Jake gathered his strength together. He thought of himself, his name on the air. He hit the tackle. He went plowing through for five yards

Five Dollars a Yard

By William Fay

Spectacle of a very strong man in a very tight spot doing his best to live up to his muscles. An impressive performance, well worth the effort

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

JAKE BAILEY walked along Fifth Avenue, New York, dressed neatly in his linen suit and half as large again as any ordinary man. It was the third or fourth day in September and the summertime remained. He held his handsome Panama hat in his hand. Indoors or out, he never set the hat upon his head. The hat was much too small for him, though, carried in his hand, it looked all right; it even looked expensive. He had acquired the hat, two Sundays past, in Brooklyn, when a Dodger fan, enraptured, rose to scream and throw the hat away. A three-base hit for Medwick, and a brand-new hat for Jake. Oh, well. . . .

It was Marcia who got in touch with him. Her letter came in care of Zandor J. Kavarkas, wrestling impresario, under whose auspices, and for a little sum each time, Jake sold the lessening value of his legendary name.

The wrestling—but an outgrowth of an early football fame—had managed for some years to pay for liquor and for cigarettes, for room and board, and even managed, at his age, to put new muscles in his ever-widening neck, as well as new depression in his rather weary head. Those Grecian headlocks, well applied—somebody's bicep joining forearm in the squeezing of his brain, as though, if they squeezed hard enough, Jake's cranial sweat might turn to lemon juice—were very painful things.

The Greeks displayed a militance that Jake could not call fun. Another trouble with the wrestling game was customer addiction to the throwing of their peanuts, pennies, paper bags and other things into the ring while shouting, "Fake!" or "Kill the bum!" It had no dignity, it smelled, and it wasn't aided by the fact that Jake could never wrestle, anyhow.

When people shouted, "Bum!" the best that he could do was say, "Amen," because he knew he couldn't fool them any more. The flying tackles and the other football antics of his early days in wrestling were an effort that he couldn't make sincere, and with this loss of daring in the place of skill he had to shave his price until a fee of twenty dollars, gained in Hartford, or in Springfield, Mass., represented quite a bit of cash to him.

When Marcia's letter came it told him only that she wished to see him in New York; she would be there September 1st; she would be at the Reston, and, if Jake found that convenient, he could see the children and they'd all have lunch together.

He had been living in a clean and pleasant room in Brooklyn, when he wasn't on the road for Zandor J. Kavarkas, but it was not the room he'd choose for entertaining Marcia and the kids. The room cost seven dollars every week, respectable enough, but seven dollars was the stamp upon the room and on the section of the town.

He gathered bits of money that were owed to him by friends. It was a frightening moral job to ask for it, but ask for it he did. He hustled fifty dollars out of Zandor, and he had a good suit in the closet, and there was a fellow in New York, named Eddie Burns, who promised he would pay two hundred dollars he had owed to Jake for years. Eddie said, "I'll have the dough the first day of the month, so help me!" And then Jake speared that Panama at Ebbets Field.

He found a two-room suite at the Hotel San Pedro, east of Park, on 54th. He chose it carefully. It wasn't too pretentious; it was just the sort of home a man might have if he had saved some of the heavy money he had earned and now extracted income from the capital.

He chose a restaurant he thought would be appropriate—a dainty place, exclusive, with, he had discovered through a prior search of menu, many fine desserts and chicken pies in pretty pots on doilies of the finest lace, without a drop of liquor on the premises.

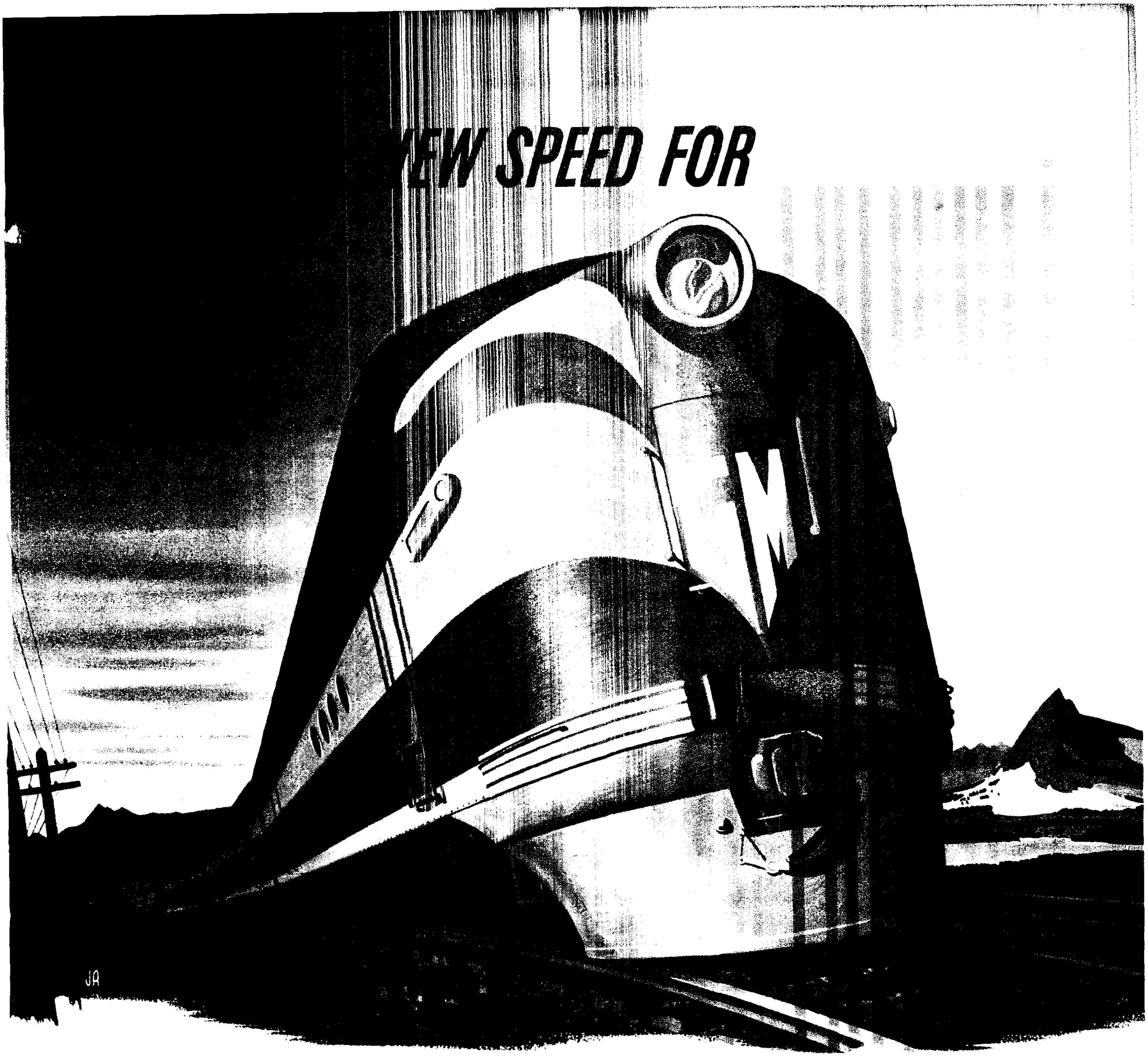
MARCIA wore the orchid he had purchased for eleven dollars—the single flower against the decorative fur of her expensive suit. It was, without a doubt, the finest orchid that had ever picked the pocket of a poor man. He realized, as yet, he hadn't managed any presents for the kids, which troubled him, but would soon be corrected when he got two hundred bucks from Eddie Burns.

Marcia said, "Jake, this is awfully nice. It's really difficult to say how glad I am to see you. You're looking so—so fit."

"Yup. I'm workin' as a subway guard. I work the nine-o'clock rush and they fill up my pants with nickels. 'Swonnerful."

"Yes. I know you do." She smiled. She had matured, but not to any disadvantage. She was thirty-four, and she looked softer, better, wiser, more assured than she had ever looked before. The kids, of course. The kids had grown up beautifully without him.

(Continued on page 24)



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It brings to freight service those vast Diesel economies that the most profitable passenger trains now enjoy.

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EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE

CRITCHFIELD TROPHY

CRITCHFIELD TROPHY. The National Rifle Matches at Camp Perry, Ohio, have for years been among the country's most highly competitive sporting events. Typical of the honors awarded is the Critchfield Trophy (right), emblematic of the National Small Bore Championship. To win this award, an entrant must run up the highest aggregate score in eight hard-fought matches. You have to be better than good to win the Critchfield —only a master rifleman stands a chance!

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WITH ETHYL ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

THE BETTER THE GAS, THE BETTER YOUR CAR

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

Five Dollars a Yard

Continued from page 22

"You're looking prosperous, Jake. So tell me all about it, won't you?"

"Eh? Excuse me, Marcia." He'd been looking at the kids, at Barbara, almost nine, at Johnny, ten. Nice kids and fairly comfortable with him, although he hadn't seen them more than once since they began to walk. He supposed he loved them. Certainly he did feel proud of them. The only trouble was he didn't know them.

Barbara worked precisely at her food, aware that she was dining out. Johnny spent most of his time in looking at his father, wondering what this event was all about and marveling at his tremendous size. Marcia was the one Jake knew. There was no doubted love for her. It was an old, established thing that worked when she was far away or close to him, but now a quiet love, best undisturbed by days like this. She spoke again: "I said that you were looking prosperous, Jake. Distinguished, I'd say. Won't you tell me all about it? How is the wrestling—good?"

"Oh, that? No, Marcia. Not so good. I only wrestle now and then for Zandor's sake. To keep a hand in things," he lied. To keep myself in food, he thought. "I've been doing some promotion work for a firm in town, and other things. I—er—ran into a fellow at my place—San Pedro, Fifty-fourth, you'll like it when you see it—fellow wanted me to do a sports commercial on the radio"—which was a larger, better lie. "But I don't know. Most of my work is in promotion of a general kind"—promotion of a place to sleep, promotion of a dollar here and there to buy a ninety-carat orchid, were the specifics that he didn't give to Marcia.

"Why, it all sounds wonderful, Jake."

YOU bet your life it does, he thought. When I get home I'll tell it to myself again. It's better than a two-ounce shot of whisky. And he added, automatically, aloud, "I haven't had a drink in eight months now."

At which remark, somehow, she dropped her eyes. "I wasn't trying to impress you, darling," Jake was quick to say. "It's just—well, it's the truth." It was the truth.

"I'm glad," she said.

Don't beg, he told himself. Don't sit here telling her how good you are, because they haven't locked you up in Bellevue yet. Time to reform was long ago. Time to reform was when you had a chance, when you could do the lady good.

The children were restless through the adult talk. They asked if they might gaze into a nine-foot tank of goldfish they discovered by a window. Marcia said they might. She turned to Jake, looked at him for a moment. "Jake," she said, "I guess you've wondered why I wrote to you."

"Well, naturally, I wondered. Sure. You care for a cigarette?" She said she did. He held the light for her, then lit his own.

"I'm going to be married, Jake."

He blew the smoke out slowly, watching her, the bloom and loveliness, the changes he had noticed, now explained, and finally, by happiness.

"I guess I should have known," he said. There was no question of her freedom for the venture. They had been divorced long years ago. "Oh, Marcia, you deserve it. I—I think it's logical."

"I wanted to tell you myself," she said. "And I wanted you to see the children. Thought you should. You've not seen them in so long."

"I know, I know. It isn't because I haven't wanted to. It's just—"

"I understand." And he supposed she did. "You've been very kind, Jake —in your way."

Which wasn't Marcia's blessing. It was simply her acknowledgment, acceptance of him as he was. You wouldn't say he was a bum; you just admitted Jake was Jake. And then, in Marcia's memory, there would be the alcohol, so much of it, the everlasting sophomore and All-America he'd been, who sometimes broke, good-naturedly, the finest furniture in nicest places, demonstrating, with his wrestling and his football pals, the quaint and violent charms that made him notable; and she'd recall the money going out as fast as it came in, his resolutions, firmly made, then broken on succeeding days.

Marcia hadn't liked it; she despaired of it around the time the kids were three and two years old. She didn't need his fluctuating fortune, since her father had a larger, more substantial bag of gold. He hadn't given her the thing she wanted most from him—some proof of effort; nor any indication that there'd be a change in him. No use to tell her now he was a sober, willing man, with mended ways. His virtues, newly won, had probably resulted from a general tiredness.

She said, "We'll be living in Chicago."

"Oh, Chicago. Who's the guy?"

"Well, you'll remember him, of course. He's nice. It's Doctor Adams, Jake. Remember he used to come to the house, with Margaret? You liked him then."

"Doc? I always liked 'im. Nicest feller in the world. A big guy, wasn't he? Almost as big as me."

"Not quite so big."

They talked some more, of matters not too punishing, then Marcia said, "I'll have to go. While I was in New York I wanted to get some things for the children—mostly clothes, but clothes take time. I want to have them outfitted at Bradley's, because we'll be away, and then I have to call on Alice —do it all this afternoon—I should have called her hours ago."

Jake thought of Eddie Burns and his two hundred dollars. He said, "Why don't you let me take the kids to Bradley's? You go and see Alice. Be fun to buy the kids some things. God knows I've often wanted to."

"Why, Jake, that's sweet. Perhaps some other time."

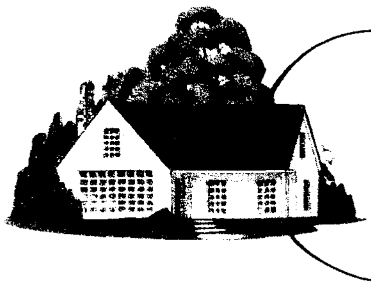
"No. Now. I like the idea very much. I'm gonna do it. If you don't like the things I buy, then send 'em back. Okay?"

"If you really want to. If it's important."

"It's important."

BRADLEY'S had nice things at bitter prices, and the tags upon the autumn clothes for Barbara, Jake found, were challenges to any father's generosity. A coat, two dresses and two pairs of shoes, for Barbara, were gladly set aside for just one hundred thirty dollars. Just raise the sleeves a little bit? Two dollars more. For Johnny, handsome camel's hair: a coat, a suit, a little hat that made his rugged face look fatter still, a football, regulation grade and size, went cheap, for sixty-three. One hundred ninety-five in all.

Jake left twenty dollars on deposit with the sales girl. "Just send them C.O.D. to me. The San Pedro, Fifty-fourth. That's right. A couple of days? No rush." Marcia and the kids would



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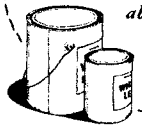

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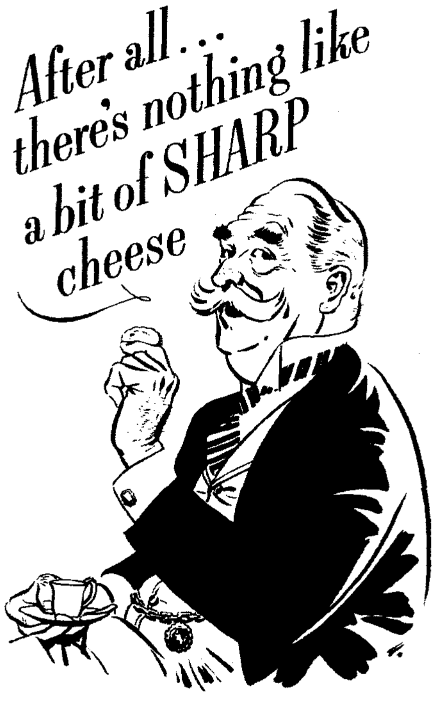
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Russians Learn Fast

Continued from page 21

being on the streets between the curfew hours, midnight and 4 A. M. With my inadequate Russian it always took some time to make the police understand the circumstances which had caused me to break the regulations. They were always extremely polite and released me when they had verified my statements.

The third time, I was returning from dinner in the neighborhood and lost my way in the black-out. Whenever I asked the direction of my street nobody would answer, owing to the fear of spies. I reached home finally at 12:15 to be stopped by a member of the house patrol, who turned me over to a militiaman. It was a long walk to the police station where I sat in the corridor for over an hour with several Russians who also had been caught out after hours. Then having found by telephoning that I was what I had represented myself to be, the captain sent me home with the kind militiaman who held my elbow and warned me whenever I was about to step into a hole or puddle.

Moscow's Ascent to Heaven

After the authorities in the subway let us go, Bourke-White and I sat down on the edge of the platform. The tunnel had become so full that we had an excuse not to go in and as the hours went by more and more people emerged and began wandering along the platforms. We could hear nothing and did not know why we were being kept underground so long. I moved over by a pillar and, lying down on the stone floor, fell asleep, to be awakened at four o'clock by the rush of the crowd making for the escalators at the sound of "all clear." It was the first time I had seen all three sections of the escalators going up at the same time. With masses of people rising upward it looked extraordinarily like a very modernist picture of an ascent to heaven.

On reaching the street I could see no signs of the bombing. That morning the newspapers announced that planes had come over the city, dropping incendiaries and bombs. Seventeen of them had been brought down (later count showed there had been twenty-two) and a few houses set on fire, but all fires were under control by dawn and only a small number of people killed and wounded.

This account was printed on an inside page. Pravda's front page was devoted to an editorial about army and navy officers joining the Communist party and to provincial reports of women studying to replace men as skilled workers, and to war communiqués from the front. Even from a publicity point of view the German raid was something of a failure. I got to bed by 4:30.

On the next evening the alarm sounded at the same hour as the night before. I was having dinner with an English journalist and we decided to sit out the raid in his flat. Turning off all lights, we opened the windows, flouting the somewhat curious regulations (since changed) which ordered the closing of all windows during a bombing. Then we raced from one side of the apartment to the other in order to get a view both north and south.

About twenty minutes after the alarm was given the first planes arrived. Searchlights began to probe the sky and there was some antiaircraft fire, although much less than on other nights. Every now and then the lights would catch one of the silver balloons of the barrage and flares would be dropped by the Germans and there would be the firecracker sounds as incendiaries fell. The searchlight work was excellent. I have since been told by experts that it is unsurpassed anywhere in the world. Once when the lights caught and held an enemy plane in their beams for several minutes, I grew so excited that I nearly fell out of the window.

Incendiaries landed on a house across the street and tongues of flame ran around the roof but the fire was put out before it had done any damage.

Another incendiary fell on the roof of a shed just below the window and was immediately tossed into a courtyard by a young boy watching on the roof. Once on the ground, it was put out by some women members of the house patrol standing ready for just such an emergency. The enemy planes were flying separately. Fifteen were shot down. One even fell in the city, supposedly caught in the balloon barrage. It could be seen in the street the next day. Shortly before three in the morning there was a lull and I, having suffered from sleepiness for two hours, decided to go to bed.

On the third night the raid began at ten. I was in a hotel restaurant dining with four Englishmen when the alarm sounded. We stayed on and finished our meal, served by waiters who preserved great calm. Then we went up to the room of one of the men where we stood in a window and watched the raid. Lights, balloon barrages, tracer bullets, bright red shells from smaller guns and a continuous antiaircraft fire all were turned on, creating a magnificent spectacle. The German planes, forced up by the antiaircraft fire, were flying so high (about eighteen thousand feet) that their aim was not good and again most of the damage was done to private dwellings.

One of the Englishmen remarked that the antiaircraft barrage was excellent and that if London had been able to put up anything as good during the first three months of the blitz there would have been a different story to tell. Incidentally, I also heard from a member of the British mission that it has been greatly impressed by the way the Russians have profited from the lessons of the battle of France and how they are avoiding all the mistakes made by the French.

There's No Use Ducking

Once, when we had ventured out on the balcony, there was a loud whistle of a bomb which seemed to go right past my ear. I made a wild dash for the room and fell face-downward on the bed, hiding my face in the pillows. Later it occurred to me that the pillows would not have been much use against a bomb but it seemed a good idea at the time.

At about 2 o'clock there was a period of quiet and we decided it was time to go to sleep. Very gallantly I was given the bed while the men slept on the floor.

The fourth night I decided to spend in the cellar of the American ambassador's house and went to visit a friend in the vicinity early in the evening. As soon as the alarm sounded, about ten, as usual, I flew outdoors and down the street. Always before the distance between the two houses had seemed short. This night as I ran, trying to get there before the siren stopped, the street looked endless and I was terrified lest I had gone the wrong way. It was a great relief to arrive in the square where the Spaso House is located. I dashed past the militiamen at the gate and fell into the cellar just as the first burst of antiaircraft went off.

That was a fairly quiet night. I sat on a cot in the cellar talking to Father Braun, an American priest who has a church here in Moscow. We were the only refugees there that evening. At 11:20 a servant came in to announce "all clear." We departed, I with the intention of returning to the hotel by bus, tram or subway. But all had stopped as soon as the raid began and it was too near curfew time for me to resume circulation. Realizing that I didn't have time to walk home before midnight and not wishing to risk another arrest, I stopped at the British consulate where I telephoned friends with cars to ask them to drive me home. I had no luck and finally bedded down on a sofa in a French priest's sitting room.

At two o'clock there was another alarm. We went outside, sat cautiously near a trench shelter dug in the garden but there was not much activity overhead. I returned to the sofa at three.

Food's No Problem

So far, Moscow shows few ill effects from the raids. Bombs have fallen on streets, squares and several apartment houses, but according to official communiqués, no military objectives have been hit.

Fear of raids lessens with each one. My legs used to turn to water when I heard the alarm but I find now that they carry me very well and I am always so thrilled by the spectacle that I forget to be afraid. Everyone is growing accustomed to the black-outs and is developing cat's eyes. Raids have become merely a part of my life.

Ration cards for most staple foods have been issued but they are generous and I, living in a hotel, don't notice the effects of rationing. In fact, before the bombings I gave several dinner parties in my rooms beginning with fresh caviar and ending with strawberries. Gin, whisky, brandy, vintage wines and champagne are provided by friends in the diplomatic corps who are anxious to drink their stores rather than risk losing them.

I would not have believed it if anyone had told me that in the capital of a country at war it still is possible to take time for such trivialities as planning menus, buying flowers and having fittings at dressmakers. Yet one does. It has grown so warm here that I had to buy some summer dresses and found a very pretty linen and a printed crepe de Chine.

However, it is difficult to forget the war long. The city is changed in some ways and there are concrete reminders such as the wreckage of two German planes—a Junkers 88 and a Heinkel—on exhibition in the public square. Detachments of soldiers parade through the streets at all hours singing as they march or, when driving in trucks, waving gaily to the populace. They look so strong and young and happy that it wrings my heart every time I see them.

A few days ago in a shop buying flowers, I asked an old man serving me the price of some sweet william and received no answer. He had completely forgotten me and was staring out the window at some soldiers going past. There was an expression of mingled grief and rage on his face that made me realize that my reaction to those sights was mild compared to that of those people watching their sons, brothers, and nearest and dearest going forth to be sacrificed to the ambition of a ruthless invader.

Mercator Island

Continued from page 12

"Yesterday?" Bob repeated. "It must have been quite a day—yesterday. What's the number on her?"

"S-156, sar," Tom said.

"Just as I saw it," Bob answered. "That will be the Smedley. I wonder who's commanding. Get out the dinghy."

He stepped in, and Tom took the oars.

"Where will you go, sar?" Tom said.

"Over to Henry's," Bob answered.

"Yes, sar," Tom said. "Henry's it is, sar."

•

IT HAD always seemed to Bob Bolles that the water front of any port in the world was about the same as that of any other. Take St. John's in Newfoundland, for instance, or Cherbourg, or Haifa, or Singapore. The language and the complexion of the citizens might vary, but when you were near the docks you might as well be in Lima or Yokohama or Shanghai. There were the same tanks, the same smells and shipping, the same sounds of the donkey engines. The grogshops were the same and the pawnshops and the houses of doubtful reputation. Kingston was just like that to his eyes—no better and no worse. If he had been blind, he could have found his way by sound.

He lounged along the main street slowly in order to kill time, only because of his prejudice against drinking before noon. Above him the sky was pitilessly blue and clear, except for a few clouds which made deep green shadows over the mountains inland. The street was trig and neat, like all the principal streets in a British colony. The houses and shops were painted in pleasant stucco tints, like most buildings in the tropics, and the shops were behind arcades to protect the passer-by from the sun. A dusky traffic policeman in a faded khaki uniform stood at an intersection, but the traffic was slow and scattered. The tourist trade had dwindled with war times, but the shops waited hopefully. All the life in Kingston was moving dreamily and peacefully toward high noon. Tom, he knew, was following him because Tom always looked after him when he went ashore.

He paused to examine the British tweeds and pipes and burberries in the window of one of the large clothing emporiums and as he stood there he saw his own reflection in the window. The reflection suddenly seemed like the figure of a stranger—a heavy, shambling, seedy figure in a soiled white suit. His face beneath his battered Panama hat was drawn and unattractive. Even the vague reflection showed the sandy stubble of his beard. It did not bother him that people looked at him curiously and disapprovingly. He knew that he was almost on the beach, not quite, but almost.

Beyond the clothing store was a newsstand and then a tobacconist, and then the bank and a square with tired-looking hack horses and sleepy drivers and women selling shells and baskets—but no one tried to sell him anything. Then there came a store displaying Oriental goods, a store which you might see in any Caribbean port. In the window there were silk pajamas and bathrobes with dragons embroidered on the pockets, a few kimonos, some bad pieces of teakwood, tea sets and cheap soapstone and ivory ornaments—all the things they made by the boatload in China or Japan. A small Japanese wearing heavy glasses stood in the doorway and nodded to Bob Bolles.

"Hello, there, Admiral Togo," Bob said.

The little man drew in his breath with a gentle hiss.

"Or maybe you aren't Admiral Togo," Bob said. "Maybe you're Japan's Lawrence of Manchuria."

The Japanese smiled, displaying an uneven set of teeth shining with gold work. "Good morning," he said. "Lawrence of Manchuria. Americans are always so very funny."

"So are Japanese," Bob said. "How's business, Admiral?"

"Business is very poor," the little man said. "Please, would you like to buy a new silk suit? To your measure by four this afternoon. So nice on that schooner of yours for yachting, please."

"Clever, aren't you?" Bob said. "So you know me, do you?"

"Please," said the little man, "of course. Mr. Robert Bolles, please. So nice to have watched you in Mr. Henry's last night."

"I never saw you hang around there," Bob said.

The shopkeeper laughed politely. Japanese always laughed politely. And he took a card case from his inside pocket. "Please," he said, "my card. Pajamas and shirts and suits on six hours' order. No hurry to pay, please, Mr. Bolles."

Bob Bolles took the card with elaborate courtesy and held it gingerly and bowed. The card read: "I. A. Moto—Things Japanese."

"Thanks," he said. "What time is it?"

"Please," Mr. Moto said, "it is a quarter before twelve."

"Well, that's swell," Bob answered. "I'm sorry. I'm in a hurry now. Goodby, Mr. Moto," and he walked more hastily down the street, smiling faintly.

HENRY'S was down near the water, a pumpkin-yellow café, with a bar and tables in the front room and with propellerlike fans moving languidly on the ceiling and with a shabby courtyard and other rooms out in back. The front room was deserted except for Henry who stood behind the bar. Henry was slender and very neat in a freshly laundered white suit. His features were aquiline and regular, made up from a variety of race strains. Bob sat down at a table and took off his hat and gazed upward at the slowly revolving fans.

"Bring me a bottle over here," Bob said. He was just in time—the clock on the cathedral was striking the hour of twelve—and he looked up at Henry and grinned. "I understand I was in here last night."

Henry nodded. Bob poured half a tumbler of rum and drank it straight.

"And now I'm not welcome here," he asked, "is that it?"

"Oh, no," said Henry, "I wouldn't say that, Mr. Bolles, but there has been a complaint."

"What complaint?" Bob asked.

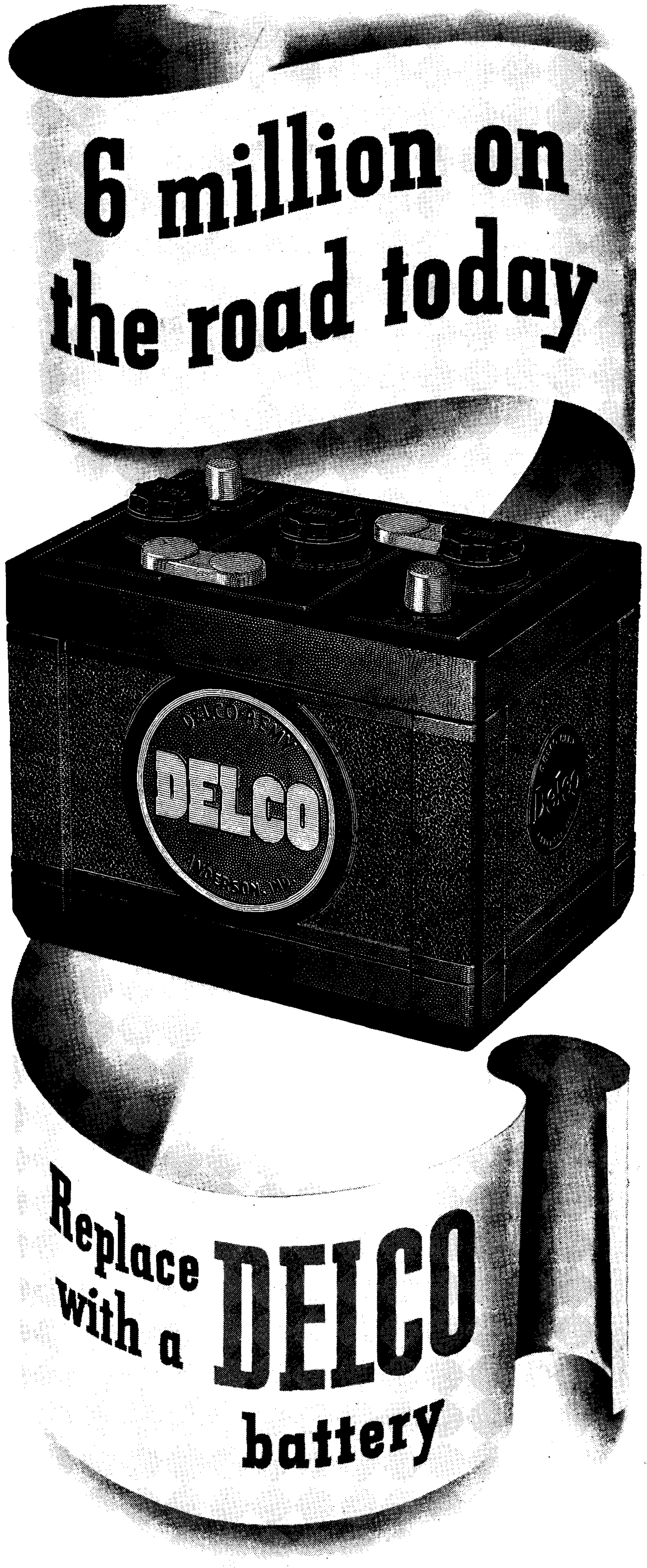
Henry clasped his hands behind him. "The police," he said. Bob Bolles scowled. "What about the police?" he asked.

"Supervision is getting strict now," Henry said. "They've been inquiring about you. Mr. Bolles."

Bob Bolles looked at his empty glass and felt his face flush. It was the first time that anything like that had happened to him, but he could understand it.

"You mean, you're going to throw me out of here?" he asked.

Henry unclasped his hands from behind his back and spoke quickly, almost eloquently. "You must think of the difficulties I have here, Mr. Bolles," he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said. "The type of guests whom I entertain in back each evening require quiet surroundings. When gentlemen like you come, Mr. Bolles, who have allowed themselves to get out of control, the authorities—"

Henry stopped and Bob saw that he was looking toward the doorway. He remembered a long while later that there was something worried and wary in Henry's look. A youngish man had entered from the street and his passage from the sunlight into the shadow of Henry's bar made him blink with eyes which obviously were not accustomed to the glare of the Carribbean. His gray flannel suit and his light gray felt hat showed that he was a tourist and not an islander, a tourist too recently arrived to equip himself with tropical clothes. There was nothing impressive about his appearance, for he was the sort of person who would not have been conspicuous anywhere, but it seemed to Bob Bolles that Henry was surprised. There was something that Henry did not like.

"Good morning," the stranger said, and his greeting included Bob Bolles at the table and Henry standing beside him. "Is this a place that is called Henry's?"

"Yes," Henry said, "this is Henry's. I am the proprietor, sir."

The stranger smiled an engaging, easy smile. His hair and eyes were dark, but his complexion was light, almost pale, and it seemed to Bob that he looked a little tired and a little hungry. He glanced around the barroom, not casually the way a tourist might, but carefully, as though he wished to remember the location of all the chairs and tables.

"So you are Henry, are you?" he said, and his voice was foreign, rather more French than Spanish. "My firm has recommended you. I believe you have had some past connections with my firm."

"What firm, please?" Henry asked.

The dark young man took a wallet from his pocket and pulled a card from it. "Wines and liquors," he said. "Lisbon, you see. My name is Durant."

BOB BOLLES saw Henry take the card and, though the interruption annoyed him more than it interested him, he saw Henry's manner change. Henry was always smooth and easy when he greeted guests, but he had a maître d'hôtel's way of conferring little distinctions, an elegance that did not always fit well in the barroom. Bob could see that the card had impressed Henry and that Mr. Durant was someone above the ordinary.

"Oh, yes," Henry said, and his hair looked particularly sleek and oily as he bowed and held out his hand. "So happy to meet you, Mr. Durant. Your firm's wines have been a great addition to my little place here, Mr. Durant. You were right in coming to see me. Should you like a room?" And then before Mr. Durant could answer Henry continued in his careful Jamaican English: "You understand that this is not a hotel, but for our especial friends we do have rooms upstairs, very nice and quiet. Also if you have any friends here I could put you in touch with them."

"Why, thank you," Mr. Durant said. "What I need is quiet. I'm looking for a man, a particular friend of mine. I imagine you have seen him, since he has been connected with the firm in the past—a Mr. Kingman."

Mr. Durant spoke pleasantly, with that slightly foreign accent, and Henry bowed again.

"Oh, yes," Henry said, "yes, he has been here. You must be my guest, Mr. Durant, entirely my guest. Mr. Kingman is coming in later this morning, I think."

"Very good," Mr. Durant answered. "You are very kind. I understood you would be. When Mr. Kingman arrives I'd like to have a conversation with him. I haven't seen him lately, but he used to be quite a friend of mine."

"Why," said Henry, "there's nothing easier, Mr. Durant. I'll send him directly up to your room, if that is what you want."

"THAT is most obliging of you," said Mr. Durant. "Perhaps if you will show me the room I might go up now. My bag is at the airline office, if you will send for it. I am rather tired. I have just got off the plane."

"You did entirely right in coming here first," Henry said. "It's a nice room. Just one other guest upstairs—a Swedish gentleman, but I am sure he won't disturb you."

"Dad has been losing his shirt, dear. Try to endorse a face powder or something"

LOUIS A. PRISCILLA

"A Swede?" said Mr. Durant. "What's a Swede doing here?"

Henry shrugged his shoulders. "A mate from one of the banana boats," he said. "Just here for a rest. He won't disturb you."

"Well, let us go," said Mr. Durant, and he nodded at Bob Bolles and smiled, and Mr. Durant and Henry walked up a flight of stairs behind the bar while Bob Bolles sat staring into his half empty glass. He was glad that Henry was gone. It seemed to him that Henry's manner was particularly greasily unctuous that morning. It was none of his business, but there was always something mysterious about Henry's friends. He had seen other curious people come in and out of Henry's, but it might be what you could expect in a gambling joint. He sat there waiting for Henry to come back, and he did not like it.

"Bolles," he said to himself, "you're mighty near on the beach."

When Henry came back ten minutes later Henry's hair was as slick as ever and his walk was sprightly, but Bob could see that Henry was worried about something.

"I didn't know you ran a hotel here," Bob said.

"What?" said Henry. "What did you say?" Henry was looking out the open door to the street and he seemed to have forgotten that Bob was there.

"I didn't know you ran a hotel," Bob said.

"Oh, not a hotel, really," Henry answered. "Just a place where a few personal friends sometimes stop." Henry drew a colored handkerchief from his breast pocket and patted his forehead softly with it.

"Oh," Bob said, "so this Durant is a friend of yours?"

"A business acquaintance," Henry said. "Let me see. What was it we were talking about?"

"About the police," Bob said.

"The police?" Henry's hand moved with a quick, involuntary jerk and his colored handkerchief hung limply between his fingers.

"Yes," Bob said. "You were saying the police say I make too much trouble. Well, it looks as though a cop is coming in here now. That's Inspector Jameson, isn't it? How are they going, Inspector?"

HENRY gave a startled look at the door. He had not seen the new visitor as soon as Bob had, but when he did Henry smiled and put his handkerchief back in his pocket. In Henry's business he naturally had an understanding with the island police.

"Oh," he said, "good morning, Inspector Jameson." A red-faced, middle-aged man in carefully tailored white ducks and with a close-cropped mustache and very square shoulders walked toward them. Inspector Jameson was carrying a swagger stick and he had the appearance of an English sergeant major. His uncompromising steadiness showed that he had been in the army once.

"Hello, Chief," Bob said. "How's the empire holding up this morning?"

"Now, now," said Inspector Jameson. "That will be enough of that. The empire can do very well without being asked for by the likes of you."

"All right," Bob said. "It was just a courteous question. I like the empire and I can't help being worried about it."

"Good morning, sir," Henry said. "A lovely day, isn't it?"

Inspector Jameson disregarded the question. He walked over to the table and halted, looking at Bob Bolles in a steely way.

"I don't like jokes," Inspector Jameson said. "If I had ever had you on parade, sir, you would have learned what was fitting. The trouble with the empire is all the silly people—French, Germans and Americans. You're Mr. Bolles, aren't you?"

"Yes," Bob answered. "How about a drink, Inspector?"

Inspector Jameson looked at the bottle on the table with stony distaste. "No," he said. 'This is an official call. I've been looking for you, Mr. Bolles."

"All right," Bob said. "Nice to see you, Inspector."

INSPECTOR JAMESON cleared his throat. His face was lined with disapproval and distaste. His voice was strictly official, according to regulations.

"Mr. Bolles," the inspector said. "I am here in the line of duty and you know me and I know you. You have been here two weeks with your schooner, making, if I may say so, a problem of yourself when the police have other things to think about. And I don't want none of your lip either, Mr. Bolles. It was the same the last time you were here and the time before that. We have tried to make allowances, since regulations are to make matters happy for visitors on this island."

"But I am happy," Bob said. "I'm always happy. You ought to learn to relax, Inspector."

"None of that, sir," the inspector said. "You are a man, sir, who should be a gentleman. Your kind is very bad, sir, when it goes bad. We have tried to make every allowance, but it will have to stop."

"Oh," Bob said, "will it?"

"It will," the inspector said. "I should suggest that you and your boat and your nigger leave here in twenty-four hours."

Bob stood up. He felt his face growing red. "Do you realize," he asked, "that you're talking to a United States citizen?"

The inspector watched him, but he did not appear impressed. "We know all about you," he said. "We know about every bit of riffraff that drops into this town. You'd be wise to remember what I said, Mr. Bolles. We should like it if you were not here tomorrow."

Inspector Jameson turned slowly on his heel and walked majestically to the street, while law and order walked invisible behind him. Bob Bolles had seen his kind before in a dozen other British colonies. He had laughed, but Inspector Jameson stood for the British empire. He was the sergeant who looked after the black sheep in Kipling's poem. He was the thin, red line of heroes. He was Waterloo and Dunkirk. Bob Bolles looked up at Henry. "The British can turn out a model," he said.

Henry did not answer. He was watching Inspector Jameson walk across the street.

"You read about them," Bob said, "but you can't believe it. He doesn't think, does he? He just reacts. An army man, isn't he?"

Henry did not answer.

"I never had a run-in with that kind before," Bob said, "except once when the ship called at Singapore." Suddenly his eyes grew narrow and he looked hard at Henry. "It couldn't be, not possibly—

or could it—that you have been complaining to get me out of here?"

Henry shook his head. "Oh, no, Mr. Bolles," he said. "Why, you and I are friends."

"Then lend me some money," Bob said.

Henry glanced toward the street. He had a habit of looking in all directions at once. "I can do better for you," he said, "because I'm really a friend of yours, Mr. Bolles, and I can prove it. There was a party here yesterday, a nice young couple from New York. They want a yacht for charter. I spoke about you. I can get you four hundred dollars for a month."

"No one sails her but me," Bob said. "I don't want her piled up somewhere."

"You did not let me finish," Henry answered, speaking quickly. "Four hundred dollars for charter, fifty dollars a week for yourself as skipper, twenty dollars for your boy as crew."

Bob Bolles whistled softly and poured himself another drink. "Who are they?" he asked. "They're not your style."

"They were seeing the sights last night," Henry said. "They came down from the Myrtle Bank. Their name is Kingman."

"Kingman?" Bob Bolles repeated. "Is he the one your friend upstairs wants to see?"

HENRY patted the folds of his yellow necktie and stood up a little straighter. "I said they were a nice young couple from New York," he said. "Mr. Durant is a stranger to me and I am sure I don't know how he knows Mr. Kingman, and besides it should not matter to you, should it?"

"It just strikes me as funny," Bob said. "You say they are nice people?"

"Well, they are," Henry said, "very nice people—New York socialites and very rich."

Bob Bolles laughed. "No nice people hang out in this joint, Henry—just boys like me. You might find a murderer here, but not a New York socialite."

Henry's shoulders gave a little spasmodic jerk as though someone had hit him on the back, but he was hurt rather than angry. "You very well know," he said, "that a great many socialites come down from the hotel for roulette. There is a certain romance and color here that they do not find at the hotel. That was how I met Mr. and Mrs. Kingman—just down for the roulette. They are very romantic. They wish to take a private cruise, because they are interested in lonely islands. And they pay well. Money is no object. What more do you want?"

Bob wondered even then why Henry had been so generous as to offer him such a job, because it was not like Henry, but when a chance like that came out of the blue, all you could do was take it.

"All right. I'll take them if they're fools enough. What's your commission?"

"Twenty pounds," Henry said, "should be my commission, but for you it will be nothing. Shall I telephone them now to come here? You are hardly dressed to call at their hotel."

"Wait a minute," Bob said. "Why aren't you taking a commission? What is there fishy about this?"

Henry's face was always tranquil and it showed neither surprise nor hurt. "Don't be a fool," he said. "Look at me. Can I afford to do anything fishy? I'll telephone them and perhaps you'd better go in back and shave." He picked up the bottle and the glass. "And you might at least say thank you."

"Thanks, Henry," Bob said. "But I'd like to know what you're getting out of it. Oh, well, never mind."

Henry rang a bell for a boy to watch the barroom. "I shall telephone from my office," he said. "You can shave in my own washroom with my own razor. You see, I really treat you as a friend."

They crossed the back courtyard which had been planted with palms and bougainvillaea to form at night a garish electrically lighted garden and came into Henry's gambling parlor. The long room with its slot machines and chemin de fer and roulette tables seemed to be lying in a drunken sort of sleep waiting for evening. Louis, the croupier, and his assistants would not come on until evening and the room's only occupants were two barefoot colored women emptying ash receptacles and aimlessly brushing the floor. Henry's office, which was just beyond the tables, was furnished with a violent green carpet, two leather upholstered armchairs, a comfortable couch, and a battered roll-top desk and a telephone.

Henry sat down at his desk and lifted up the telephone receiver. "The lavatory is over there. You will find the razor in the cabinet," he said.

Henry's office and lavatory were both what Bob expected, neither of them very attractive and neither very clean. A towel on the rack by the washstand was smeared with lipstick. The medicine cabinet above it was filled with headache remedies, perfume bottles, an atomizer and hair tonic. He was not particular, but somehow the idea of using Henry's razor did not appeal to him. He could hear Henry calling the hotel and asking for Mr. Kingman.

"Hey," Bob called, "have you got any clean blades!"

"Is not the old one all right?" Henry asked. . . . "Yes, Mr. Kingman, please."

There had been a time when Henry had treated him with an obsequious sort of respect. Bob knew that it was his fault that the relationship was changed, and it irked him that the proprietor of a cheap saloon and gambling joint should be doing him a favor.

"Oh, Mr. Kingman," he heard Henry say, "I have the man here now."

Henry was speaking of him in the tone he might have used when he told a customer that he would have two jolly girls and an automobile ready in half an hour.

"Yes," he heard Henry say, "I believe he would be glad to leave at five o'clock. Yes, I'll have him waiting for you."

Bob wiped his face on the corner of the towel and walked into the office.

"Now you look quite the gentleman," Henry said. "They are coming right over—Mr. Kingman and his lady. It's lucky for you this happened."

"Yes," Bob said, "it's lucky."

THERE was not much doubt that Henry was going to get something handsome out of this somehow. They were back in the front room again when a car from the hotel drew up by the door and a man and a girl got out. Henry hurried to meet them and the three walked together to a corner table where Bob was standing. Their clothes looked like models from an expensive store window in New York—just the thing for that winter cruise in the tropics. They had an air of plenty of money and of tourists' wide-eyed innocence, even before they spoke.

"This is the man," Henry said. "This is Mr. Kingman—Mr. Bolles."

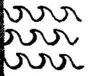
Bob shook hands with Mr. Kingman, and Mr. Kingman's hand was cool and very strong. He was a good-natured-looking man in his middle thirties with an easy, pleasant smile.

"Oh," he said. "I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Bolles."

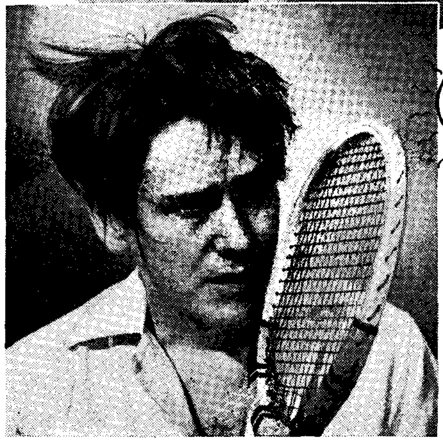
His accent had a careless drawl and the words were clipped in a way that reminded Bob of a British-educated European's speech. It was the assured, hard-to-identify accent of a well-bred, widely traveled man and Bob Bolles decided that he liked him. Mr. Kingman's

Gals don't care FOR HOLIDAY HAIR

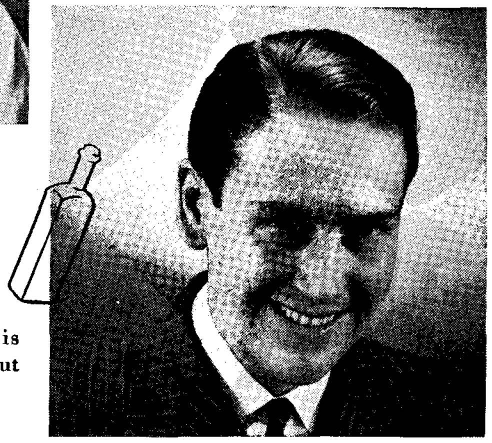
WIND whips your hair into an awful snarl. Leaves it dry, dusty, so tangled you can't even comb it. A little Kreml after you golf, and you won't look like the Wild Man of Borneo to your girl.



WATER washes away the natural oils. Leaves your hair wild, unruly, your scalp dry. Looks worse than ever. A Kreml rub after you swim and your girl won't think your hair is hopeless.



SUN bakes hair dry. Leaves it brittle. This is often followed by dandruff scales. Itching scalp. After lots of sun, use Kreml on your hair. Then your girl won't think she's "going steady" with a mop.



KREML should be used *every day.* It helps stimulate your scalp. Removes loose dandruff. Checks excessive falling hair. Girls like a Kreml man because his hair is always well groomed . . . without being greasy.

FOR everyday protection against Holiday Hair—use Kreml. It checks excessive falling hair. Removes ugly dandruff scales. Kreml keeps your hair neat and natural-looking. Gives it a silky, soft sheen.

Women like Kreml, too. Find it wonderful before and after permanents.

Ask for Kreml at any drug or department store. Insist on it at your barber shop.

A fine follow-up for the daily use of Kreml is the once-a-week wash with Kreml Shampoo. It is made from an 80% olive oil base. Cleanses your scalp tingling clean. Leaves your hair soft and lustrous looking—easy to comb. Try Kreml Shampoo this weekend . . . try Kreml Hair Tonic *today!*

DON'T USE WATER USE

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Recommended by Good Housekeeping Bureau

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES — CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY — MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

nose was thin and a little too long, his complexion was pale but healthy, his eyes and his mouth were both steady. When Mr. Kingman looked Bob over, the smile on his thin lips was reflected in his eyes, and Bob could not help smiling back.

"We're—we're shot with luck to meet you, Mr. Bolles," Mr. Kingman said, and Bob Bolles always remembered how Mr. Kingman hesitated, seeming to grope for the right colloquial phrase. "Let's sit down and talk this over—with a bottle of champagne. This is Mrs. Kingman."

She was a tall girl, just the type Bob particularly liked. He imagined that she could dance beautifully. Her hair was dark, almost black, and her eyes were dark blue, and her face was tanned and healthy.

"How do you do?" Bob said.

She looked surprised when he spoke to her as if she must have thought that he would be a good deal worse than he was.

"Oh, Mac," she said, "not champagne."

"Now, Helen," Mr. Kingman said, "this is our vacation, dear."

She looked at Bob, as though she wanted to be sure that he understood. "He's been working so hard," she said. "Those New York law firms!"

"Leo," Henry called to the bar boy, "a bottle of Veuve Clicquot—on the house."

"Mr. Bolles," Mrs. Kingman said, "I feel so much better, now that I've seen you. You look so perfectly reliable—and this is one of Mr. Kingman's most absurd ideas."

MR. KINGMAN smiled. "Now, wait a minute, sweet," he said. "You know you promised, didn't you, to let me do the talking? Maybe I'd better give you a picture of what's in my mind, Mr. Bolles, before we get down to facts." He raised his glass and laughed. "It's simply that I'd like to get away from everything for a while—telephone, telegraphs, everything. Maybe you've felt that way yourself."

"Yes," Bob said, "I feel that way a good deal of the time."

"When you're a—" Mr. Kingman began, and his forehead puckered slightly as though he found a momentary difficulty in thinking of the next word, "a kid, you have ideas that sometimes stay with you. Do you know what I mean?" He looked around the table almost appealingly. "When I was a kid I always thought of the tropics—lonely islands, the Spanish Main—you know. Maybe you read about pirates yourself once, Mr. Bolles."

"You're in the right place for pirates," Bob said, and he glanced at Henry. Mr. Kingman seemed lost in thought.

"Those ideas stay with you sometimes—the sea, the loneliness of the sea. Now, back at home, I've done a lot of reading."

"And he never lets me interrupt him," Mrs. Kingman said, "never."

"Well, now I've got my chance," Mr. Kingman said. "I suppose it sounds silly to you, Mr. Bolles, but it came over me when I landed here, why not? Why not charter a comfortable boat and get off away from jazz music, off to islands that I'd read and dreamed about, where none of these cruises stop—off—" He paused again, as if trying to think of a word. "Off to loneliness."

He stopped and looked around the table, as though he had made a considerable effort and waited for an approving answer. Again Bob tried to analyze his speech. It seemed strange that Mr. Kingman kept striving to use colloquial expressions.

"There are a lot of lonely islands, if that's what you want," Bob said.

Mr. Kingman smiled happily at Mrs. Kingman. "You know," he said, "this is just my luck, isn't it? Now, I don't know who you are, Mr. Bolles, from—from Adam, but you're just what I've been looking for. I think we're going to have a—a swell time. Don't you like him, Helen?"

"Yes," Mrs. Kingman said, "I do, Mac."

"There you are," Mr. Kingman said. "I hope you don't mind my being so informal, Captain, but it's just as well to like someone if you're going to sea with him. Now, they say you have a boat—"

"She's a schooner," Bob said, "sixty feet. I bought her in Key West about two years ago—the Thistlewood. She can go anywhere under sail, but she has only a small auxiliary."

"I don't want power," Mr. Kingman said. "I don't need to get anywhere at any time. You know navigation, of course?"

Bob Bolles nodded.

"And you have a crew?"

"A colored boy," Bob answered. "We can take her anywhere you want. Have you any ideas, Mr. Kingman?"

FRANK BEAVEN

"Ernest is putting a little by for next year's taxes" FRANK BEAVEN

Mr. Kingman leaned across the table. "You know how things get in your mind," he said. "Now, I have been reading about the old sugar islands, where planters lived each alone in his kingdom. It's all gone, of course, but there must be remains of it. Perhaps you can help me, Mr. Bolles. Have you ever heard of a spot on the chart called Mercator Island?"

BOB BOLLES had no intention of looking surprised. If they had the money and were good for it he could have taken them to the South Seas, if they wanted. Nevertheless, the question interested him. Mr. Kingman must have known it was unusual, for he had introduced it by that elaborate explanation. You never could tell, Bob thought, where a romantic streak may crop up in a human being.

"Mercator," Bob said. "I wonder where you ever came across it. I know a bit about Caribbean literature, but I never knew that Mercator got into print."

Mr. Kingman seemed pleased that he had asked him, anxious to explain. "You'd have a hard time finding the volume, Skipper, even in the largest library," he answered. "I stumbled on it at a book auction, a rather rare collector's item."

"He fills the apartment with books," Mrs. Kingman said, but Mr. Kingman did not appear to hear her.

"'The Caribbean Kingdom,' by John Silverstone," Mr. Kingman said, "and more particularly the estates on the Winderly Group. Octavo, original calf, published by John Cotswell, stationer, at his shop in Threadneedle Road, London, 1773."

"THAT'S right," Bob said, "the Winderly Group. Yes, I've heard they used to grow sugar on Mercator."

"A queer old book," Mr. Kingman went on, as though he had not heard. "There were five pages about the sugar establishment and the life on Mercator Island. That's all I know, but I'd love to see it. Do you know it, Mr. Bolles?"

"I've never touched there," Bob said, "but I've been by the Winderly Group. It's about as lonely a piece of reef as you can hope to see. It's off every conceivable sea lane. I don't even know what flag it's under. It isn't very well charted. Mercator is about a mile long, volcanic with coral reefs outside it. I've heard the old planters were driven out in a slave insurrection. Have you ever heard about it, Henry?"

"Not much," Henry answered. "The fishing boats might know."

Henry's voice was soft. For some reason it made them all silent for a moment.

"But I don't want to know any more," Mr. Kingman said. "It is exactly that sense of mystery that I want. Ulysses cleaving the wine-dark sea. Let's be—be pushing off."

"Mac, dear," Mrs. Kingman said, "don't be so impatient."

"If you want to go," Bob said, "it's maybe fours days' sail with a fair wind—longer, if it's stormy."

Mr. Kingman had forgotten about the wine-dark sea and suddenly looked practical.

"All right," he said. "That's settled, if the terms are satisfactory, and I believe you've heard them. What accommodations have you? Not that we aren't willing to rough it. There will be Mrs. Kingman and me and—and my valet. His name is Oscar."

"When I married Mac," Mrs. Kingman said, "I really had to marry Oscar, too."

Bob Bolles looked at them doubtfully. "I don't know how you'll fit in," he said. "There are two bunks in the main cabin and one berth in the owner's stateroom. Tom and I can sleep up forward, but we'll all have to eat together."

"Splendid," Mr. Kingman said. "Oscar and I can take the cabin. You take the stateroom, Helen. Let's—let's shake a leg. I'd like to leave this afternoon."

"It's a pretty tall order," Bob said. "I'll have to take on supplies."

Henry cleared his throat. "I think I can get supplies aboard for you," he said, "if you will be willing to leave it to me."

"Good," Mr. Kingman said. "Now we're getting action."

"You haven't asked for references," Bob Bolles said.

Mr. Kingman laughed. "Let's not mind that," he answered. "I've heard all about you and I've seen you. I think you're all right and I hope you think we are. All I want is to get off and get going." He pulled a pigskin wallet from the breast pocket of his coat. An American passport came out with it and he replaced the passport hastily. "Here's forty pounds—on the line."

"Thank you," Bob said. "That's thoughtful of you. I hope you will be comfortable, Mr. Kingman. I can meet you at four o'clock and take you aboard."

"I shall bring them to the boat," said Henry. "Just be ready there."

"That's fine," Mr. Kingman said. "Everything is going to be hunky—hunky-dory." He looked at Mrs. Kingman and laughed. "Sweet, didn't I tell you we could do it? Didn't I tell you we'd have fun? Oh, boy, are we going to have fun!"

BOB BOLLES turned to look at her. He was surprised to find that she was looking at him and not at Mr. Kingman. Her eyes were dark and watchfully questioning—but just for a moment, and then she smiled.

"Yes, dear," she said. "I suppose I'd better get dungarees and sneakers and oilskins. We won't have much time to get packed and I don't know the shops."

Mr. Kingman made an impatient gesture. "Yes, I suppose you will—" he began. "There isn't anything more, is there, Henry?"

"Perhaps Mr. Bolles could take Mrs. Kingman for a little shopping turn," Henry said. "I only suggest it because—"

Henry's voice was smooth and unctuous, but Mr. Kingman seemed to catch some message in it, for he looked at Henry and raised his eyebrows.

"Because what?" he asked.

"Just a little matter," Henry said, "about supplies, arrangements and payments. There is no need for Mrs. Kingman to wait if she is in a hurry. If I might suggest, Mr. Bolles can help her with her purchases and leave her at the hotel."

Mr. Kingman still seemed to hesitate. "Is it necessary?" he asked.

"Just half an hour," Henry said. "I think it would be better," and he took a card from his pocket and handed it to Mr. Kingman. Bob Bolles remembered it. It was Mr. Durant's card. It seemed to Bob when Mr. Kingman looked at it that he was making an effort to keep his face good-natured, to conceal some sort of surprise or annoyance, but Bob Bolles was not sure.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Kingman, "I see. Yes, we'd better go over the details, and it might be as well to find Oscar, but I don't like to have Helen wandering around alone—a strange town and all that."

"There's no need to worry," Henry said, "not with Mr. Bolles."

"All right," Mr. Kingman said. "That will be—be okay." He was smiling, but it seemed to Bob that his eyes had grown a trifle harder and his lips a trifle thinner. "If Mr. Bolles doesn't mind, Helen, you might go out. Buy out the shops—buy anything."

It seemed to Bob that Mrs. Kingman was looking at his shabby clothes and her dark eyes seemed to have the same questioning look.

"Someone from the hotel—" Bob began.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Kingman, but she seemed to have lost her enthusiasm. "It will be all right. Come ahead, Mr. Bolles."

She stood up and they all stood up.

"See you later, Bolles," Mr. Kingman said, and he looked down again at the card he was still holding.

WHEN Bob stepped out on the street behind Mrs. Kingman he saw Tom sitting on the curbstone, waiting for him.

"Tom," Bob said, "get aboard and clean up. Put my stuff up forward. Here's twenty pounds. Get fresh sheets and towels. Be ready to take on supplies at three o'clock."

Tom looked blankly at the notes.

"It's all right," Bob said. "We've got a charter," and he turned to Mrs. Kingman: "This is my boy Tom. He'll be on the boat with us."

"Oh," Mrs. Kingman said. Her whole manner seemed stiff and constrained. "Well, we'd better go on to the shops."

They began walking to the center of the town. It had been a long while since Bob had walked beside a girl as pretty as Mrs. Kingman and a girl of his own class. He found it hard to think of anything to say to her. He found himself making a few tentative remarks about the streets and buildings and about the best stores, but she only answered curtly.

"I suppose you'll get your commission in each place," she said finally. "That's customary, isn't it?"

Bob felt his face flush scarlet. "I hadn't thought of it," he said. "I've never taken out a party in my boat before."

"I just wanted to find out," she said. "In there in that saloon, in that place, I couldn't make you out. So you don't take out parties regularly? What do you do?"

"Nothing," Bob said.

"Nothing?" she repeated. "You're an American, aren't you?"

"Yes," Bob answered.

"Well," she said, "I don't understand you. What are you doing here in a boat doing nothing?"

"Trying to get away from myself," Bob said. "Haven't you ever wanted to do that?"

She looked at him. Her eyes were dark. She looked aloof and beautiful. "I don't know whether I like you or not," she said.

"You'll know before we get back," Bob answered.

"I don't know whether I trust you or not," she said.

Bob Bolles laughed. "Do you always talk this way to everyone you pick up?" he asked, and she looked back at him without smiling.

"No, I don't, as a matter of fact," she said. "It's because you puzzle me. You look like someone who ought to be different from what you are, but I'm not sure."

"I haven't asked any questions about you," Bob said. "There won't be any occasion for you to have to trust me. Here's where you can get some oilskins and dungarees."

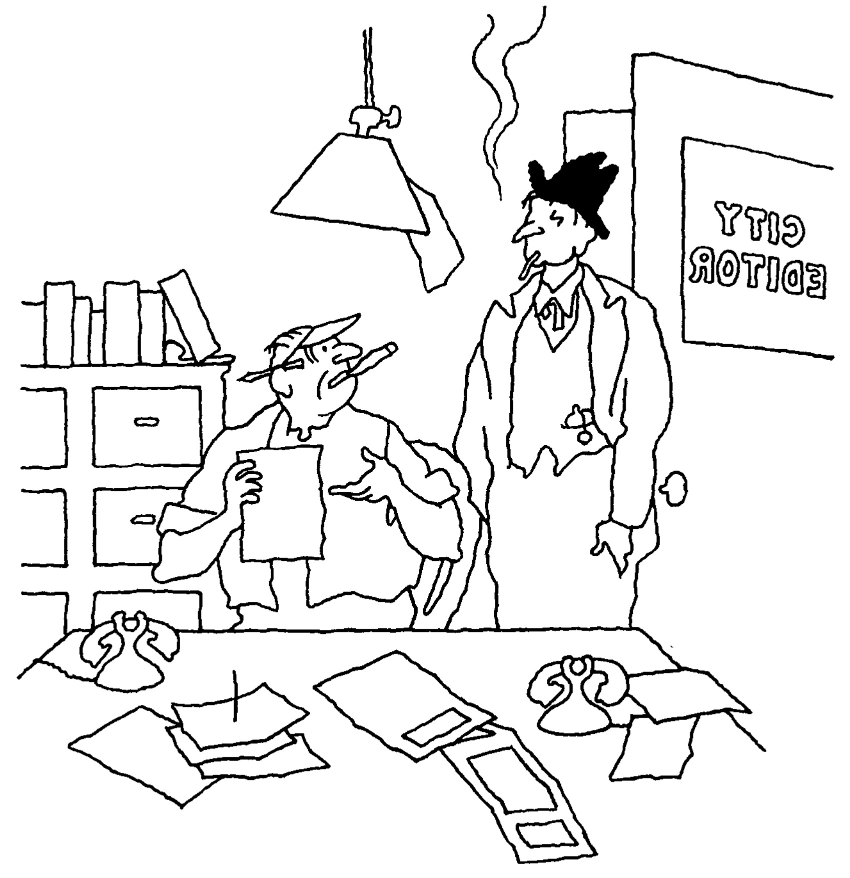
Just as they turned into the shop he saw her watching him again.

"I didn't mean to be disagreeable," she said.

"Oh, that's all right," Bob answered, and he stood near the door of the large, cool shop, watching her make her purchases.

"I wonder what's on her mind," he said, beneath his breath. "Why the devil does she have to trust me?"

(*To be continued next week*)



"When you say 'unimpeachable authority,' Mulligan, I presume you mean the bunch that hangs out at Sloppy Mike's"

Next Stop College!

FIRST STEP, BOSTONIANS!

SENIOR: Since Sue came back to college on a bike. I've been run ragged trying to keep up.

SUE: I'm working him out for Cross Country.

SOPHOMORE: Better make sure he's wearing Bostonians, or his feet'll never keep up with his romance.

SENIOR: Quiet, boy, I've been Walk-Fitted for four years. See you're a Bostonian fan, too.

SOPHOMORE: Feet Most Likely to Succeed, that's the honor I'm running for.

Bostonians
Whitman, Mass.
$8.50 to $12.00

HIGH RANKING in the national college poll* is *Berkley* (above). This plain toe oxford is very military. The triple leather soles will walk through many a semester, in easy comfort.

YOU SAY* the top quarter brogue in any man's college is Walk-Fitted *Claymore* (left). We agree. In Custom-Bootmaker or regular finish.

**National College Poll of Preferred Shoe Styles, 1941*

NORSEAMS WON by actual vote* covering 718 schools. These stitched top moccasin-types are in two versions: Left, *Plateau* with rubber or leather soles. Right, *Stalwart*, very heavily stitched. Between them rests *Berwyn*, a wingtip with Tred-Flex soles.

Bostonians
FIT RIGHT · FEEL RIGHT they're Walk-Fitted

If We'd only Met Ten Years Ago

Continued from page 20

said. They laughed together. It was going fine.

The lunch went fine, too. Garnett wasn't indifferent to food—something she could never understand in Mark, who always let her order for him. She liked a man to make demands, be choosy. This man, without being fussy, knew exactly what he wanted.

"But tell me, before I make any boners," he said, "you're not Mark's first wife?"

"So far as I know." She flushed, suspecting the coming compliment.

Studying her all around, he said, "But I thought Mark married right after we got out of Tech."

Her flush deepened. "He did. Me."

"Oh, no. Why, you look twenty-one. Say twenty-three at the most."

"With a daughter of six," she reminded him. "And I was never precocious."

HER mounting excitement, Grace told herself, was due, first, simply to male company. Mark had never before been away more than a few days. Or, secondly, it might be due to fear of years. The elation she got, at having men take her for a girl. Those ridiculous red shoes. And thirdly, this flushed intensity might mean the coming of war fever. The eagerness to cram new experience into the uncertain, remaining time of life.

All those reasons were silly, she decided. And yet, if none of these things caused the nervousness she felt in her heart, then her condition was even more dangerous. For then it was the person. The man. Garnett excited her.

She scarcely dared look him full in the face. He was being witty, chatty, friendly, as though he sensed her struggle, and was helping her to ease. She could feel no restraint between them. It was almost as if they had been drinking. Or were very old friends.

They discussed Mark, admired him together. Grace found herself confiding her womanly fears that a man like Mark might simply join the Army, and go away from her. "Sure, he'd consider me, before he did it. Weigh me, and weigh Evelyn—that's our little girl. But then he'd carefully set us aside, and go. I sometimes feel it wouldn't be tearing anything out of him as it might be for other men. They'd go, too. But—"

"I know," Garnett said. "Some men can do it more easily than others. They don't have to be with women. They can get along among themselves. I'm not that way."

"Just like some women," she agreed, "are almost content to be without men. I'm not that way either. I get lonesome with women."

He nodded. She had a sense—frightening, because this was not her husband—of being completely understood.

THEY made it dinner and a show, and a night club—the works. A rush. It was so easy to be with him, Grace wondered: either he was awfully skillful with women, and she was just another conquest; or there was something fateful in their combination. Once, in a rumba that they took with slow, small movements, she caught herself thinking: how is it with Army wives? If she became an Army wife, would she be all right? Would she be able to handle things like this?

"How is it you never got married?" she asked. "If you need to be with women. Don't you believe in marriage?"

"Oh, sure. I like the idea fine. I've wanted to be married." His smile took the solemnity from the remark, made it seem truer.

"Only you never met the right girl?"

"Trite, but unhappily true."

"Are you sure?" she asked. "Do you really believe there is such a thing as the one, predestined mate, whom you'd be certain to recognize?"

"Well, maybe there's more than one copy of her, around in the world. But I'm romantic enough to think I'd know the type, if I saw her."

"Is she so rare? What's she like?"

"Like you."

"You didn't have to say that."

"I didn't want to. It sounds so glib. But there it is."

They fell silent. The music was sugary, of the kind Mark disliked. Now she didn't know whether she liked it or not. Mark hadn't danced with her in a long, long time.

Garnett held her imperceptibly closer. The languorous dance threaded their thoughts onward. Garnett resumed, picking up the thread at the very point she had reached.

"We should have met ten years ago," he said.

They glided a while on that, dreamily. Grace felt herself being drawn in, perhaps too deep. "And if we'd met ten years ago?" she echoed. "You'd have married me?"

"I think so," he replied, earnestly. "You must have been just as you are now. That's what I wanted. A girl who wouldn't change."

"How would you have known I wouldn't change?"

"I'd have known."

"Everybody grows old, sometime," she said. And suddenly she wondered: perhaps he hadn't married because he was afraid to take the chance that other men took, that Mark had taken—of beauty going, as children and maturity came. Perhaps all this was a line with him, and he was just a coward, who deserved to be alone.

THIS thought gave her her first feeling of a possible escape from the compulsion toward the man. But he caught her back, by admitting her very thought. "I was a coward about getting stuck with a woman," he said. "Or maybe a perfectionist." He wore that smile over his seriousness again, and she knew she had to believe he was the seeker after the true, destined woman, rather than the coward. "With you I'd have known it would be okay," he said. "If we'd only met ten years ago. I'm pretty sure."

Grace permitted herself to speculate, how it would have been, living with this man instead of Mark. Living in brighter colors. Going out more. And feeling safe, feeling there was nothing about him that she did not know, nothing that could escape her. "And how many children would we have had?" she asked.

"Two. Providing you kept your figure."

"Oh, I would have."

"I know." He pressed her, more frankly. Just close enough.

"And Mark would have been the family friend," she said. It was a whirling, dangerous fantasy. For when a man said he would have married you, it lent a kind of honorableness to his meaning. It recognized that it would be too sad to break things up with your good husband. And yet it called up that sense of being fated—

"We should have met at a dance, at Tech," he said. "Mark should have introduced us."

"Gee, it's funny we didn't actually meet," she said, breathily, just to keep talking, to stave off the strange compulsion. She fancied herself back in those younger days, wandering on the campus under the colored bulbs, with the music distant. "We must have known a lot of the same people. Did you know Dot Chandler?" she said with desperate triviality.

"Sure—" He fell into the trivial mood, as if to help her, though knowing it would be useless against their doomed urge. "Dot's lake-shore cottage where the gang used to drink dandelion wine. Ever come there, on Sunday?"

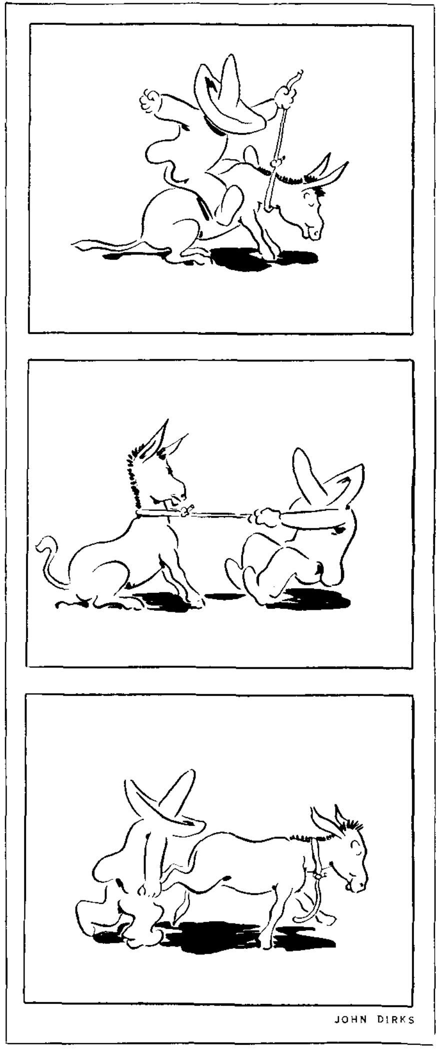
"Why, yes," she said. "Once—"

And suddenly, it was as though they were standing together, on the rickety pier beyond Dot's cottage. They stopped dancing and stared at each other, laughing, as the realization broke upon them. They must have met.

"Ten years ago!" Grace repeated. She stared at him, a sense of escape mounting in her. His dream girl! So he'd have known her, any time! Her dream man! "We danced," she accused him. "Remember? We walked out on the pier—"

Garnett was looking at her, with a fixed, polite smile of agreement; and yet from his infocused eyes she could tell that he really didn't remember her at all. For she recalled quite fully now. She'd got this boy to walk her out to the very end of the pier, where a couple could sit with arms around each other, smoking, dangling their legs. But he hadn't even made a pass at her. He was the one man upon whom she'd been unable to make any impression whatsoever.

How Mark would laugh, when she told him about this blind date with his friend.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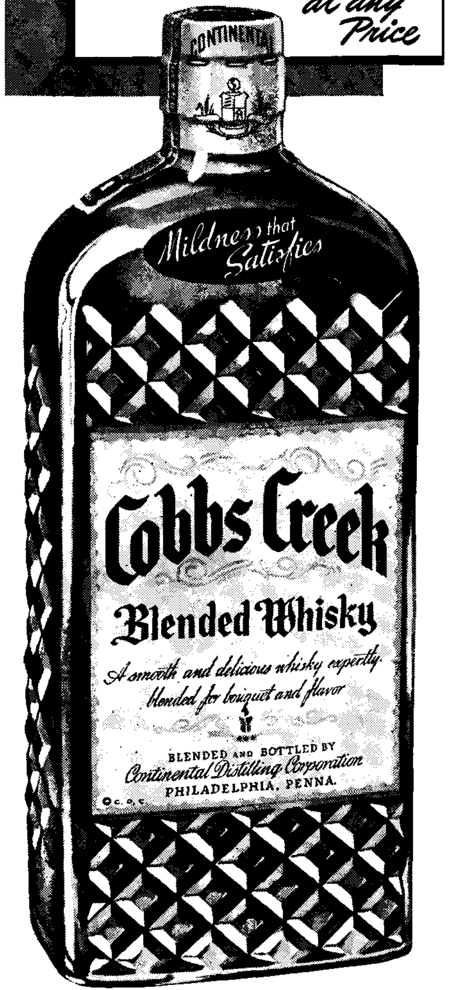
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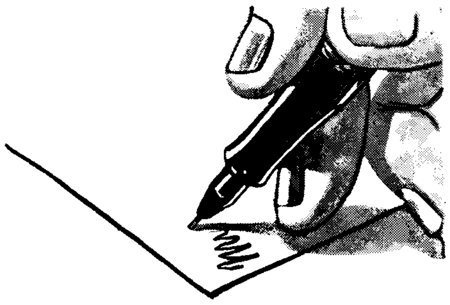

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Delivery Boy

Continued from page 28

against the Athletics in Washington. San Chapman hit a scratchy single in the seventh to mar the game's perfection.

Won six straight for a club that couldn't slug its way out of a prune soufflé.

Wound up the season with 17 victories, to lead the Senators and rank fourth, in games won, in the league. Feller, Al Milnar of Cleveland and Buck Newsom of Detroit were the only pitchers to top him.

Pitched 252 innings, which is a mess of baseball.

Inspired offers of $100,000 from two other clubs, supposedly the Red Sox and Tigers.

Received three salary boosts from Boss Clark Griffith, who is noted for excessive caution with a buck.

Received four serious proposals of marriage; became the Senators' top box-office draw, and averaged the loss of a shirt a day to souvenir hunters.

Comment from President Griffith, who once peddled his son-in-law for a quarter of a million: "Best pitcher I've owned since Johnson. I wouldn't take $200,000 for him."

This is the reputation Sid Hudson was supposed to justify this year. Pretty strong for a chap who was playing in a D circuit a couple of years ago, and who commanded only $5,000 when Griff bought him out of the Florida State League in the winter of 1939. And if his record for 1941 isn't entirely in accord with the predictions, all the blame can't be dropped in Hudson's lap. By midseason he had lost half a dozen one-run games for a punchless team that is supposed to be the worst in Washington's shoddy history. The inelegant Nats, spending the majority of their days in the cellar, came within one game of tying their all-time record for consecutive defeats.

Hudson has no pet special delivery, such as Feller's blazing speed or Dutch Leonard's knuckler. He has fair speed, good control, a sharp curve and endurance. Extra-special poise and complete competitive coldness keynote the kid's character. As Benny Bengough, the old Yankee catcher, says, Sid has no more nerves than a dish of ice cream.

The Kid Who Couldn't Be Taught

The youngster's self-possession was the first thing Manager Harris noticed when Sid turned up for early practice in Orlando, Florida, in the spring of 1940.

Sid had been purchased, sight unseen, on the recommendation of John Ganzel, who manages the Nationals' Class D farm in Orlando. Griffith had scribbled a check for five G's, on the theory that anybody who can win 24 games in any company is worth a gamble.

When Hudson turned out for first practice, Harris looked him over and liked what he saw. The $5,000 bargain was lean but tough. His gangling frame swallowed 175 pounds without leaving a lump. His arms dangled to his knees, which clacked like castanets. But there was nothing of the unshorn bushwhacker about him. And when he began to pitch, Harris caught his breath.

Here was a kid, just out of the lowest minor company, who did everything better than a veteran. His fast ball buzzed around the batter's knees, and his curve chewed viciously at the corners. He knew instinctively how to anchor a base-runner at first—something that many a ten-year veteran finds difficult—and he fielded his position like an extra third baseman. Overshadowing everything, though, was that quality of cold concentration. Coaches couldn't teach this kid a thing. He seemed to have been born with the attributes of a good pitcher; head, heart, speed, curve, control. . . .

Hudson laid a terrific egg in his first big-league performance. The Red Sox combed him for ten smacks. But he didn't fluster . . . not even after Jimmy Foxx cleared the bases with a colossal clout into the left-field seats. Hudson calmly fanned the next two men and finished in fair shape.

Next time out he was still wild, but lost a tough game on eight hits. Then he won a game, but was hammered gruesomely. By the middle of June he'd lost nine and won two. Only Harris' faith and his shortage of pitchers kept him around.

"He'll settle down," said Harris. "And when he does, he'll be unbeatable. Give him some more time."

Practice That Made Perfect

Sid suffered stoically, and confined his comments to questions on what he was doing wrong. Somebody told him that he needed a letup ball—a change of pace—so Sid hunted up old Ted Lyons of the White Sox and spent days perfecting the slow pitch Lyons taught him.

He spent hours, in the morning, pitching to anyone who'd catch him, trying to get his quick ball to hover low on the corners. He picked old Rick Ferrell's naked skull clean of its accumulated information on the weaknesses of the league's best batters. He decided to stop trying to blow the ball through the hitter, and sniped only at the edges of the plate.

One day it all bore fruit. That was in St. Louis, when he broke his bonds with a one-hitter against the Browns. From that point on it was easy.

Hundred-thousand-dollar pitchers are usually not picked up for a measly $5,000, nor do they bridge the gap from low bush to majors in one year.

The sudden catapult into big time apparently hasn't affected Hudson. He takes a spectacular win with the same calm as a painful loss. He's been having a fairly tough time this year, but it hasn't soured him, even though his mates flatly refuse to hit behind him.

There was one afternoon when Sid hooked up with Lefty Grove of the Red Sox. Old Man Mose had been resting for a week, and he was something to see. The pair struggled along for 13 innings before the crusty old codger finally granted a 1-0 decision to his rookie opponent. Hudson had pitched superbly, once—in the ninth—extricating himself from a filled-base, nobody-out predicament. Somebody asked him what he was thinking about in the tough spot.

"It looked a little like rain," said the icicle. "I was wondering whether or not I'd left my windows open."

Hudson doesn't pop off, to the press, his mates, or anybody else. He doesn't smoke, chew, drink or swear. His idea of a riotous evening is a double-feature movie and a chocolate sundae. Four fifths of his salary is consigned to Mamma Hudson, back home in Ft. Oglethorpe, Georgia.

Even after his third pay raise last summer he continued to live in the boardinghouse where Griff stables his unmarried youngsters. The food there, if not epicurean, is plentiful.

For all his modesty, Sid Hudson isn't bashful. His conversation, though cut to the Coolidge measure, is unhesitant. The swarms of females who maul him are treated with bored amusement.

Not even the most irritating succession of errors and slumps on the part of his teammates can make him lose his temper, or wrangle with his chums. On field or off, nobody has ever seen him sore.

His lank physique, inured to Florida's summer heat, is practically tireless. Anything short of 15 innings constitutes a mild workout. Just recently he worked 12 scoreless innings against the White Sox, finally losing 2-0 because his impotent chums couldn't stir up a run. Over the entire 13-inning stretch Hudson allowed five hits, three of them scratchy numbers to the infield. If he has trouble in a game, it's generally in the earlier innings, before he's had a chance to grease his muscles with perspiration.

"He will probably pitch for 20 years," says his Svengali, Mr. Harris. "And he will live to be 80 without ever having an emotion. I wish I could scare up about four more guys like him," adds Mr. Harris, wistfully.

Hudson began his organized-baseball career as a first baseman. The better to assist in the care and feeding of Mamma Hudson and seven other fatherless Hudsons, Sid was working in a Chattanooga hosiery mill in 1937, when one Guy Lacy saw him playing ball for a semipro team.

Lacy, then manager of Sanford, in the Florida State League, offered him a job. Hudson, going on 19, grabbed at the chance, and reported to Sanford in 1938. Mr. Lacy, meanwhile, had felt the cold kiss of the ax, and had been replaced by a character with the fanciful handle of Raw Meat Rogers.

The Pride of Florida

One evening in June of '38 Mr. Rogers ran entirely out of pitchers. He was playing in Palatka, Florida, and the Palatka boys were beating his hurlers blind. When the massacre reached bloodcurdling proportions, Rogers sent Hudson, his first baseman, into the pitcher's box.

Hudson worked two innings, and fanned six men. From that day forward he was a pitcher, although he did work at first base and third base and in the outfield when he wasn't throwing. His bat was too valuable to leave on the bench three out of every four days. You've got to be versatile to earn your keep in the Florida State League.

Sid won 11 games in 1938, and with Raw Meat working his delivery, notched 24 wins against four losses in '39. He led the league in strike-outs, most games completed, lowest earned-run average and fewest number of bases on balls. Griffith acquired him for five grand, and Jimmy Dean, a tobacco-chawing, slope-shouldered Georgia boy, was tossed into the pot as baksheesh.

All the citizens down Florida way are greatly excited over the success of their favorite ballplayer. Hudson is a sort of communal project, like the WPA. Delegations from the sand hills are forever making pilgrimages to Washington to watch him pitch.

Grandpappy Griff is excited, too. As for Svengali Harris, he still babbles like a schoolgirl when the name of his pet comes into a conversation.

Everybody seems to be excited except the object of the excitement. Sid doesn't see anything exceptional about his thousand-to-one-shot performance, and even if he did, he probably wouldn't have anything to say about it. Nothing in this wide world can heat up Mr. Hudson. Not even his own success.

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Westinghouse
MAZDA LAMPS

The Auk

Continued from page 13

Middle East at a distance. Every well-dressed officer carries one. When at last you break down and buy a fly swish you've succumbed to the East and taken the lazy man's way of dealing with the pests. The Auk believes in slapping them dead. His technique is interesting because he fights the same way.

"A general should choose his battlefield," he was saying, "and oblige his enemy to fight on that battlefield and no other. He must choose his objectives and then prepare. He must prepare thoroughly and engage the enemy, knowing down to the last bullet what he's got and how he's going to use it—"

He refused a cigarette. The Auk doesn't smoke. He likes a drink of whisky and soda but prefers beer. He's a hot-weather fighter and he discovered on the northwestern frontier and in the deserts of India and Mesopotamia that smoking accelerates the drying-out that body tissues undergo when water is scarce, and water is always scarce in the desert.

He stalked another fly. "Sure we can win the war," he said. "Sure we can win it. But it's got to be won in Germany, perhaps in Austria. We've got to bring the war to the enemy. Our battlefield is his own back yard. Napoleon was beaten that way. And it's the only way. Anything short of the decisive total defeat of Germany will mean what?" He looked up and stuck his chin out. "It will mean a patched-up peace. Germany in control of all of Europe will turn around and offer peace. You wait and see. And that will be a decisive moment. Acceptance of any peace would be nothing but an armistice and then it would begin all over again."

"But where could Germany be attacked?"

"I don't know now how we will get at them. But there will be some way. Something will turn up and if nothing does we'll have to make a battlefield."

When Cairo was Worried

In recent weeks several things happened to boost morale in this part of the world. Last April Cairo wallowed in gloom. The conversations of war correspondents dripped with it and rich refugees cried it into their dry Martinis. Even those apostles of reserve, the diplomats, reflected it and in high places and low there was a profound concern for the security of Egypt and the Middle East as palpable as the brooding solemnity of the Nile. Everybody knew that Wavell held this battle front with a shoestring's worth of tanks, planes and guns. Everybody seemed to know except the Germans.

Contributing to the dejection were rumors that the American planes that had arrived were no good and a few numskulls freely predicted the tanks that were coming wouldn't be any better. A stonewall censorship that kept the foreign press—the Americans—disgruntled didn't help matters.

And then the Tomahawks were found to be a few revs better than the Hurricanes. The Martins ran away from the Messerschmitts and the American tanks began arriving in an even flow. Those tough gentlemen who pulled Benito Mussolini's empire down around his ears in Ethiopia—the South Africans—came up with their American trucks and their tanks and their American planes. They took over in the western desert from weary Aussies and Anzacs and Tommies, and things brightened. Finally Germany wheeled into Russia, and in Cairo as in Keokuk and Kankakee everybody said, "Whoops! Hitler has done it now."

Notwithstanding that a Russian victory over the Germans could only be regarded as dream stuff, the German invasion of the U.S.S.R. came as the major piece of bullish information. Actually, it did provide time to armor the Middle East.

By mid-June the grapevine had it that "radical changes" were coming. Britain, busy at home with a thousand problems of defense, had treated the Middle East as a stepchild. But it became obvious to Winston Churchill that reorganization was needed in Cairo. It became clear to the Prime Minister that the Middle Eastern show couldn't be written, directed and produced by one man. Wavell was not only writer, director and producer but in his spare time *had to see to the publicity and* occasionally jump in and play a leading part. It was too much for one man. Churchill named three to do his work.

Most important of these is the Auk. He's the star. He's leading man and observers here were gratified that he brought to this theater something more than his strong profile.

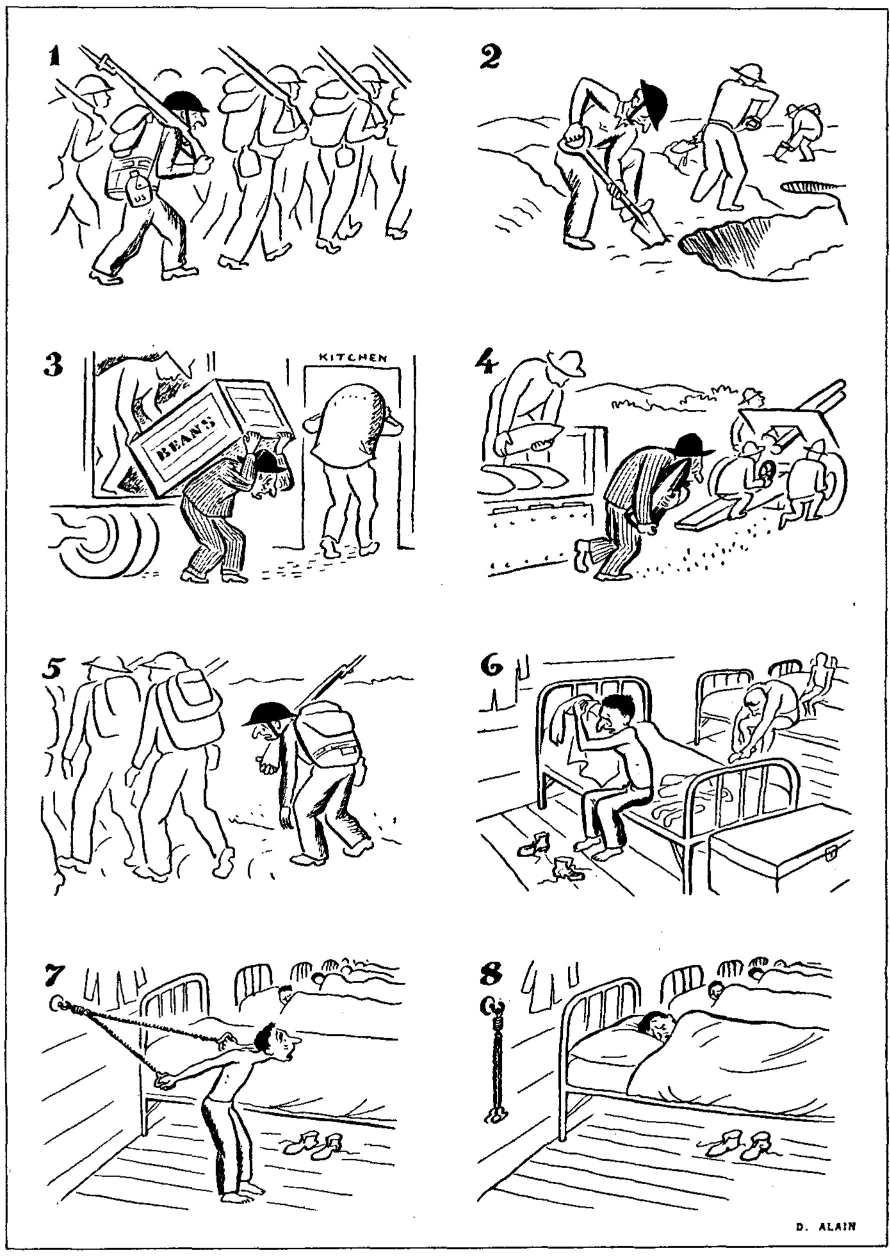
Next in importance, or at least in rank, is the tall, personable Captain Oliver Lyttleton, who becomes a sort of producer, at least in the sense that if the show lays an egg the finger is on him. It will be Lyttleton's job to determine priorities in the unloading and distribution of the tons of material being debouched by American ships in Red Sea ports. He will organize transport and set up the organization required to see to it that American tanks and planes, which he admits are of "the finest possible quality," aren't mishandled by untrained craftsmen. It has come out at last that the early dissatisfaction with American "tools" was due almost entirely to the fact that they were put into the hands of men who didn't know how to use them.

Collier's information is that, upon the recommendation of Captain James Roosevelt and other American observers who have had a look at this situation, the business of unloading, assembling and maintaining American planes and tanks is to be taken over by American workers familiar with our machines and methods.

Good News for Newsmen

Furthermore, Lyttleton is to handle the publicity and put up the posters and soften up the censorship. At mid-July great progress had already been made and it looked as though the long tilt between the press and censors had improved so much that it was not unusual for a reporter to ask a censor to come out and have a drink.

In his spare time War Cabinet Member Captain Lyttleton will look after relations between the British government and the Free French and with the reestablished Negus in Addis Ababa. But while it would appear that Captain Lyttleton's job is in itself almost too much



be in town a week. And Eddie Burns? See Eddie by tomorrow, anyhow.

He bought the children sodas in a drugstore, then he chose a nickel from his pocket change, deciding, just for wisdom's sake, to get in touch with Eddie now.

Eddie lived at Hotel Lester Brown. Jake dialed the number, said, "Hello? I'd like to speak to Mr. Burns—to Mr. Edward Burns. Uh-huh. . . . You bet. . . . He's what? He's not there any more!"

"Mr. Burns has left for California," said a pleasant voice from Hotel Lester Brown.

JAKE sat in his rooms. He held his nose while biting his lips. His shirt was open and his shoes were off. He'd said aloud the scale of things that could be said against a faithless friend. He got an idea from the evening paper. He would act tomorrow. What the hell. The worst that they could say was "No."

Jake walked into the offices of the New York Titans' Football Club on 42d Street. The corridors were crowded with the customers who stood in line in patient hope of tickets for the All-Star game on Thursday night. He moved through the crowd, opened a door marked "private" and stepped inside. There was a new girl at the switchboard. She looked at him. Her gaze said, "Who are you to walk in here?"

"I'd like to see Mr. Decker, please," he said. "Tell him it's Mr. Bailey—Jake Bailey."

The girl was unimpressed. She flipped a key on the board and spoke into the phone. Jake sat down. He held his fine hat in his hands. He waited quite a while.

"Mr. Decker will see you now."

Mickey Decker sat behind a crowded desk. He managed to imply the act of standing up, when really he leaned forward just enough to ruffle up his vest and strain his thighs while shaking hands. "Well, Jake, it's nice to see you, boy. Sit down."

"Nice to see you, Mickey. Howzit go? How you feel?"

"I'm fine."

"Look fine, all right. Look just the same."

Jake settled in a chair and looked at Mickey. The man was tall, made solidly, though not on the immense dimensions of himself. Mickey worked the world just fine. The coach and business manager of Titan Enterprises now, he held the double job as easily as two eggs in a hat, and sometimes, with a smug and satisfied possessiveness, he managed to suggest there might be rabbits in the hat. But the guy's all right, Jake thought. You think a lot of silly things when you're a kid. Besides, we're pals, old pals.

Mickey said, "I haven't seen you, haven't heard from you in years. How's the wrestling going, Jake?"

"Well, not so good. You got to wrestle the whole Greek artillery for twenty, thirty bucks these days. After a while it hurts." Jake wondered why he'd told the truth, except that Mickey would know the truth.

Mickey shrugged. "That's the way it goes," he said. The phone rang. Mickey picked it up. "Excuse me just a minute, Jake. Hello? Well, listen, Frank, old man, we haven't got a thing for Thursday night. I told them that. I know. Can't buy a ticket for a diamond. That's right. Right, Frank." He put the phone down, pressed a button, chose another phone. "Be with you in a minute, Jake."

Jake looked around the room, beholding new additions to its beauty in the time he'd been away. The pictures on the wall, the same old ones that had been there, were newly framed. The groups of Titan teams, up through the five-and-ten-cent days of their beginning to the opulence of now, were smartly and artistically arranged.

Mickey was concluding on the phone: "Fine, Colonel. Yes, of course. Delighted to. Well, then, we'll see you at the game. Right-o, sir. Goodby."

Mickey folded his hands before him on the desk and paused to be pleased. He nodded toward the phone. "Colonel Hutchinson," he said.

"Who?"

"Hutchinson. The Army. Well, if that's not the darn'dest thing." Mickey's mouth was quivering with pleasure under reins.

"So go ahead and laugh," Jake said. "Be done with it. Be happy. Let yourself go."

"What? Oh, no. It's not that, really, Jake. It's simply that I never expected the thing. After all, there's Layden, there's Sutherland, and Lou Little; there are lots of men for the job. You know—supervising football for the Army camps. Can't help but be pleased with the thing. Sort of a duty, and I guess that I can sandwich it in, somehow, along with everything else. Well, let me see, where were we, Jake?"

Jake said, "I was just about to sell you my hat." To himself, he thought, and not without remorse, it must be great to be alive and on your toes and in the thick of things and have the colonels and the big shots and some sixteen other people call you up, to have them *care* to call you up. "It's really a beautiful hat," he said. "You can soak it overnight in water. You can sit on it while you're having your morning coffee. It doesn't make much difference what you do with it. Here, try it on."

Mickey smilingly begged off. He shook his head. "The same old Jake."

"All right," Jake said, "I'll keep the hat." He set it in his lap. "What I need, Mickey, is two hundred bucks."

MICKEY looked at him, then down at his hands on the desk. He tapped his fingers on the smooth mahogany and didn't speak.

Jake said, "Whoa! Wait a minute. This isn't a touch. I want a job. I think I've got a ball game left in me. The wrestling's turned me into two gorillas. I figured maybe you could use me Thursday night."

"You want to play? You're serious?"

"I haven't had a drink."

"Not more than a quart you haven't had. Now, look here, Jake. Be serious. Really. I'm a friend of yours. I know your age. This is a ball game, Thursday night; it's not a pagan sacrifice. I don't want to get you killed."

"You ever see me get killed, Mickey? You ever see me play less than fifty minutes in a ball game?"

"I'd see you play less than fifty minutes Thursday night. These kids are good. We can't afford to lose to college kids. To be honest with you, Jake, I think we might lose, anyhow. I've already lost six men to the Army, and this is about as fine an All-Star team as was ever put together."

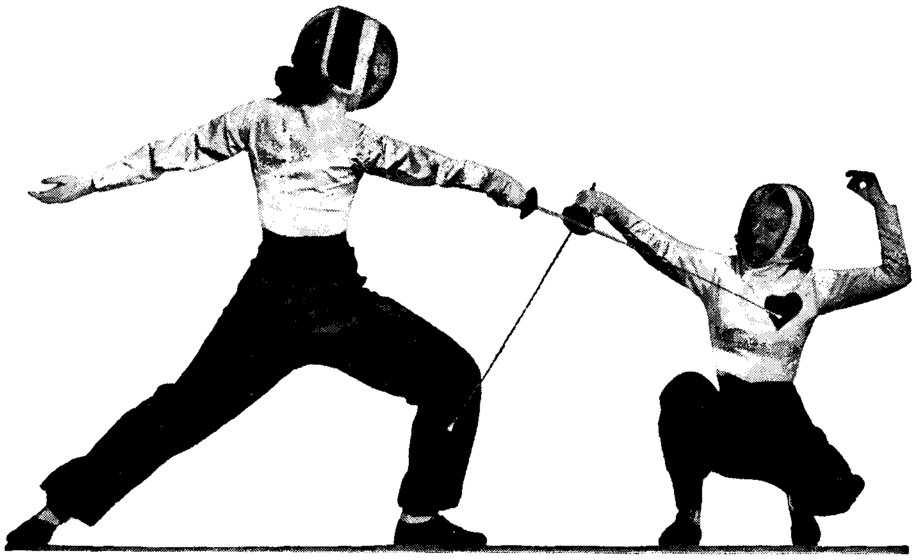
Jake said, "Well, after all, I didn't mean you'd start me in the ball game. Anything like that. Just thought I might be useful. You know—need a couple yards, I bump my brains out. You know me, Mick—hell, I'm healthy, that's the trouble with me—always healthy. Really, what I thought was you might need a kicker, need a guy to get you three points when you have to have 'em. Fletcher isn't feeling too good, is he?"

"His knee's bad. Could be. Fletcher mightn't be too solid in there. Well—but we've got other fellows, Jake. Young fellows."

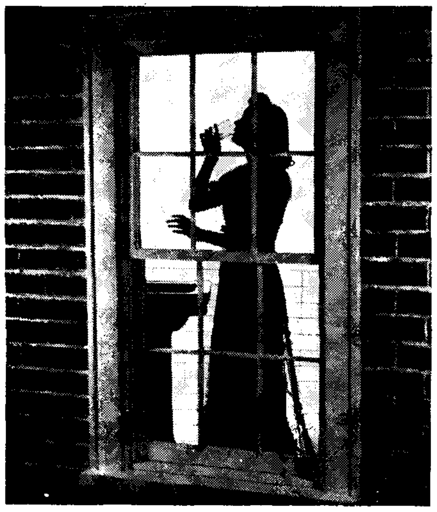
"Look, pal. I'm offering services for cash. You know your boys are not in

Let's Play Charades

ROUND AND ROUND on the Ferris wheel. It stands for the old "dosing" way of fighting constipation. You're up—you're down. But you never go ahead. And people don't make much progress with constipation—till they get at the *cause* and *correct* it.



STRAIGHT TO THE HEART of the difficulty goes the modern, better way. If your trouble is the ordinary kind that's due to lack of proper "bulk" in the diet, a crisp, toasty, delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN, can get at the cause and correct it.



AND HOW MUCH MORE PLEASANT! Compare those unhappy trips to the medicine cabinet with a bowl of crunchy, nut-sweet ALL-BRAN for breakfast. You'll say it's fun to keep fit when a delicious cereal can add so much to your well-being.

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
WITH SUGAR, SALT AND MALT FLAVORING
A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

"PASS THE CREAM!" And fill up the bowl with crisp, delicious shreds of KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. Make it your steady breakfast cereal, drink plenty of water, and see if you don't forget all about constipation due to lack of "bulk."

Join the "Regulars" with Kellogg's All-Bran

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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the best of shape, this early in the season. I'm guaranteeing points when you need 'em. I'm a drop-kick specialist. I just thought of it last night. Too bad I didn't think of it before."

Mickey smiled. "We won't count on that, Jake. But possibly you could give an exhibition. I need an added feature."

"Exhibition?"

"Before the game and between the halves. We could announce you. Sentimental sort of thing. 'Jake Bailey demonstrates the lost art of drop kicking.' Just stand out there and boot them from a dozen different angles."

"Oh."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Nothin', I suppose. Except it's a little like bein' in the band. Or like those midgets you had runnin' around last year between the halves. It's kind of corny."

"Corny? I don't think it's corny. It's a hundred dollars. Not two. But one hundred dollars."

"Thanks, Mick. Of course. I'll do it, sure. Except—"

"What now?"

"Except I figured I might get a chance to play a little bit. I've got a reason. Silly, sure. I need some dough, but my kid might be there—Johnny. I sent some tickets to his mother. They're in town. I'm just feelin' strong. A couple minutes might be fun. I'd throw it all in cheap."

Mickey indicated end of patience. He said, "I told you before I didn't want to get you killed. Remember your age. Get wise."

"I can still run through those kids," Jake said.

"Is that so? Well, I'll eat every yard you make."

"Now, Mickey. That's a reckless thing to say. Will you pay me a dollar for every yard I make?"

"I'll pay you five dollars for every yard you make!" Mickey shouted the words and Jake said, "You got them All-America blues. I understand. Just because you ain't as spry as me."

"All right, Jake, all right. Report with the team tomorrow. We might need three points, and if we can possibly use you for that, you'll get the other hundred. Fair enough? But as for playing? Don't be a fool, Jake. Now I've got work to do. So long."

AN ALL-STAR-TITAN game is something you should see. The big lights flood the Polo Grounds with artificial sunshine. In the first weeks of September it is seldom that you freeze. The summer grass, beneath the lights, is greener than you'll see it in the day. The white stripes glisten on the green. The place is dressed with flags and filled with people. It's for charity, and blood, besides. The pros don't like to lose. The All-Stars are composed of college seniors, from the year before—the best ones from the nation's football fields—most of them signed for pro football themselves, the very cream.

The lights go out before the game's beginning, and a single light, as brilliant as can be, reveals, in turn, each separate performer, and the speaker system calls his name, his former school, the things that made him famous up till now.

Jake stood on the grass, before the lights went out, in Titan uniform, drop-kicking footballs from the thirty and the thirty-five-yard line, then from the forty and the forty-five, clean through the uprights with a skill that had returned with little polishing. The speaker system said of him: "—happy now to present an old and dear friend of New York football fans in one of the specialties that have made him a gridiron immortal, the lost art of the drop kick, as practiced by its master—Jake Bailey!"

Slightly embarrassing, and Jake felt foolish for a time. But then he concentrated on the job and split the uprights with his kicks. The fans were kind and generous with their applause; then he sat on the bench to watch the more important business of the evening taking place.

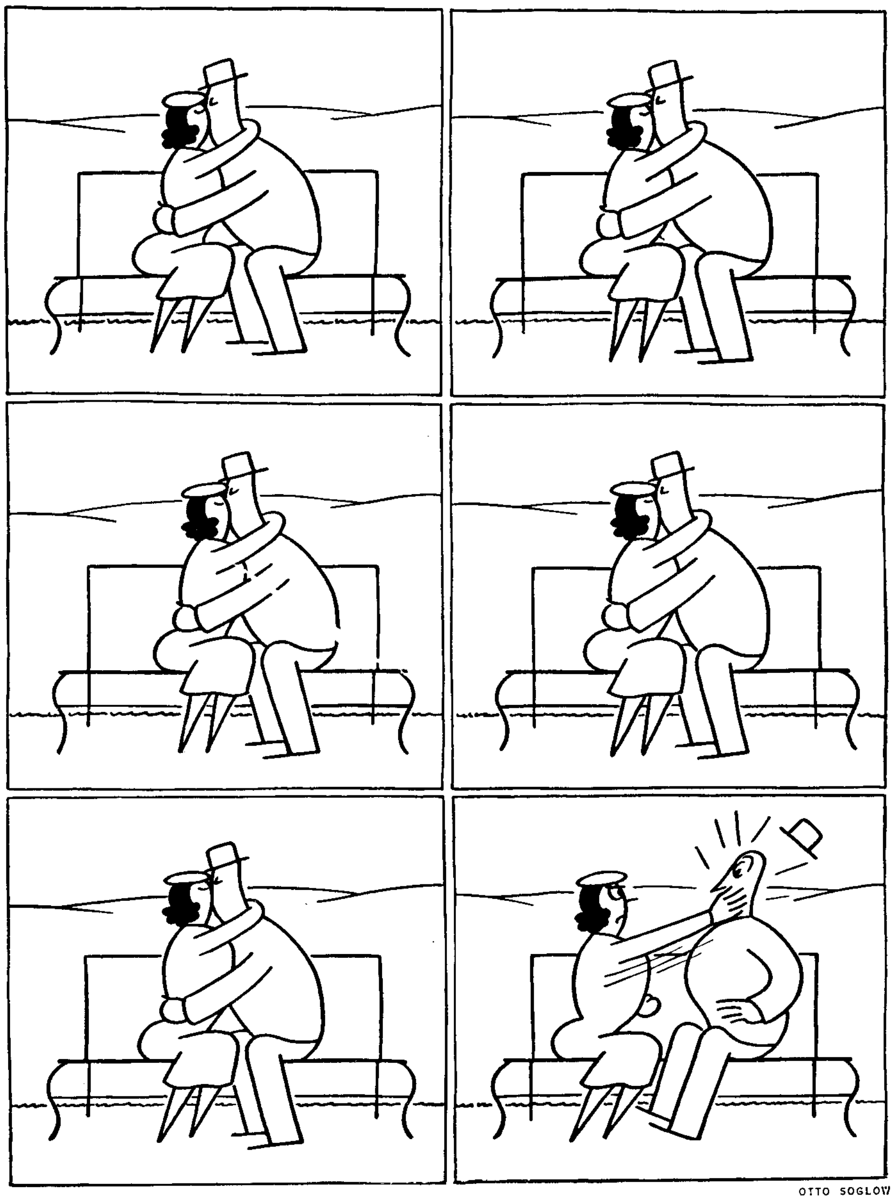
THE All-Stars won the toss and chose to kick and to defend the east end of the ball park. Kanterbein, from Dartmouth, toed into the ball and sent it to the Titan five, where Willy Faber took it, started moving up the field. He went only ten yards before they smothered him. The teams lined up. Faber hit the line for no gain on a sneak reverse. The Titans tried the tackle for a yard or two and then kicked.

Jake watched the action. It was pretty good. The All-Stars moved with sweet co-ordination, in a tribute to the man who'd coached them, brought them all together for this game. They looked good, even when they weren't going any place. Then Kanterbein got loose. He galloped twenty yards to midfield, spun, and went another five. A large boy, Kanterbein, with hard knees flashing high in utter disregard for where he dug his grave. Jake watched the kid and liked him and decided this was easily the best boy on the field. He watched him throw a spot pass down the middle, fifteen yards, complete, then saw him, rough-shod, moving through the Titans to their twenty-two-yard line. The stands were full of noise, and Jake, observing Mickey Decker walking up and down along the side line, knew he looked upon a worried man.

Kanterbein again, up to the twelve and to the five, then over for the score. And Kanterbein to kick the extra point. The quarter ended and Andy Garr, the All-Star coach, relieved the kid. The night was warm and very trying to consistent effort, and the All-Star bench was full of lush replacements.

The Titans moved. They brought the kick back thirty yards. They made a first down in two plays. They almost made another one before they had to kick. The second quarter wore along. The Titans got the ball back from the All-Stars. Willy Faber threw a pretty pass, a long one, loafing in the air, that Rappaport took all alone and carried to the All-Star thirty-three.

The Titans made a first down, picking up eleven yards. Then Higgins ran it wide, a left formation, with the guards pulled out to run ahead of him, a very meaty cavalcade, a skillful ruse, since Higgins braked himself, as though upon a single blade of grass, then calmly flipped a long pass to the end zone for the fingers of the cagey Rappaport. Fletcher made the extra point, a placement kick, and Jake resigned himself to sitting on the bench, for which he knew he'd gain no extra hundred dollars.



THIRD quarter, with the All-Stars moving. Kanterbein was in again. He ran wide, on the long end of a lateral. He shed the Titan tackle from his silken pants. He foxed the end and pivoted. He went for fifteen yards, up to the Titan forty-five. McHale, from Holy Cross, gained nine, then Murphy, from Carnegie Tech, ran smartly through a hole in tackle to the Titan twenty-five. The Titans held and Murphy threw a pass that Willy Faber got his hands on, intercepting. Willy found himself quite clear. He ran to midfield, in the van of those pursuing him, his blockers spilling All-Stars on the grass. But Willy wasn't very fast. He soon ran out of steam. The All-Stars swamped him on their thirty-nine-yard line.

Fletcher tried the center of the line. It didn't give, and Faber tossed a pass to Rappaport that didn't work. Then he threw a pass that went for seven yards, but that was all.

Mickey Decker turned around. "Jake!" Jake didn't like the tone, the harsh command in it, but stood up from the bench and understood the little job awaiting him.

Decker said, "Help yourself out there. Don't miss!" and Jake ran out, with helmet in his hand, reported to the referee, and Fletcher, limping slightly, left the playing field.

There wasn't any wind. The angle wasn't bad. A thirty-two-yard kick confronted Jake. Hell, that was just routine. But he found his hands were sweated and the noise up in the stands was very big. He heard the voice of Faber, crisp and confident at signals. Then the ball came back to Jake. The boys blocked out for him. They gave him lots of time. Jake dropped the ball and booted it. He flubbed it. He could see it dribble sadly fifteen yards from where it should have gone. He heard the sentimental patrons moaning their dismay. He thought of Marcia in the stands and Johnny there and Barbara, too. Willy Faber said, "That's all right, Jake. You gotta miss one some time." But the situation punished him. Its irony was clear. To stand out on the grass before the game, booting them as cleanly as a man could fire a rifle through the posts, and then to flub it when the chips were down.

The All-Stars put the ball in play. Jake, automatically, responded to the pattern of the play. A single-wing formation to the right, with Kanterbein back in the slot. Jake didn't quite believe the indicated play. He kept his eyes on Murphy, saw the spot pass Kanterbein flipped easily toward him. Jake bumped Murphy off his feet to spoil the All-Star play, but couldn't quite set hands upon the ball himself. The quarter was almost gone and Mickey took him out.

Mickey said nothing, just looked at him once, as though he might have known.

FOURTH quarter now, the All-Stars threatening, the Titans used up badly. Fletcher was limping heavily, unable to protect his zone against the passes Kanterbein was tossing at the ends, at Murphy, at the other All-Star backs.

Jake said to Mickey, "I could do you good out there."

"I can imagine," Mickey said. "You fixed me up fine already."

Jake didn't speak again. But the Titans called time out and Faber indicated Fletcher's trouble. Mickey said to Jake, "All right; go in. You're all I've got."

Jake took his place. He wasn't happy, wasn't confident. Young Kanterbein was galloping—a centaur, twenty-one years old. Jake plugged a hole that had been made for Kanterbein. Their bodies came together. Jake got up, and so did Kanterbein, but Kanterbein was slow in getting up. Two hundred and forty pounds are quite a lot to find exploding on your chest. Faber said, "Hey, Jake, you're all right, kid."

Jake got mixed in the next play, helped to pile it up and got himself punched in the mouth. Not purposely, but punched. His mouth began to bleed. He wiped it on a sleeve. The All-Stars had to kick. Shapiro brought it back quite well. The ball was on the Titans' thirty-one. Faber went for seven yards. Jake squashed the All-Star end. He found it wasn't any worse than wrestling. Faber said, "Thanks. Can you make three yards?"

"Dunno. Why don't you let me take a try?"

A short-side buck. Jake took the ball and rolled. He dug his cleats in, churned away. They stopped his charge, but his momentum carried over them. Five yards he made. He calculated in his mind, "Five yards are twenty-five bucks. Mickey said so himself. He'll pay me if I have to squeeze it out of his nose."

Jake tried again. This time for seven yards. The effort wrenched his insides. It hurt to rise. He threw a pretty pass to Rappaport. The pass was good. It didn't hurt to throw a pass. The ball was on the All-Star thirty. Faber said to him, "Nice spot for you to kick one, Jake."

Jake said, "Kick? We're doin' all right as it is. Let's move the ball."

Faber made four and three. Ketchell made a first down on the All-Star twenty. Ketchell tried again, but got nowhere. Faber said, "I'm all through, Jake. Let's see you go. Keep hittin' at the middle. We won't kick until we have to."

JAKE gathered his strength together. The kick would be worth a hundred bucks, but so were these twenty yards. But he didn't think of that too much. He thought more of himself, his name upon the air, the only self-expression he had left—his strength. He hit the tackle. He went plowing through for five. He smashed the center of the All-Star flesh opposing him. It gave. His drive brought him against their secondaries. Kanterbein was there. Their bodies met, but at the moment of the contact, Jake moved, cross-legged, spun his hips from reaching hands and belted Kanterbein across his padded helmet. He crossed the last line standing up, then fell as he could not control the plunge. He lay there with his chest afire and with two wooden legs. They helped him up. He kicked the extra point. And then it wasn't long before the gun.

In the shower it was better. In the steam, the pain evaporated, but there was no sense of new attainment in him. He could hear the young guys howling and his back was punished with their earnest thumps of pleasure. He knew that he was done, all through. He thought, indeed, that no one but an aged fool would put his body through a test like that.

For what? He'd never play another game. Mickey knew that he was through. Mickey with his coaching job, his business enterprise, his little jobs for Colonel This and Colonel That, had purchased human energy with a characteristic wisdom.

Mickey wasn't pleased, either, with the "all-time-all-time" terms of greatness that the young men hung on Jake. He paid Jake off. He gave him every dollar due, but didn't seem to like it.

Willy Faber said, "Hey, Jake—you coming out with us?"

"Out where?"

"Celebration," Willy said. He turned to Mickey Decker, "You asked Jake, didn't you?"

"Eh? Oh, sure. Of course, Jake. Didn't get a chance to ask him, really. There's going to be a party for the teams."

Jake said, "No, thanks, boys. If it's all the same to you, I'll go home. Let Mickey wear my paper hat. I'm goin' back to the hotel and sit in a chair. I'm going to get a quart of whisky, high as that." He showed them with his hands. "And at one o'clock this morning I'll be drunk as any man you ever saw. I'll celebrate just fine."

Which, in his tiredness, was the thing that Jake resolved to do, since he was sorry with events. The evening's showing off was done. There'd be an article tomorrow in the papers, full of squash and verbal nonsense, saying what a guy he was, when really, if you faced the thing, he was the same big dope he always was, with nothing left for him tomorrow but a wrestling tour, at twenty bucks per agony, and in a little while, not even that.

He took his shoes off, set the quart upon a table next to him. He took the telephone from its cradle so celebrating friends would not be bothering him. He listened to some music on the radio. He turned it low. He'd spent eight months without a drink, denying, every day, a growing thirst, and kidding himself there was nobility in that. Now he'd take a drink, and then another drink, and on succeeding days would keep himself quite painlessly half-crocked. He didn't claim to be a man who took the stuff or left the stuff alone, just as he chose. Hell, everybody knew the way he used to be. So, honestly, what purpose was there now in Boy Scout self-denial?

He sat there for an hour or so. He finally stood up and took the quart, removed its cork and walked into the bathroom where he slowly poured the whisky in the sink.

"That cost four bucks," he told himself. He tried to read a magazine. His body was used up, but agitating thoughts kept him from sleep. He looked at the pictures of the children Marcia had given him. He was glad for her and glad for them. The only man that Jake had on his hands was Jake.

Someone rapped on his door, then opened it. A gray-haired man, distinguished, stepped into the room. The man was in the Army's uniform. "Mr. Bailey? Excuse me. But your phone was evidently off the hook—"

"Well—I thought that there'd be a lot of people phoning. I was tired. I—"

"You should be tired." The man set down his hat. "I wouldn't break in as boldly as this, except that my business is brief, and can't really wait very long. I'm Colonel Hutchinson—"

"I know. I heard about you." Jake stood up, shook hands. "Mickey Decker told me you were in touch with him—wanted Mickey for some job, supervise athletic programs, wasn't it?"

"WELL, evidently that's what Mr. Decker thought. But I wanted to see him about you. You were the man we had in mind, if you'd be interested. You were the *popular* choice, but, well—if you don't mind—there'd been some talk of early escapades, and we do have to look into the record. I wanted a reference from Mr. Decker."

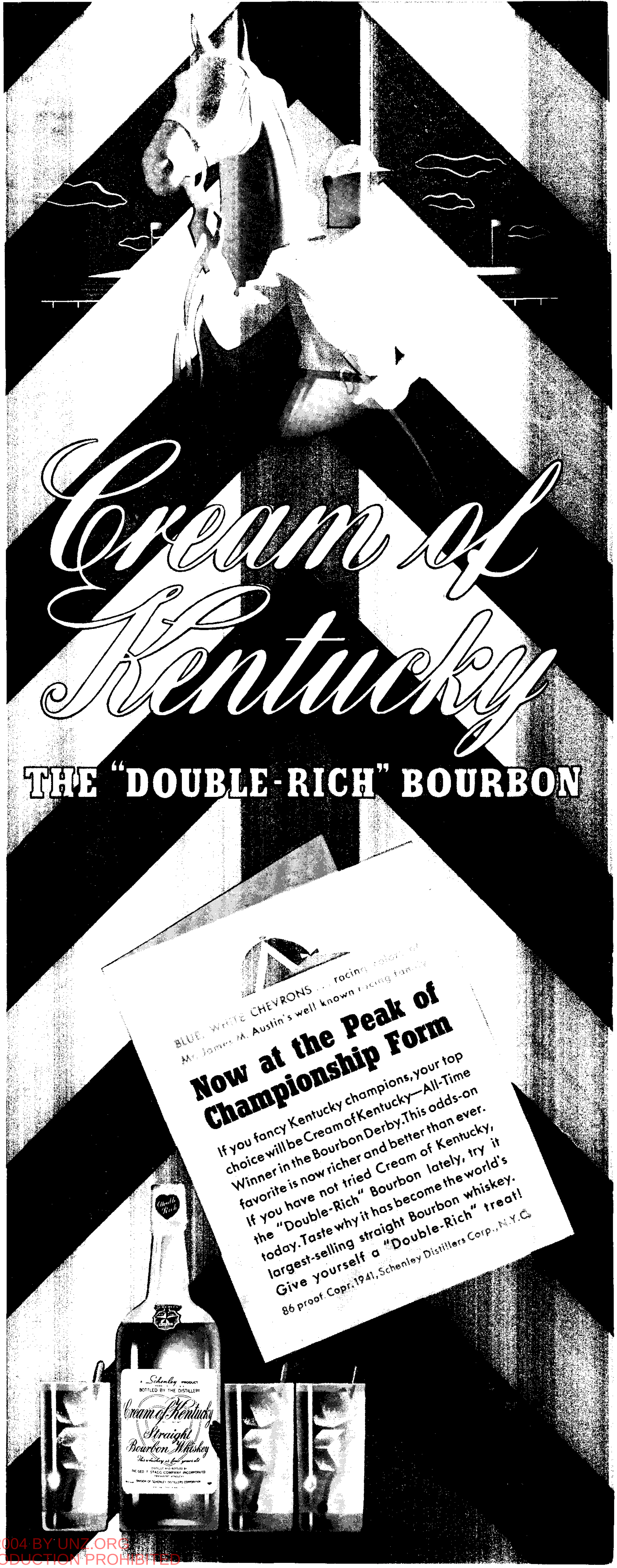
"Oh. What did he say?" Jake muttered silent prayers.

"Well, Decker's evidently in a stew about the game tonight. I couldn't quite understand him. He seems to think we wanted him. But this is a full-time job, and we wanted you. He really didn't say anything much. He said if I wanted a character reference that I should come and see you here. He mentioned that the performance might be typical."

"Uh-huh. I wonder why he should say that? Well, look around, sir. Here, have this chair. I was just looking at some pictures of my kids. Well, thanks. Yes, this is Johnny. Johnny's ten, and Barbara. Barbara's almost nine. It's rather late. I haven't anything here to offer you. I don't drink. I gave that up some time ago."

"Good, Bailey. Good for you. It's, frankly, about the only thing we were afraid of. Mmmmmmm. These children are charming, Bailey. Really. I'm divorced myself, you know. A man like you just needs responsibility. Now, you take the Army—"

Jake thought, "Virtue is its own reward." He thought about a lot of things. He thought, The world is not so bad, when there's a place in it for me. He thought of Marcia, and of how pleased she'd be. He thought that he might shed a tear or two.



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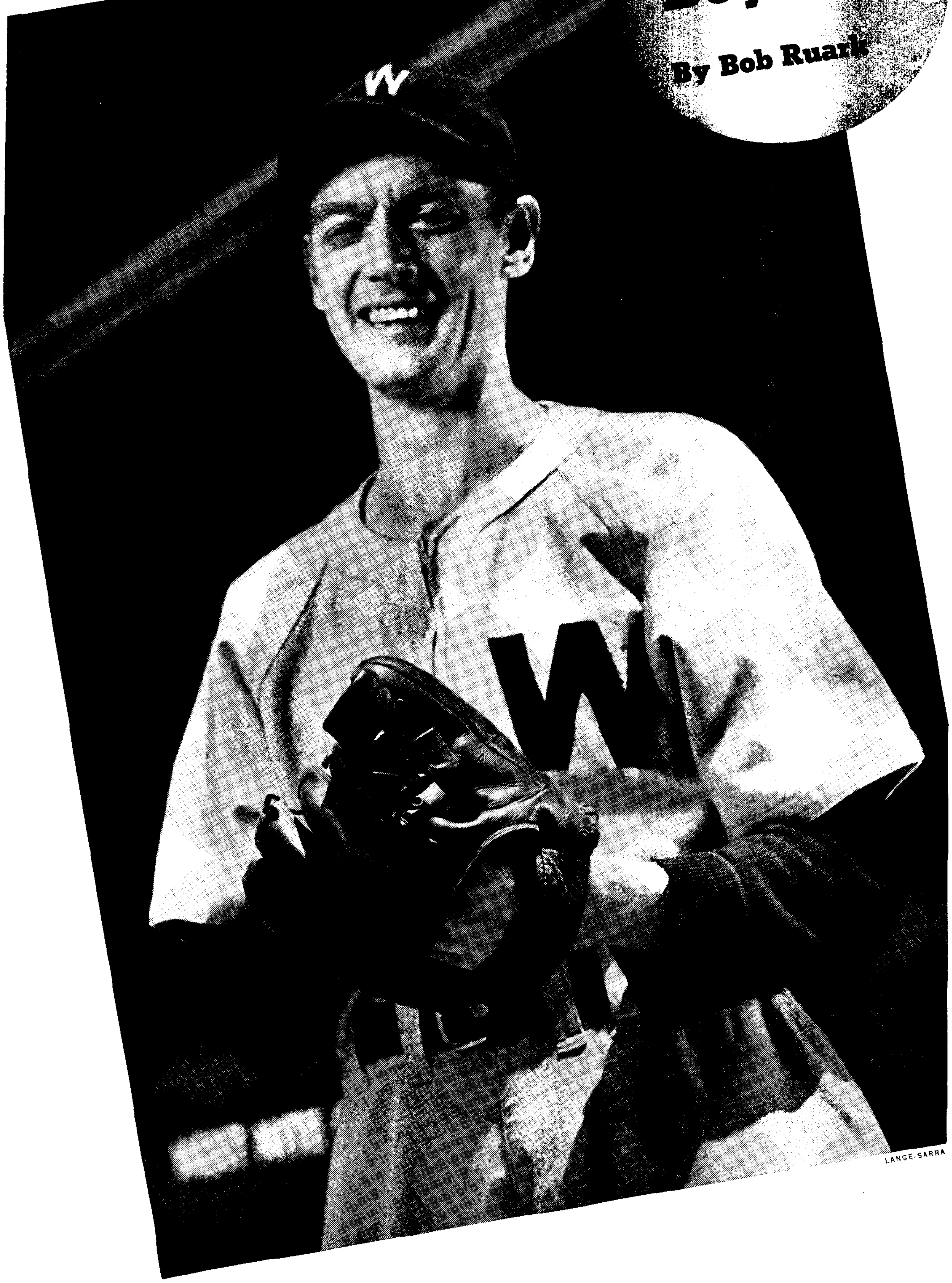
Delivery Boy

By Bob Ruark

Sid Hudson was bought from a Class D league a couple of years ago for $5,000. *Today the Senators are turning down offers* of $100,000 for their pitching prodigy



LANGE-SARRA

THE blond young fellow stepped into the hotel elevator, dwarfing the other occupants with six feet four inches of lean length. He was a pleasant-looking kid, sun-scorched, with even features and blue eyes. His expression was that of a man en route to the electric chair.

The elevator boy gazed at him with admiration.

"Aren't you Sid Hudson, the pitcher?" he asked.

"I'm Hudson," replied the young man, with some bitterness. "But I sure ain't any pitcher. You could call me a lot of things, but 'pitcher' isn't one of 'em."

Hudson left the hotel and hailed a cab. "Ball park," he muttered, and settled down to heavy reflection.

It was June 21, 1940, in St. Louis, Mo. The Washington Senators, cowering in the American League cellar, were to meet the St. Louis Browns in a night game at Sportsman's Park, where the Browns perform in comparative privacy.

The Senators had just lost seven straight, and the Browns, to their own and everybody else's amazement, were the hottest club in the league. They had just clicked off six straight victories at the expense of the Yanks and Red Sox.

Mr. Hudson, less than a year removed from dismal bondage in the Class D Florida State League, where he had performed for Sanford, was to face the rampaging Browns. That accounted for his dolor. It wasn't the St. Louis manager's birthday, or anything like that. It was just that the spavined Senators were fresh out of pitching fuel.

Mr. Hudson represented the bitter dissipation of some very nice pink daydreams. For a bloke who had been tabbed, a few months earlier, as the hottest prospect Washington had owned since a gent named Walter Johnson, Sid was doing his best to make liars out of his boosters. Since the Nats came north, he had lost nine and won two. His ears were still pinned back from an episode in Detroit. He had granted more home runs than any other pitcher in the league, and his earned-run average resembled a basketball score.

As he shucked his street clothes at the park, he reflected that this, sure, was the last time he'd ever wear a major-league suit. Tomorrow he would be heading back to Charlotte, North Carolina, or to Greenville, South Carolina, or to some other farm of the Senators' skimpy system.

"They aren't fooling me," said Hudson to his roommate, a rookie catcher named Al Evans. "If there was anybody else who figured to go three innings I wouldn't be working today. I can't figure out how I've lasted as long as I have. I guess they're right when they say no pitcher can jump out of Class D into the majors and make it stick. Oh, well, let's go out to the slaughterhouse."

The Senators came to bat first, and scratched in a run on a couple of cheap singles and a stolen base. Sid walked out to the box and looked over the first batter. He dreaded that first ball. One of these days somebody was going to slap it down his gullet. Seemed like everything he threw went for a minimum of two bases.

Hudson walked the first man on four straight pitches. He passed the next man, too, losing him after two straight strikes. Rip Radcliff grounded out, but Walter Judnich walked. Hudson pulled in his belt and fanned Clift, and then forced George McQuinn to line out to Charlie Gelbert.

Eight Innings and No Hits

St. Louis was steaming. Sid sweated rivulets, and began to feel nice and loose. Getting out of that mess in the first did something for his control, too. He could hold his fast ball low, and it bit into the mitt with a satisfactory thud. In the second inning all the Browns sat down . . . boom, boom, boom.

Nobody got on base in the third inning, either. Or the fourth. Or the fifth. Manager Harris swatted a bat boy over the head with a grimy towel and began to curse, prayerfully.

Going into the ninth, the score was Senators, 1; Browns, 0. Hudson had allowed nothing that faintly resembled a hit.

Radcliff, the Browns outfielder, was first man up in the ninth. The Ripper, always a nasty man with a bat, was leading the league at the time. Radcliff inspected a couple, spat, and then swung.

The ball broke, kicked off the bat handle, and rode out to right field, just back of first base. It wobbled toward the foul line and dropped . . . fair by a foot. Radcliff pulled up at second, and Hudson's no-hitter went up the creek. But the kid didn't blow . . . not even when, on the next pitch, the ball broke away from the catcher and Radcliff scampered over to third.

Hudson blew McQuinn down on three strikes. One away.

The next candidate was Third-baseman Clift, also a bad boy with a bat. With Radcliff leering at him from third, Hudson threw. Clift swung at the curve, and the ball popped straight up in the air. Two gone, and Hudson was breathing easier. A fly would save the bacon.

And that's what it was. Hudson grooved one for Judnich, who obligingly socked it high into the outfield. Three men out. That was the ball game. The no-hitter was lost, but the one-to-nothing shutout for a young guy who should have been back in the minors a month ago . . . the shutout was still there.

It was the sharp upturn of a career which, according to Mr. Will McGowan, the umpire, will eventually run second only to the achievements of Cleveland's Robert Feller.

Spurred by that evening in St. Louis, Hudson began to justify his early promise. Here are some of the things he did in the next three months:

Pitched a second one-hitter (Continued on page 43)

Dina Cashman

Continued from page 15

the open front door and now stood smiling at the entrance to the dining room. They all looked up. Dina's heart leaped.

"I'm not selling anything at the moment, except myself," Andrew Havens said. He came over to Dina, and she held his hand while she introduced him, stammering and laughing. The bigness, the dearness of him overwhelmed her; just the sound of his voice and the look of that crooked smile were enough to set all the bells in the world to ringing. Andy was back in her life again!

"This disgusting table!" she apologized, laughing. As if anything mattered now! Her mother had already made a place for him; Myrna had dashed for a fresh napkin; Art gathered the remains of the salad upon a plate. "The family is just off for the lake," Dina explained, "and they were so late starting that we got some sort of lunch together. Dooley, will you go out like a darling and get some ice for Mr. Havens' tea? Andy, what brings you this way?"

"The most important deal I ever tried to put over in my life," Andy answered significantly. Dina stooped to the floor suddenly to retrieve a napkin that was not there.

"Staying tonight? Dina and I'll take you up to Pietro's, where it's several degrees cooler, for dinner," Art said, cordially. Dina's eyes danced as she looked at her brother. Art liked Andy!

"Yes. I checked in at the Stockton about an hour ago," Andy said. Dina went to the kitchen with a pile of used plates, hid her face for a second in the roller towel, came back with a great wooden chopping bowl of fruit.

"Royalty," Andy said, as hands on all sides stretched for the peaches, the pears and figs, plums and apricots and cherries that heaped the bowl.

"California royalty," Dina agreed. Her father, with a great air of executive impatience, now stated that they must get started. Myrna came out with a wet towel, and as if these sisterly attentions were an everyday matter, wiped the surprised faces and hands of the two youngest members of the group. She then said dutifully: "I have their sweaters, Mamma, and the animal crackers."

"I SURELY do hate to leave you this mess!" Mrs. Cashman said plaintively.

"It's nothing, Mamma." Dina's voice sang. "Kenota is coming over after lunch and I'll have him tackle the worst of it, and Ida and I can whip through the rest in half an hour. Art, before you go," she said, delaying her brother with a hand on his shoulder, "if we should want to take Andy up to Pietro's this evening, how could we go?"

"I'll get Burke's car."

"I have my car," Andy put in.

"Oh, that's all right, then."

"For the last time—" John Cashman said warningly from the doorway. Everybody scrambled in a rush to the sidewalk, and the family packed itself rapidly into the car.

"Poor Dina, having you come up this day of all days!" fifteen-year-old Myrna said to Andy, conversationally. Andy laughed.

"Well, it means I'll have a little visit with her by myself!" he said, with his kindly grin. Myrna was thrilled to the soul; she reflected that if she couldn't tell this to Bee'triz she would at least write Bee'triz a full account of it from the lake.

The burning sun beat down; the doors slammed in quick succession. The engine started; gears jerked. They were off.

"Well, that's that!" Dina panted then, turning to Andy with a smile. She wore a striped jacket and wide trousers; her hair was tumbled, her face pale from the heat. But Andy's first remark, made under his breath, was: "My God, you are lovely!"

"Sit down a minute," she said, sitting down herself on the shady top step, "and tell me about yourself! You can see how it is with me. What brings you here?"

"You."

"Nothing else?"

"There isn't anything else. I came back here because I can't live without you, Dina."

"It—it is hard going," she admitted in a trembling voice.

"BUT you're happy here? You're *radiant*," he said.

"Since you arrived perhaps," Dina amended it. "No," she added, in a more serious voice, "I *am* happy here. They need me, and my being here has made a difference to them all. They all cried when I came back the end of January, and I cried, too. I've had a baby since I lived at home; I know now what it means. I look at my mother and think that she gave seven of us a start—oh, I know she and my father didn't think it all out and plan it all out, or they'd have stopped with Art and me!" Dina interrupted herself to concede with another little laugh. "But the fact remains, here we all are, eager to live, and loving our meals together and our jokes and our helping each other, and she and my father did do that much for us, if they didn't do much else!"

"You've been here since January, haven't you?"

"Right after you left."

"And you're divorced?"

"Well," Dina said frankly, "I don't know whether I am or not. I don't understand it at all. Aline was to get her divorce in March."

"She did," he put in.

"She did? Well, then it seems that she had some scruples about Rogers' being in Reno too soon after she was, so she was to go to New York and get clothes, and then come back. Rogers wasn't to go to Reno until early in May, but that would mean that we were divorced at least two weeks ago and I've not heard from him or from his attorney."

"You never agreed to a divorce, Dina."

"I didn't *have* to. I didn't contest it; that was all. No opposition; no questions."

"Rogers never went to Reno," Andrew said. Her eyes widened as she brought her glance about to him surprisedly.

"Rogers didn't! Who said so?"

"Vere."

"Vere? When'd you see Vere?" Dina asked, reddening.

"Yesterday. Rogers has gone away. When did you last hear from Rogers?"

"Why I—it was March, I think. Maybe earlier. No, March. I wrote him that I was happy here, and busy, and Margaret was simply fine, and everything all right. He answered and said he would let me know how things were going and if he had to see me about his plans. That was the last! Then we're not—not divorced!" Dina ended, flushing again.

"He went to Honolulu."

"Aline join him there?"

"No, Vere says he left Honolulu be-

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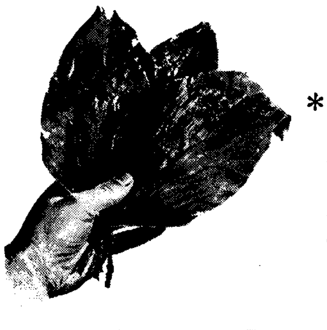

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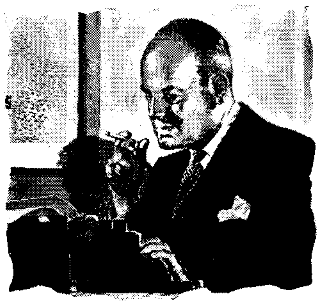

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fore she returned from New York—and from Honolulu he went to China."

"Rogers did! What for?"

"Nobody seems to know. I came out here because I couldn't do anything else," Andy said. "First, of course, I tried to get in touch with Rogers. Aline had written me, quite affectionately and pleasantly, telling me that she had obtained her decree, and that she and Rogers were going to be married in June. When I telephoned her yesterday at Caroline's she was quite short with me, said that Rogers had gone off to Honolulu, and from there had sailed on a freighter for the Orient and that she felt some explanation was coming to her."

"But that doesn't sound like Rogers at all!"

"Well, then I telephoned Vere, and we had dinner together last night. Of course he told me how he feels. He said you'd run away from all of them, and that his uncle had told him that to follow you here would be suicidal to any hope of winning you."

"And it would, too," Dina said definitely.

"He said maybe you had gone to Reno and gotten the divorce yourself, but he was sure it would have been in the papers. He thinks now that you're waiting for a California divorce, after an interlocutory year."

"I'm completely bewildered," Dina said. "I don't understand any of it. Why shouldn't Rogers get a divorce? That was what he'd been working for, for months! Why shouldn't he let me know if he wasn't going to? I've been thinking—" Her face was very red and her tone distressed: "I've been thinking I was free, free to live on here in the little hole I've crawled into," she said, "and now I don't know what I am!"

"That's your side of it," Andy said. "I want to get started on mine. Remember the way we parted last Christmas, and what I wrote you?"

"Is it likely," Dina answered, looking away, "that I should forget?"

"Do you know what I thought when I wrote you that?"

Her eyes came around to him.

"Of course I know."

"That you wanted to marry Vere."

"That I wanted to marry Vere!" Dina echoed sharply. "What on earth could make you think that?"

"Because he told me so. Do you remember that Hall, your driver, took me to the airport that night, and Vere went along?"

"Perfectly. He certainly couldn't have told you that I—I—"

"But he did," Andrew said simply, as she stopped, stammering.

"That wasn't what I was trying to tell you at all!" Dina exclaimed. "I was trying to tell you about Vere and me."

"WHAT you were trying to tell me I perfectly well understood," Andy told her. "I said to you that I had told Aline to shut up when she mentioned it, but that didn't mean I didn't believe it. I knew right away that it was true. It explained everything. Rogers' attitude toward you and yours toward him, and the way he spoke of the baby. So when we talked that day in the hall, I knew. But what I hadn't done," Andy went on, "was connect Vere with it! So *that night*, when we were going to the airport, and he told me that he and you were going to be married, it was a thunderbolt. I told him that I imagined you didn't have any definite plans after a divorce, and he said very seriously that there was a reason why you and he should be married—it was a matter of honor.

"Well, Dina, it all broke on me then. 'Vere is the man over whom she's been breaking her heart,' I thought, 'and all I've been is a sort of spare-tire comforter, somebody to amuse her with his devotion if she can't get the man she wants to marry. Vere is the father of Margaret, of course, and Dina'll not feel things are right unless she marries him!"

"I wrote you fifteen letters on the plane," he went on, "but not one of them would do. I was almost out of my senses, I guess, knowing you'd expect a letter to show I understood, and being so sure that at last I did! What I sent wasn't what I wanted to say, and it occurred to me afterward that you might take it to mean something entirely different, but I sent it anyway. And I've not thought of anything else since."

"But *I* thought," she explained in her turn, her eyes shining, "that what I'd been trying to tell you about Margaret and me might have meant something else to you at the time. I mean about just 'having to be married.' A girl might say that if she was discontented at home, and especially if she had married a man twenty years older. And about not loving Rogers—I mean not being in love with him. I thought that you had listened to all that, thinking it meant just that I'd married for money, which, it seems, any girl can do without losing her self-respect," Dina finished simply.

"Oh, yes, any nice girl can do *that,*" he said.

"So that what I *was* trying to say," she recommenced, "about myself, would have fitted both ways. I thought—I've thought all this time, that after you left me the truth occurred to you, and you understood, and it—it made a difference. You said that in your letter, you know, 'It does make a difference.'"

"And I came out here now expecting to find you married to Vere," Andy said.

"No, never that," she told him, smiling into his eyes. He put his arm about her, and in the silence of the hot, still, deserted hour they kissed each other.

"ART," said Dina, when they were twenty miles away from the hot city, having their supper on a wide porch over a stream, "Andy and I want to tell you something."

"Shoot," said Art. But he looked surprised. He had been wholly absorbed in an extraordinary coincidence. A girl that he knew had come into Pietro's for dinner with her family, and after a bow that crimsoned his handsome young face Art had remained in a haze of felicity, paying no attention to his companions.

"Listen, Art. Mamma doesn't know this. But Andy and I are going to be married. Rogers and I are going to be divorced. So if you'd like to go over and talk to your friend—?"

The opening statements did catch Art's attention and he grinned from one to the other amazedly.

"What do you know," he said simply. "Rogers sore about something?"

"No, not at all. It's all mixed up," said Dina, "and some day I'll tell Mamma the whole thing. Art," she added, as his fatuous gaze wandered again, "why don't you go over there and join that girl?"

"Oh, Lor-sy, that's pro'bly her father and mother," objected Art, shivering at the thought.

"Well, if it is, they'd probably be delighted. You can see they're bored to death. They've hardly spoken to one another in the last five minutes. Go over and try it anyway; you don't have to stay."

NERVED to the ordeal, Art rose from his seat and hesitantly approached the group a few tables away. Dina watched concernedly as the girl looked up smiling, as father and mother smiled over introductions, as Art inserted himself into the chair next to his charmer. The two young brothers goggled at him amiably, the older folks were obviously well pleased with the arrangement, and when Art and the girl rose to dance Dina knew that the evening was going to be a success for her brother.

She and Andy were free to talk now. They were hearing each other's voices; they were together again. The moments went by and were hours; the summer moon passed slowly over the world, and still they talked on as if they never could be satisfied.

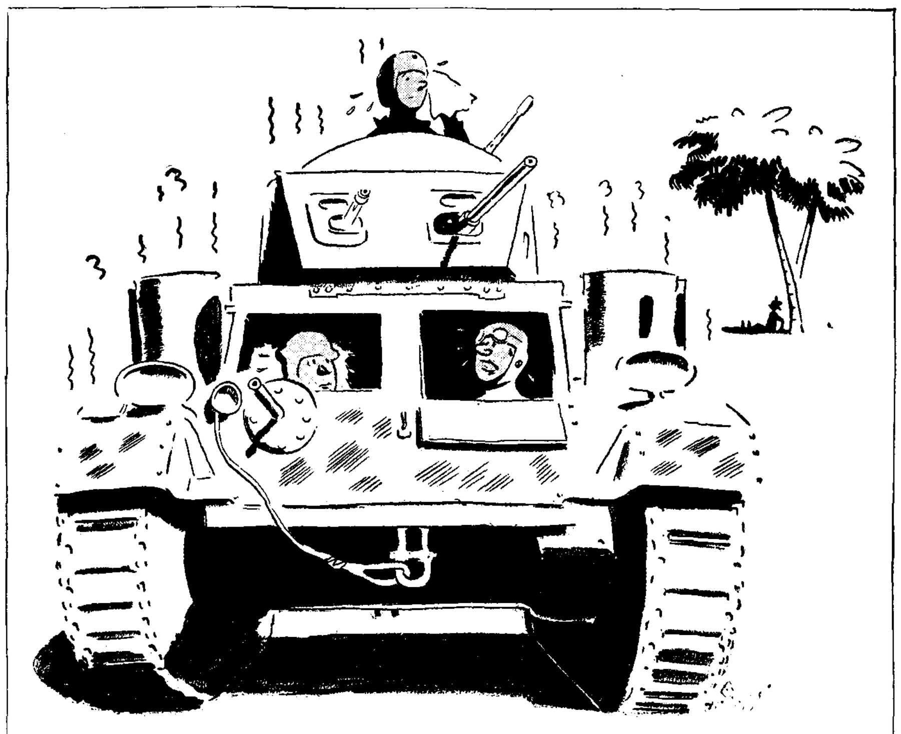
"About Vere, Dina. You won't marry him?"

Her candid eyes were full upon him. She shook her head. "Never. That was one of the things I had to think out. Whether I should. Whether there was any—any moral question there. But I've thought it all over, and there isn't."

"He loves you, you know."

"Perhaps he does, the way Vere loves anyone. But I've seen his name among the guests at Del Monte and at week-end parties. He's not heartbroken," Dina said sensibly.

"Then let's drop him and never mention him again. So it's only about us, Dina. You will get a divorce from Rogers?"



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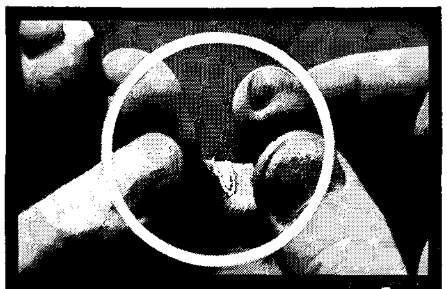

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"Why, that's what we'd planned. I can't think why he didn't go through with it. As soon as he gets home, I'll see him and find out what his idea is. It won't," Dina said flushing a little, and looking up under the wide brim of her summer hat, "it won't be a divorce in the regular sense, you know, though people may think it is. I've never been Rogers' wife."

"Then why—" he began, and stopped.

"Because he wanted to annoy Aline. She'd hurt him so terribly running off with you, Andy."

"I don't see that marrying you had anything to do with us."

"It did though. She was worried that first evening, when you came to dinner, remember? Oh, Andy," said Dina on a long sigh, "let's not have any more misunderstandings and needless separations!"

"Never," he said. "You're mine now, and I'm going to hold on to you."

"Could Rogers have gone to Reno, gotten his divorce and then gone away?"

"Not according to Vere. Aline, you can bet, would know! She was furious! Anyway, my dear, you'd've been notified."

"Imagine! You telephoning your former wife to see if the man she's going to marry has gotten his divorce!" Dina mused on a smile. "What a mix-up! And I having to write to Rogers, or his lawyer, to find out if I'm divorced!"

"SO WE go to the Connecticut farm after all."

"Did you see it?"

"Did I see it! I saw it in April, just after the snow had melted, when the little peepers were piping away in the marshes and the willows were out. But you don't know Connecticut winters, do you?"

"I've never seen snow, except that once in the mountains."

"Well, you ought to see what a little farmhouse looks like in the snow. Low windows with the white coming up to the sills, and attic rooms with dormers, and a long string of barns, all powdered with white."

"It sounds so lovely! Like a Christmas card."

"And we have neighbors, Dina. All sorts of artists and actors and writers tucked away in that valley, and a community house where they all meet to sing and dance and have dinner."

"Andy, after I talk with Rogers shall I go up to Reno?"

"I would, if he hasn't. Have it over. Then you and I quietly get married, and off in the car to see the October leaves along the Housatonic!"

"A river?"

"A river. And we'll drive all through the New England towns, Dina, and see the maples and the old wide streets lined with trees and the churches. And we'll go to places like Gloucester and Barnstable and Concord."

"And you'll paint!"

"Lord, won't I paint!" said Andy. "We'll go everywhere, and stay in queer little inns, and we'll drag Margaret along, in little slacks, you know, bossing the other kids. And thirty years from now we'll look back—we'll be settled down then on the farm—and the kids will all be marrying off, and we'll say 'Wasn't it glorious! The ships and the hotels and the strange streets and the meals on terraces and decks and sidewalks!' "

"But we'll never have just this again," she said. "I mean this night, so hot and with the moon so white on the oaks, and us here, talking, and thinking, 'We're together again!' and being so much in love, and yet hardly knowing each other at all."

"No, we'll never have this again." Their hands were locked on the table; they were silent for a few minutes, looking at each other.

Art presently came up. Amanda had had to go home with her folks, but gee, she was a cute girl all right, all right. And she had an aunt in Stockton that she was going to come and visit.

Pietro's was closing now; it was midnight. Waiters were stacking the tables, the orchestra was gone, the guests were gone. Yesterday had been a scorching day and tomorrow would be hotter but in the dead center of the night, here in the mountains, a chill had crept over the world; Dina shuddered a little as they got into the car, and was half drowsy against Andy's shoulder as they made the trip home.

He came into the hot, odorous hallway of the Cashman house with her and they had a moment together. Dina, laughing and sleepy, leaned against him and he kept his arm about her. Both were dusty and tumbled; she had taken off her hat, and her hair hung in curls about her face.

"It's settled now, Dina," Andy whispered. "Just as soon as we can, we're going to be married?"

"Forever and forever."

"And you do love me?"

"And I love—" she murmured, half asleep, "you're asking me if I do?"

"And I may come in tomorrow morning? I'm starting back in the afternoon."

"You may come to breakfast." She was being kissed again; she tightened her arm about his neck.

Later, when he was gone and she was reading, Art came ambling into her room in his pajamas and seated himself sociably on her bed.

"Oh, he is going to ask me all about it," Dina thought, her whole body one ache for sleep. Instead Art intended to tell her every detail of his extraordinary meeting with Amanda Hale, and everything he had said to Amanda and Amanda's enchanting replies. Dina found herself actually swooning off to sleep between confidences.

"Come on now, Art; it's after one," she presently roused herself to say maternally. "Even if tomorrow's Sunday, this is silly! Go to bed."

"Well." Art reluctantly removed himself, pausing in the doorway to say fondly: "Gee, that was a hunch of yours about my going over there, Deen. I was scared to death, but Amanda said she never would have forgiven me if I hadn't come. She said she never would have asked me, that she would have died first. But her mother said Amanda was always talking about me after that time we met at the Johnsons' party—"

"Oh, go to bed, I'm dying!" moaned Dina, snapping off her light.

"Gee, she is a peach!" she heard Art murmur as he departed.

ANDREW appeared at about ten o'clock on the following morning, a burning Sunday morning, and he and Dina had the day together, planning and talking, and sometimes silent, only to begin the happy planning and talking again.

Margaret was in her pen in the shady side garden when Andy got there. There was a Sunday stillness and emptiness in the quiet streets, and Art was still asleep. In the garden were a few collapsed wicker chairs. Andy drew one near to Dina's, stooping occasionally to toss back into the pen some toy that Margaret had discarded, lying back comfortably to drink in fully the peace of the shabby old garden that was scented with peppers and border pinks, and to stare up through apple-tree leaves at the white cloudless sky.

"I hope they're all swimming today," Dina said of the absent family.

"It made a difference to them, your coming back, didn't it?"

"It made a great difference to me, I

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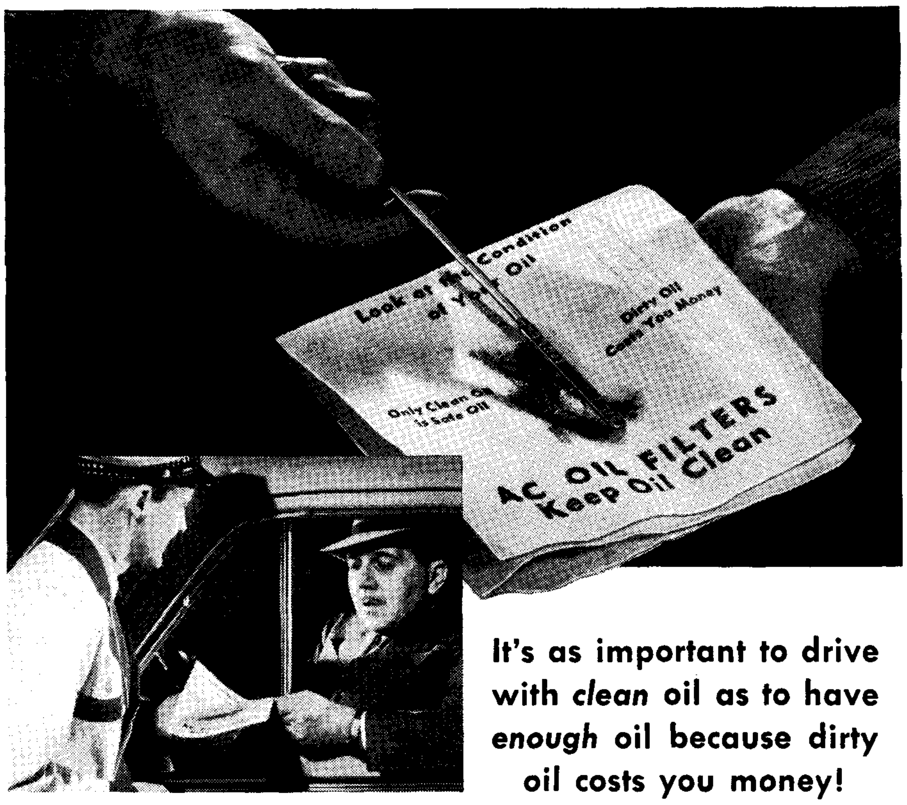
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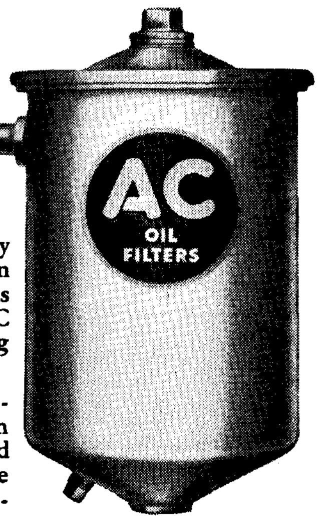

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know. You see, when I left home first, Andy," Dina said, replacing buttons on Donny's well-washed, faded overalls, "there really wasn't much use in trying to get things right or clean or comfortable. We lived in a shack on a railway siding that all through the wet weather was one pool of water and mud; we had four rooms, packed with useless, dirty junk, no closets, no plumbing. One of my mother's children was born there and one died there; it was all poverty and grease and darkness and crowding.

"When they came here at first they were all dazed. They didn't know how to act in a house with double parlors, bathroom, piano, hot water. It changed everybody. My sisters especially waked up to the fact that we were people—not migrants and relief cases—and that it is really easier to pay bills, keep your house clean and live decently. They were all struggling about to express that—that promotion, in their different ways, when I came back last January. I'd been living under such different circumstances; I'd learned so much from Mrs. Bucket and from Rogers' home, that I could help. And now, somehow I think now," Dina finished thoughtfully, "things will never go back to where they were. I wish there was a yellow cottage with a piano and a refrigerator in it for every family in the country!"

"What'll they do if you go away again, Dina?"

"It won't matter so much, now. You saw Art last night. They're all following individual lines; they're established."

"I've been thinking that what I'd do," he said, "is see Rogers' lawyer. Who is his lawyer?"

"Callaghan, Frank Callaghan, in the Russ Building. He'd know," Dina agreed.

"He'll know where Rogers is and why that divorce didn't go through. Then I'll get in touch with Rogers; cable if necessary. Then we can plan your going to Reno."

"I'll hate Reno."

"Not necessarily. You can be quiet and obscure there, I believe. It isn't all dude ranches, gambling and bingo games. Only six weeks anyway. Say mid-September. Then we get married, climb into my car and drive away into the Rockies. Now, about Margaret?"

"I've thought that out, too. If we go to the Connecticut place—but it's not in order, is it?"

"No, but we can rent a little place in—oh, say Salisbury, and keep an eye on the changes."

"THEN I'd fly back here and pick up Margaret and Ida. They'll be perfectly happy with my mother in the meanwhile. In fact, I don't know what my mother'll do without Margaret; they all adore her."

"We'll board in Salisbury, or we'll find a place to keep house there. Every afternoon, when I've finished work, we'll drive out to the farm, and see about whitewashing and getting a heating plant in."

"What bliss," Dina said in a low tone.

"Bliss! You wait until the willows and the lilacs begin to bloom in April, and the creeks begin to run. You can hear them rushing in the night; I don't know a sound like it. Then some June day we'll move in and have our first supper on our grape-vine terrace—"

"It's too much." Dina picked up the baby and carried her into the house for bath and lunch, and Andy followed her. When Margaret had been disposed of, Ida set the table, Art was awakened, and Dina baked finger rolls and garnished a small mold of chicken aspic with iced tomatoes and crisp lettuce. Her brother made their luncheon a late breakfast when he appeared shaven and dressed, and was still obviously wrapped in dreams of last night.

The three of them lingered long at the table, for the dining room was the coolest room in the house, its windows shuttered against the hot lances of the day. Andy was painting murals for the lobby of an Oakland hotel and had to go away at five o'clock, but it was understood that he would return on Saturday—and every Saturday—and Dina was content.

CONTENT! Her heart could hardly hold its richness of joy. Even when he was gone his presence seemed to fill the house; she saw the tall, lean figure everywhere; she heard his voice. Sometimes she would stand still in some particular spot reliving the moment when he had said a special thing, when he had put his arm about her and kissed her.

"I'd have sworn I had a rabbit in there some place!"

MARTIN GARRITY

It was all happiness ahead. Hot weather was happiness, and going to the clothesline in the back yard to gather in Margaret's stiff, sweet, white wash was happiness, getting to bed at night with the book she could not read because of dreams was happiness. When her mother and father came back from the lake Andy was there and they all had a particularly luxurious Saturday supper together, and the next day Andy went with Art, Margaret, Ida and Dina up into the cool blue mountains and to the shore of the lake.

They found Donny and El'ner, Lou and Dooley and Myrna hilarious and sunburned and welcoming; the brown cabin under the great pines and junipers smelled healthily of wood smoke and bacon; wet bathing gear hung on the little spruces near the door. Dina took charge thankfully; it was good to be cool, to be actually chilled by the clear lake water, to fish for trout and eat them with bacon and corn bread for breakfast, to lie idle under the trees and watch Margaret sifting and piling the slippery needles and the rough cones.

When the holiday was over she had a long talk with her mother and although Ethel Cashman was sorry about the divorce she was not surprised.

"I knew all along that something was queer there," she said. "Women don't come home for six months if everything's all right."

"Everything's always been all right between Rogers and me. But he wants to marry someone else now and so do I."

"He's going to give up his baby?"

"Yes, Margaret's mine."

"Well, I hope to goodness *he* don't take back his house!"

"This house? But this is mine, Mamma, with the deeds all deposited in a locked box at the bank."

"I know. But you can't ever tell." Her mother liked Andy, and his suggestion that he and Dina drive west every winter for a six weeks' visit did much to reconcile the family to the new plan.

"And the girls'll be coming east to see us on the farm."

"You won't get me east, thanks," said Dina's mother feelingly. "That last year there just about fixed me. Tornadoes and cyclones and blizzards and slush and furnaces getting out of order and me expecting Donny!"

"Well, there are other things," Andy argued mildly.

HE HAD ascertained that Rogers was returning in mid-August; he was coming up on a freighter and the exact day of arrival was not certain, but Callaghan had a cable from Manila and knew he was on his way. After that there must be another delay of some weeks before Dina and Andy would be free to marry, but they were willing to wait, with happiness drawing closer every day. Andy had arranged with the lawyer for an immediate interview with Rogers, and Dina planned to go down and see him herself.

In the end she saw him before either Andy or the lawyer did. She was standing in the garden one August afternoon watering the thirsty flowers in a hot, lingering sunset, and holding with her free hand a letter from Andy, when Rogers walked around the corner of the house and saw her.

Dooley was guiding the tottering Margaret in one of her first walks on the grass; Myrna was sprawled on the lawn reading; Lou and El'ner—whose heads Dina had recently washed—were busy with combs and towels. Dina had on her favorite coolie clothes, much washed and faded to palest green-blue; brimmed white straw hat, untrimmed, and lined with green oilcloth, was pulled down over her bright hair.

Andy, the letter said, wanted her to come down to the city to see his murals. She could stay at the Hotel Oakland. Ida would help Mamma with Margaret and if Dina started a ham boiling tomorrow—and baked it on Tuesday, it would carry them over—

She looked up and saw Rogers.

The sight of him, homely and fat and goggle-eyed, yet always a friendly and reassuring presence to her at least, gave her such surprise and pleasure that she had put her arm around his neck and kissed him before she had time for thought.

"Rogers! You're back! You know all these people of course, and look at Margaret Holland, walking.

"But when did you get in, and what a *trip—!*"

"Hello, my dear." He was glad to see her, too; his glasses were frosted and he took them off and wiped them. "Well, here you are in the middle of them all!" he said, sitting down and wiping his forehead. "It seems to me this is the hottest weather I ever knew."

"We've had a broiling summer. But we all got up into the mountains for a while. You look so comfortable in all that white, Rogers; are those what you wear in the Orient?"

SHE sat down near him; the others gradually faded away; Ida took the baby in for her supper.

"It's good to see you," Dina said. "Was it a wonderful trip? It sounded so from what Mr. Callaghan said."

"Then you've seen Callaghan?"

"No. I didn't. But Andy did. Andy Havens. Did *you* see Callaghan?"

"I've not seen anyone. I got home this morning about ten and took a look at my mail. Then I knew I had to see you."

"I wrote you to know if the divorce had gone through," Dina said simply; her eyes widened childishly on a smile.

"Well, of course you should have been told," he said, blinking his bulging eyes. "No—there's been no divorce."

"No divorce?"

"No. That's what I came to see you about. I don't want a divorce."

"Why, Rogers! I don't understand. Guess I must be dreaming!"

"No, I was the one that was dreaming. I dreamed about one woman for twenty years," he said. "I'm awake."

"You quarreled?"

"No, we didn't quarrel. I went away before she got back from New York. But she wrote me. She wants to go on with it. I can't."

"She certainly doesn't want to go on with it if you don't?"

"Oh, not for any affection she feels for me!" the man answered bitterly. "I guess it's the money—just plain money! Eventually alimony perhaps. Quite suddenly," he said in a more moderate tone, "I saw it all, like the villain in the play. I saw Aline for exactly what she's always been, a very beautiful, clever, selfish woman where her interests are concerned, and a mighty stupid one in everything else! She's been told since she was fifteen that she can enslave men, make them jump through hoops—through wedding rings. It's partly true. But Lord, when you once see her as she is, there isn't much to see!"

Dina looked at him dubiously, looked away. There was a netted chicken pen at the end of the lawn, and about it a solitary hen was walking with a disconsolate "caw-caw-caw." The last rays of the sun were dazzling in the Millers' attic window. Bees went over the garden like bullets.

"BUT—but didn't she count on marrying you, Rogers?"

"Yes, and I counted on her loving me, fool that I was! But I suddenly woke up; it came to me like a flash, and I saw things right. So I sent her a letter—sent it the day I sailed for Honolulu. I told her I'd changed, and it was only fair for her to know it; better then than after we were married."

"And she—?"

"Oh, she sent me a letter clipper-mail. Like an idiot I gave her my address—the Cathay Hotel in Shanghai. It was a kindly, motherly letter—a perfect bit of acting, if you like acting. She wrote that after so many years, I didn't know my own mind. She told me she loved me too dearly—a lot of rot! She said she wasn't going to say a word to anyone, but as soon as I got back to California, she'd have a talk with me and she was sure she could convince me that marrying her was the perfect solution. She wouldn't believe that I had ducked the divorce from you."

"She was wild!" Dina said, awed; "perfectly wild!"

"Yes, I think she was. But her letter was friendly enough; she said—oh, a lot of guff! There's no use in repeating her nonsense."

"What did you answer?"

"The day after I got the letter I sailed. I'd already booked passage on the Empress of China and we were bound for Manila."

"So you didn't write?"

"There was nothing to say."

"And then?"

"I stayed over in the Philippines for a while, saw some friends down there. Billy Slater showed up in his yacht and we had some good times together. He wanted me to go on with him but he was bound for the Galapagos Islands and that was too long a trip. I was homesick; I wanted to come home."

"But Rogers," Dina said in a relieved voice, "of course Aline *must* know it's all over. You left in February, so Mr. Callaghan said, now it's the middle of August. If you sent her no word in all that time, surely she must realize now—"

"This was among my mail when I got home," he said, handing over a blue sheet dashingly covered with writing.

"'My own Toppy,'" Dina read, "'Callaghan tells me that you're due next week so I'm planning to leave Dolly's place at the Rogue on Monday the nineteenth and will see you the next night. Let Caroline and me come over for dinner; we'll have a cocktail in the dear old library first and plan. Such a long absence and such complete silence, but I know my old boy through and through. I'm not going to let you get so far away from me ever again. I suppose it must be the stupid delay of Reno first, but I think we might put that up to Dina if you made it forceful enough, and after that I'll be entirely your Aline!'"

"That's tomorrow night. What—what *nonsense!*" Dina said indignantly, handing back the letter.

"Nonsense, yes, but she means it."

"She has—I sound horribly like a lawyer, Rogers—has she any letters?"

"I suppose so. But all conditional upon all of us getting divorces—conditional on the 'if we ever are free' and 'if we can ever marry.'"

"Could you buy her off?"

"Not Aline! You sound more and more like a lawyer." He blinked at her, smiling. "Geraldine, those were happy months for me when you were in my home," he said. "You're—I suppose you know you are the sort of person who makes people fond of you?"

"I'm awfully grateful if it's so. I know that no girl ever had a kinder friend than you've been."

"I oughtn't ever have married anyone; I'm not the sort that ought to marry!" he said fretfully. "I like living there alone, with perhaps a sweet girl and a baby visiting me now and then! For years I thought Aline had robbed me of something I wanted. Now I know I never wanted it. Bucket takes care of me; I have everything I need. Why in the name of all that's sane should I go out of my way to tangle up my life with Aline!"

"Could she sue you, Rogers?"

"For what?"

"Breach of promise—or something like that?"

"Nonsense, but she'll try to talk me around; she's always been able to talk anyone into almost anything."

"I suppose you'll have to see her," Dina said slowly.

"That's where you help me out. I've no right to ask you any favor but that's where you can save me," Rogers said.

"You've every right to ask me anything! But I don't see how I can help."

"By saying you refuse to divorce me, Geraldine—by saying you'll contest it."

Dina was a little pale. "You mean in court, with a lawyer?"

"I don't mean anything except a letter saying that never, under no circumstances whatsoever, will you consent to a divorce."

"Oh, I thought I was done with all that fuss!" Dina said under her breath.

"Don't misunderstand me, Geraldine. I'm not asking you to come back. I love you as I've loved very few women in my life, but always as if you were my daughter—my good, square, amusing little friend. A man can love a woman that way, especially when she's younger, no matter what they say. All I want is delay. I want Aline to know that there is a deadlock, and let her go stalking someone else."

DINA remembered a somber February day in the old Holland mansion, a day when Aline had gone airily through the house suggesting improvements, suggesting the changes she must have for her own tenacy. She remembered standing at the window of her bedroom looking down on the drive, and seeing Aline come out with the young architect, and seeing them kiss. Stalking someone else? Why, Aline had been flirting desperately then with the very man who was to rebuild her new home as Rogers' bride!

She crushed Andy's letter in her hand, crushed back all the joy, all the hope that had been irradiating life for the last enchanted weeks.

"I'll write you what you want, of course, Rogers," she said.

"It may not be for long, my dear."

"It won't matter how long it is if it keeps her from wrecking your life. Now come in and say hello to Mamma," Dina said, suddenly feeling very tired.

"I knew you'd do whatever I asked!" His tone was deep in gratitude and relief.

"It wouldn't be anything to what you did for me," said Dina. She put her hand in his as they walked toward the house.

(*To be concluded next week*)

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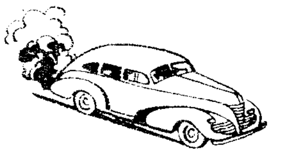


A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

"Now!" whispered Jimmy. The chorus was a little ragged but it was hearty: "Hello, Mr. Hale"

OFFICER HALE appeared around the corner of River and Prospect and came leisurely down the block. He was promptly spied by the group of boys who waited halfway between him and an alley that cut through the block to the next street. They rose from their seats on Jimmy Burns' doorsteps and raised a singsong chorus: "Hale, Hale, went to jail, hanging on a monkey's tail!"

Then, with tantalizing slowness, they retreated, keeping their distance from the policeman until they reached the alley through which they scuttled to wait at its other end and repeat their derisive cry. Redhead Jimmy Burns was proud of that doggerel, and authorship gave extra shrillness to his tones. The boys, watching the alley's other end, waited impatiently. But Officer Hale had long since ceased to humor them by hurrying to the alley and peeping around the corner only to see them a block away and to hear the familiar gibe.

The day was Saturday, and the performance was a regular one. On this day they were all present, excepting Harry Somers, who often spent Saturday afternoon riding about on his uncle's delivery truck and occasionally carrying in to some customer one of the lighter baskets of groceries.

Mrs. Burns had come out to sweep the stoop just before the policeman passed. "How do you do, Mr. Hale?" she said. "Nice day."

A quick smile lit Hale's face. "It is so, Mrs. Burns," he said without stopping. "Hope you're well." And when she assured him that she was never better, "That's good."

A moment later he glanced through the alley and heard again that shrill chorus.

JIMMY BURNS, ravenous and fidgety, came home a little before suppertime. Hands in pockets, he roamed about the kitchen while his mother busied herself with her cooking.

"See here, Jimmy," she said. "Why do you boys pester Mr. Hale so? He seems such a nice man."

"Aw, he's only a cop. And cops"—Jimmy swaggered up and down—"I hate cops."

Mrs. Burns turned from the stove. "That'll be enough from you. Just remember that he represents the law."

"The big flat-foot! He ain't even a traffic cop."

"You heard what I said just now? No more of that kind of talk. A little twelve-year-old boy! The idea! And, even if Mr. Hale wasn't such a nice man, the minute he gets that uniform on he's the law. It's about time you got some respect for authority. If you'll not listen to me, we'll see if you'll listen to your father. Remember now."

"Aw! We don't do anything to Hale—only holler at him."

"Well, that's plenty. You wouldn't holler at the flag, would you? It's the same thing in another way."

"Aw! Well, I can't stop the rest of the fellas hollering at him."

"I'm not talking about the rest of the 'fellas'; I'm talking about my boy. You're turning into a little savage—and getting to look like one too. Go and clean yourself and brush your hair, if you're expecting to eat in this house."

This talk had revived Mrs. Burns' thoughts of Officer Hale. The sadness in the man's face haunted her, a sadness which the contrast of his fleeting smile only intensified. Surely, she thought, a policeman must have plenty of annoyances without being bothered by a gang of thoughtless boys.

On Sunday afternoon the boys assembled, as usual, on Jimmy's steps. Jimmy enjoyed a leadership which, because of his readiness to fight, was uncontested; he was prime mover in all the gang's activities. Now they were seven, Harry Somers having taken his place among them. And Harry was bursting with information which he hinted at but withheld mysteriously, goading their curiosity until they feigned indifference, which Jimmy expressed with, "Aw, what d' we care what you know?"

Then Harry began with maddening deliberation: "Y'know yesterday?" Discouraging silence as much as said that yesterday was ancient history. But Harry knew the startling nature of his news and worked up to it gradually: "Well, y'know where I went yesterday?"

"Sure," Jimmy said carelessly. "You rode around on your uncle's old truck. What's so wonderful about that? I could ride on a *fire* truck, if I wanted to go to *my* uncle's, up in Millville."

"Yeah?" Harry scoffed. "Well, I was some place yesterday where you couldn't go—even if you wanted to. Listen. *I* was in ol' Hale's, the cop's, house yesterday!" He knew that would startle them and looked at their wide eyes and open mouths with the satisfaction of a virtuoso who has his audience on the edges of their seats. "Bob says—Bob drives my uncle's truck—and he says, 'Take this basket in there. Hale's the name.' It was up three flights, and a woman opened the door. I guess she was ol' Hale's wife. She took the basket into the kitchen, or some place. And here's a kid in a wheel chair right in front of me.

"He asked me if my father owned the grocery store, and I told him no, my uncle did. Then he says, 'My father's a policeman.' You'd think it was something great to be, the way he said it. Imagine a kid getting high-hat because his old man's a cop! Say! That kid's no bigger than us. But he's pale and thin—and gee! His legs ain't as big as—well, bike tires—and they had iron things on 'em. And listen. He says, 'Some day I'm going to be okay and run and play ball just as good as you.'

" 'What's your father's first name?' I asked him. And he said it was William. Ol' Hale's his father, all right; I asked my father what Hale's first name was, and he said it was Bill—for William."

In a silence strange for that noisy seven, Harry's listeners relaxed. Jimmy Burns smarted with jealousy for Harry Somers' sudden and unwonted prominence; he had been overshadowed. But he said: "I guess we won't holler at Hale any more. Huh?" He waited truculently for possible opposition, but there was none.

SINCE Officer Hale's two patrols of Prospect Street occurred during school hours, the boys did not see him until the following Saturday. For two hours of the forenoon the seven sat, a little anxiously, waiting on the Burns doorsteps and keeping watch of the upstreet corner. At last the policeman came sauntering toward them. This time they did not leave the steps. But they were not without misgivings.

The officer was within six strides of them. "Now!" whispered Jimmy. The chorus was a little ragged but it was hearty: "Hullo, Mr. Hale!"

Hale was surprised, and his smile flashed pleasantly. "Hello, boys!" He paused, and they quailed under his gaze. "Quiet, aren't you?" And, as they looked at him in silence, "Well, have a good time."

They watched him stroll along the block. He was a good guy—even if he was a cop.

Mrs. Burns happened to witness the meeting. And when Jimmy—whose stomach was synchronized with the noon whistles—appeared for dinner she said, "Well, I'm glad you got the boys to treat Mr. Hale decently."

"Aw, I didn't tell them what you said."

"No? Then why the sudden change in your manners toward Mr. Hale?"

Jimmy stood in awkward embarrassment, rubbing one shoe over the other. To be guilty of a sissy softness was bad enough, but to admit it. . . .

"Aw," he said with exaggerated carelessness, "Hale never chases us. You get tired of razzing a guy that pays no attention."

The Empire City Angel

Continued from page 19

stewards caught him and he got barred for life but they don't give you no refunds. Anyway," Willie added, "you know good and well them books fattened up that Ringo plenty. I'd have broke half of 'em."

Honest Mike dusted his counter, clucking sympathetically.

"When that tarball give me that horse," Willie said sadly, "I was on top. I never thought it would be like this again. Why, I give him a rock I paid better'n two gees for . . ." Willie Wurtzel stopped and his brown eyes narrowed. "That diamond ring," he said half to himself, "two gees, two yards . . ."

"Hey," Mike said, "who's after you, Willie?"

BUT Willie Wurtzel was gone.

He found Ed Delaney in front of Lindy's. Ed Delaney looked at Willie, a faint smile on his face. "How, Willie," he said. "What gives?"

"Where was you last week, Ed?" Willie asked.

"While the boys were taking you," Ed Delaney said, "I was visiting friends at Delmar."

"Ed," Willie said, looking up at the big commission man, "I been knowing you a long time, you are all right, Ed. And to you don't it look like my horse can run, comin' in secont with a sponge stuffed up his nose so he can't even breathe but half good?"

"He wouldn't run twice that fast without the sponge," Ed Delaney said, "but he is a fair plater. He is out of Wild Widow by Joker, and Joker has sired solid sprinters, being out of Hit Me by Baccarrat . . ."

"Ed," Willie said, "do not give me the begats. He is a fair sprinter, okay. I want a trainer who will get him sharp again and drop him into a spot."

Ed Delaney sighed, watching the passing cars a moment as they boiled up Broadway. "I will give you a note to Billy Venders," he said finally, "who is a trainer who you can trust. When he says enter the horse you enter him." Ed Delaney wrote briefly on a slip of paper, handed it to Willie. "Next time," he added, "you *know* a fighter is going to lose, you let me know."

"And Ed," Willie said, "say do I get a grand together, would you lay it around for me, among them guys that took me—the ones you know for sure will pay off?"

Ed Delaney gave the nails on his right hand a searching inspection. "Yes, Willie," he said. "I'll do that for you."

"Thanks, Ed," Willie said. He leaned over, spoke softly, briefly into the lowered ear of Ed Delaney.

"You sure?"

Willie Wurtzel put his hands above his head in the classic pose of the diver. "The fix is strictly in," he said.

TWO days later Willie Wurtzel was in Harlem in Senate "Slippery" Ellum's Eatmor Fish and Chips Shoppe sitting in the first booth talking to his fighter, Refugee Smith.

Refugee Smith was black. Black as the blackest cat and every opponent that had stepped in front of him in his fighting career had been beset by luck of a very evil nature. Refugee moved a good deal like a cat in the ring, he had the finest right cross in the business and a jaw impervious to punishment. But beyond this, in the heart of Refugee there was an abiding faith that the Lord had saved him, working rather surprisingly through the pudgy and ofttimes grasping hand of Mr. W. Wurtzel. prize fight manager, W. 49th St., N. Y. City.

Thus Refugee Smith, with the Lord and Willie Wurtzel in his corner, had fought his way from the ranks of the preliminary boys to the status of leading contender for the middleweight championship of the world. He had fought Willie Wurtzel into a bank roll, himself into the makings of a tidy annuity. Even last Christmas Refugee had been prosperous enough in his own right to buy Willie a horse. A gallant horse, a lovely horse. A horse named Deuces Wild.

"Boy," Willie Wurtzel was saying, holding his face straight, "that ring I give you, what you done to it? The mountin', looks like you bent it some. Here, lemme see it a minute."

Refugee took off the ring and handed it to his manager. Willie Wurtzel, looked at it, took a handkerchief out of his pants pocket, polished the ring with it, looked again at it, handed it back to the colored boy. "Naw," he said, "ain't anything the matter with it, must be my eyes." He watched Refugee slip the ring back on his finger, his face blank, his round dark eyes still in his olive face.

"I got Deuces Wild trainin'," Willie said. "I run him the other day; he run secont."

"Ole Deucy never winned?"

"Naw," Willie said. "But," he went on grimly, "I know a little more, now. He'll win the next time out."

"Sho he will," Refugee agreed, "I ain't no first-round fighter myself."

"Speakin' of fightin'," Willie said, "we ain't gonna have a fight very soon, it don't look like. I'm workin' on one but we've about fought ourselves outta competition for a while, anyway."

"You take care of dat, Mr. Willie, I is keepin' in shape."

"Okay."

"Ole Deucy gonna run again soon?" Refugee asked. "I'd sho admire to see him go. You know, Mr. Willie, I ain't never seen him even trot through de park."

"I ain't had much time to do no personal equesting," Willie said. "But I'm gonna run him again for sure, now. I'll let you know."

"Thank you, Mr. Willie."

"And Refugee; you got plenty of money?"

"I got enough to run me for a while," Refugee said. "I is livin' cheap 'cause I loves to think of dat ole cash money ridin' up into dat 'nudity."

"THAT'S the way," Willie said gruffly, looking down. "I guess I better be goin'." He got up and hurried out of the door heading for the 135th Street subway station. Inside the kiosk he stuffed a nickel that Honest Mike had refused as phony into the slot, caught a downtown local.

Disgorged at 50th Street, Willie walked over to Eighth Avenue, and into the small building that sheltered the house of Eisenstat & Eisenstat, Collateral Loans A Specialty. He walked over to the counter under the daylight bulb, took out his handkerchief and unwrapped Refugee's diamond ring.

"Put the glass on that, Abe."

Abe Eisenstat looked up, saw Willie, smiled. He screwed the magnifying glass into his eye, looked at the stone. "What do you wanting?" he asked.

"All I can get."

"Six five 0, be making you happy?"

"Twenty-two hunnert it cost," Willie said. "Do I look happy?"

"They are paying high rent on Fit' avenya," Abe said. "You pay part of that when you are buying there." He looked at the ring again. "Eight hunnert," he said.

Willie picked up the ring started wrapping it up in his handkerchief. "Twelve hunnert," he said, "no less."

"I'm lending you a t'ousant," Abe said. "Hokay, make out the ticket one t'ousant?"

"Make out the ticket a thousand," Willie said.

The money was crisp in his pocket and Willie held his hand on it making his way toward Lindy's on Broadway. He found Ed Delaney standing on the curb reading a Racing Form.

Willie beckoned him aside, took the ten crisp hundred-dollar bills out of his pocket, handed them to Ed Delaney. "Venders says it'll be two, three days," Willie whispered. "Get me the best price you can."

"Trust me," Ed said.

"I got to," Willie Wurtzel said, turned and walked away.

REFUGEE SMITH came into Slippery Ellum's place, mopped his black brow with a gaudy handkerchief, did a little jig from sheer exuberance, called to Slippery. "Mr. Willie call me; Ole Deucy go today, the fourth race out to the Empire City hoss track; you want to go out with me?"

Slippery Ellum looked up, saw Refugee, came around the counter. "I might," he said, but his face was troubled.

"Shorten up your face, boy," Refugee said, "this here smilin' weather. It gives to mind old Mississippi."

"You was in Mississippi when Mr. Willie pulled you outta the river, wasn't you?" Slippery asked obliquely.

"I was half in Mississippi," Refugee said, grinning, "an' half in Luzyanna, but most mostly I was plumb in de center of de ole river hitself." He chuckled to himself. "I was a drowndin' jigaboo dat time."

"Mr. Willie," Slippery said, "he didn't have nothin' when he found you, did he?"

"He didn't have nothin'," Refugee said. "Us hike hitched to St. Looie an' I fought for fifty dollars. But we rolled good since den."

"I gotta miserable fact to tell you," Slippery said. "Mr. Willie he ain't holdin' no better now than he was when he pulled you outta the river."

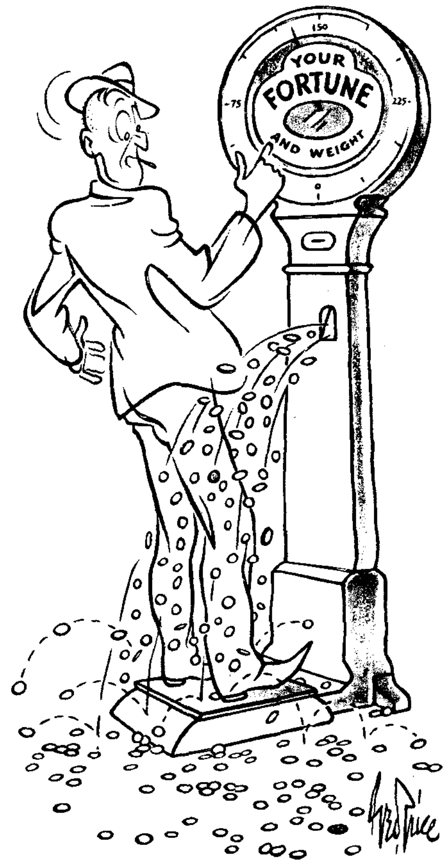
Refugee's face went completely blank for a moment, then his grin returned. "You is foolin'," he said.

"No," Slippery said. "Mr. Willie done lose his entire bank roll abettin' on that old Deucy hoss, the other day."

"How you know dat?"

"My brother, he wait table at the Cotton Club and a bookie told him that Mr. Willie bet thousands of dollars around town with bookies on old Deucy, and the bookies they pay Ringo Harness that is trainin' Deucy, and Ringo he do somethin' to the hoss so the hoss

"I suppose you have a terrible lot of trouble with moths!" I. KLEIN



for one man, this isn't so. He has an able aide and his name is General Haining. General Haining's title is "Intendant General." That's a title and his is a function which hasn't been used in modern warfare. Title and job died with Napoleon, who it seems always had an intendant general. Although Lyttleton will have the last word on priorities, General Haining will be the man on the spot to see to it that the army gets its tanks first if the army needs tanks more urgently than the air force needs planes.

Since the Middle East is called a theater and what goes on here, the British insist, is a "show," General Haining must necessarily be stage manager or maybe just property man. Anyhow the show can't go on without him.

With this distribution of labor the Auk is left a strong supervisory hold on the whole business. The Auk, in other words, can limit himself strictly to the business of being a soldier.

In the Best British Tradition

And for that role the Auk has served a long and honorable apprenticeship. It began with Wellington and Sandhurst and a subaltern's assignment to the 62d Punjab regiment in the Indian army in 1904. Although of Scottish origin, Auchinleck is an Ulsterman. His family moved to Northern Ireland several generations ago and maybe it's a coincidence or maybe it's just that Northern Ireland breeds soldiers, but three of the topmost jobs in the British army are held by Ulstermen. General Sir John Dill, chief of the Imperial General Staff, and General Sir Alan Brooke, Commander in Chief of the Home Forces, also come from Northern Ireland.

Auchinleck himself was born almost literally with the roll of drums in his ears at Aldershot, the heart of military England where his father was stationed. The Auk was born in 1884. Papa Auchinleck later became a colonel in the Royal Horse Artillery.

In 1914 the Auk went with his regiment to Egypt and when the Turks attacked the Suez Canal in December of that year, he was with a machine-gun section on the Eastern and, therefore, Turkish and therefore decidedly the wrong side of the canal. He fought his way out of that extremely tough situation and later went to Aden and Mesopotamia, where he spent three years of the war and distinguished himself sufficiently to win the D.S.O., the Croix de Guerre, the Order of the British Empire, and to be breveted a lieutenant colonel.

After that came a period as an instructor at the Staff College, where he lost whatever bent he might have had as a writer because he spent tedious weeks rewriting the army regulations. He was appointed in 1933 to the command of the Peshawar Brigade. For three years he fought the Afghan tribesmen on the northwestern frontier. For three years he fought at the Khyber Pass and he was "British Soldier in India" in the best traditions of Kipling, and his conduct of the Mohmand campaign in 1935 is still regarded for its daring and skillful employment of men and guns as what the official sketch of the Auk calls "a classic."

The Secret of Khyber

From officers who fought with him and knew him in that campaign I learned independently that the Auk saved a victory from what might have been disaster due to the soldierly bungling of others. It was then that he proved conclusively that mechanization of the Indian army was indispensable, for he demonstrated that proper co-ordination between airplanes and tanks will beat horses and camels. The details of exactly what happened, however, remain one of those gentlemanly secrets the army keeps religiously and since the Auk will probably wind up this war as one of the few generals who will not have written a book about it or about his life, what he did on the Khyber will remain locked up in his own modesty.

In 1936 Auchinleck became deputy chief of the General Staff in India and from then until 1938 worked for the modernization of the Indian army both through the Chatfield Commission and later as commander in chief of the British forces in India. When war came he was a major general commanding the Meerut district. He flew home in January, 1940, to assume command of the fourth corps and in May went to Norway as commander of the British expeditionary force.

When the Auk was named as C in C in the Mideast, Joe Goebbels leaped to the radio to announce that the British had "replaced their Napoleon of the desert with their Napoleon of Retreats." This was an allusion to Auchinleck's withdrawal from Narvik. But Joe got it wrong. Auchinleck didn't retreat. He was ordered home because France had collapsed and Dunkirk wasn't over yet and the British needed the Auk and his men to help meet the invasion that looked certain then. The Auk got his boys out of shelled and bombed Narvik without losing a man.

For five months General Auchinleck served as commander in chief of the southern command in England, during which time his task was to help secure the coast against invasion, and then was appointed to command in India, from where he came to Cairo.

For fun the Auk likes to walk. He is up at dawn, has a brisk tramp in the gardens out at Zoheria, where he's taken over Sir Archie's house, and is ready for work by six-thirty or seven. He likes parties and he and Lady Auchinleck have a reputation for suffering stuffed shirts unhappily, which means that their social activities lack the starched formality of Poona-bred Indian officers. This tough six-footer likes to garden and make things grow and he swings a mean tennis racket whenever he gets time. His workday will run from twelve to fourteen hours and up, because he likes soldiering. To Allenby, war was a distasteful business. But you get the feeling the Auk enjoys it.

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he lose. They say it broke Mr. Willie."

"When he was up here de other day," Refugee said, "he act awful down-mouthed now dat you remember hit to me."

"You still want to go out to the track?"

Refugee Smith creased his brow and the sweat popped out a little more profusely on his long upper lip. "Yeah," he said finally. "But first I wants to stop off down aroun' Fifty Street. I done got me a notion."

"What the notion?"

Refugee Smith was smiling now. "Why, man," he said. "I take dis little ole ring down dere an' I pawns hit. Den I takes de money out to de track and I bets hit on ole Deucy an' den I pays Mr. Willie back what he loses an' everything is fine."

"What if the hoss lose?"

"De Lord," Refugee Smith said. "Hits right funny about de Lord. He let a sinner sin, all right. Once, maybe. Den when de sinner he start to sin again de Lord He hauls off an' lets him have de back lash from his first sin. He'll bring ole Deucy in."

"I don't see how the Lord can find time to be watchin' no hoss race with all the big sinnin' goin' on in the world," Slippery said dubiously.

"Why," Refugee said scornfully, "de Lord got angels, plenty angels. I bet he got a angel don't do nothin' but kinda look out for de Empire City hoss track."

"If it's a fact," Slippery said, "that angel got fine hours 'cause they just run somethin' like thirty days outta the year at Empire and he get his mornin's off then."

"Dat's what bein' a angel gets you," Refugee said. "'Leven months vacation with pay."

REFUGEE SMITH walked into the building on Eighth Avenue that sheltered the house of Eisenstat & Eisenstat, Collateral Loans A Specialty. He took off his ring and walked over to the counter under the bright light. He laid the ring down. "What you gimme on dat?" he asked.

Abe Eisenstat looked at the ring briefly. "You wanting to sell it?"

"No, suh, just a temporary loan."

"I can't loan nothing. I'm giving you six-bit, you selling."

"I wouldn't sell hit," Refugee said. "Anyways, seventy-five dollars; hits worth a lot more'n dat. Look how big hit is."

"Seventy-five *cents*, I'm giving. Mine boy, that ring is glass."

Refugee Smith stood perfectly still for a long moment and his face didn't change expression. Then he turned slowly and looked at Slippery with unseeing eyes and started walking stolidly toward the door. He walked like a man carrying a great weight in each hand and his brown eyes were dim with tears.

WILLIE WURTZEL bustled into Slippery Ellum's Eatmor Fish & Chips Shoppe, resplendent in his gayest waistcoat. He looked around, didn't see Refugee, turned to Slippery sitting silent behind his cash register. "Where's Refugee?" he asked. "We just got time to catch the last race train. Old Deucy is gonna run today."

Slippery Ellum looked at him woodenly. "Refugee at Bobo Lincoln's crap game," he said coldly.

Willie Wurtzel looked at Slippery. "What you givin' me, boy. That Refugee, he don't shoot no craps."

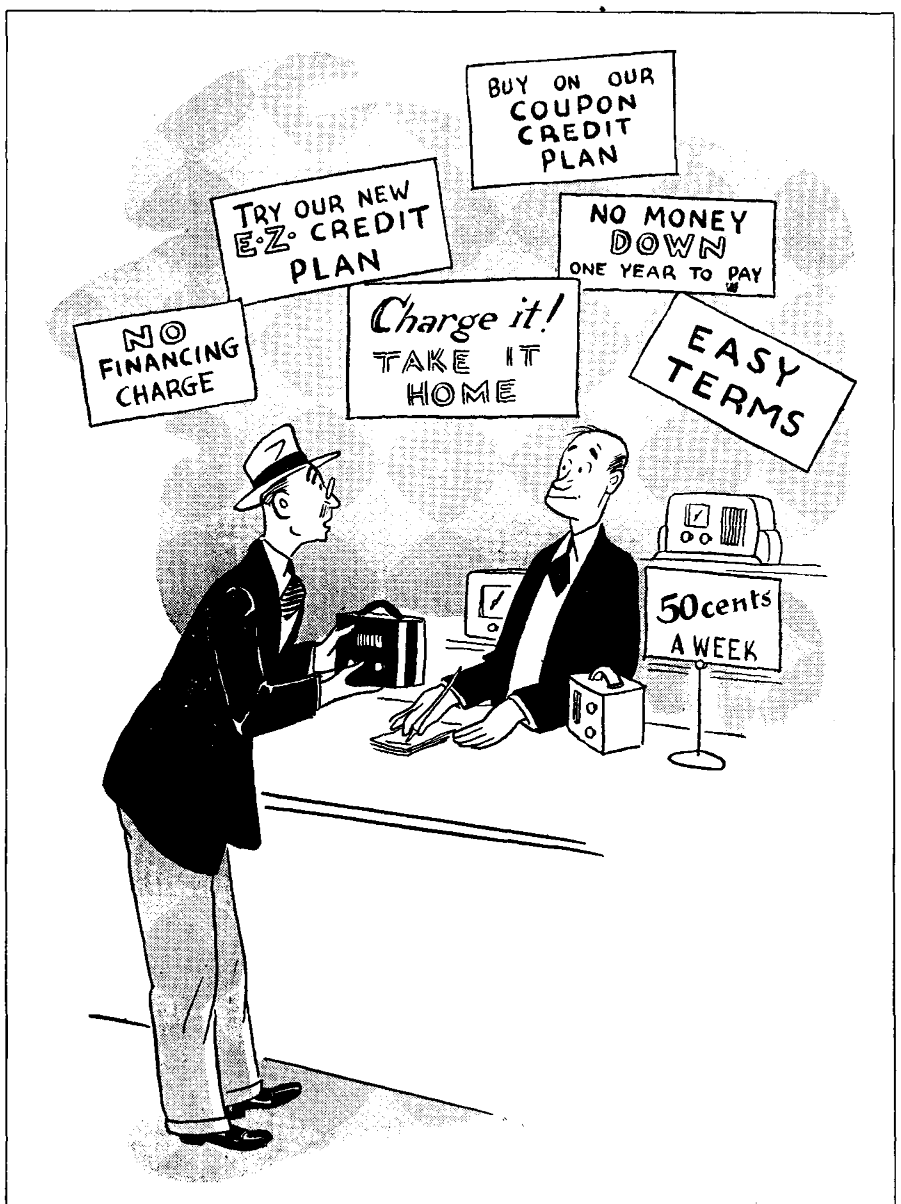
"He shootin' craps now," Slippery said. "Drunk."

"Drunk?"

"You hear what I say." Slippery Ellum got up from his stool, walked down and stood across from Willie Wurtzel. "He heard you was broke, and he went down to pawn his ring to bet the money on Deucy to try and help you. If'n he can get drunk and shoot a few dices and forget about you and the Lord and everything he's a lucky boy."

Willie Wurtzel stood perfectly still, feeling his heart thumping against the last button on his vest, feeling his stomach tighten into a hard, cold knot.

"He never believe in but two things," Slippery went on inexorably, "you and the Lord. And he believed in them together. Now he don't believe in you and he don't believe in the Lord neitherwise. If you'd told him the ring was glass when you give it to him he wouldn't have cared. But when you lie to him it's like the Lord lyin' to him. Now it'll pleasure me for you to get outta my place and not come in it again."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"Could I pay cash?"

Willie Wurtzel took a deep breath. "Slip," he said, "I gotta go now, but I'll be back. Don't let him get to fightin', don't let him break no hand. I'm goin' but I'll be back. I . . ."

"Get out!" Slippery Ellum said.

Willie Wurtzel went out on the street, turned into a drugstore, picked up a racing sheet and checked the post time on the fourth race. He looked at his watch, felt his pulse. "I can't go out there and watch that race now," he muttered. "It'd kill me." He started walking methodically downtown. Every few blocks he would look at his watch.

It was a long walk, a long, long walk for a man who didn't walk a half a mile a day. At 110th Street Willie's feet felt like two large blazing corns, but he hit into the park, grimly, glad his feet were hurting. He checked his watch. *The first race would be over now.*

He came out on Columbus Circle and he couldn't stand it. The fourth would be over. There was a drugstore near where they'd have the results. He walked in, bracing himself, muttered his question to a man standing there, heard the three words: "Flamingo win it."

He never knew how he got out. Never knew how he got back to 49th and Broadway. He was like a sick animal crawling to a familiar habitat to lay him down and die.

He felt a hand on his shoulder, looked up. Ed Delaney was standing there, his big pink face bland, his hand reaching in his pocket. He drew back when he saw Willie's white drawn face, the misery in his eyes.

"What gives, Willie, you look like you been poisoned."

Willie let his head fall, grunted.

"It was a close one," Ed said, "but it oughtn't to get you like that. It come out all right."

"What?" Willie managed, not caring.

"The fourth. Flamingo bumped your horse and they disqualified him. Deucy won. I got you mostly fourteen, fifteen to one. Here's your dough, fifteen thousand, four hundred. Hadn't you heard?"

When the average man faints away they throw water on his face. But Ed Delaney knew Willie Wurtzel over many years. He knelt down beside Willie's inert form, took the sheaf of crisp bills in his hand and fanned Willie's face with them. Willie Wurtzel came up. He grabbed the money, yelled something that sounded like "Thanksed-IthankGod!" and bolted.

Out in the street he skipped in front of a cab, around the corner, heading toward Eisenstat's pawnshop. Inside he laid down a ticket, peeled off a thousand dollars, plus interest, and with the ring and money clutched in a hot pocketed hand struck a waddling run toward the subway. Thirty minutes later he was in Slippery Ellum's place.

"Where's Bobo Lincoln's crap game?" he said.

Slippery looked at him, his face blankly contemptuous. "Leave that boy alone," he said.

Willie Wurtzel advanced on two feet that shot pain clear to his ears. "Where's that crap game?" he said softly.

Senate Ellum took one look at Willie's face, torn with anguish, streaked with sweat and worry. "Two doors to the right and upstairs," Slippery said.

WILLIE WURTZEL pushed the guard aside from the door and walked in. Refugee Smith was shaking the dice, his face twisted meanly with drink, his voice hoarse. "Who fade twenty?" he shouted.

Willie Wurtzel summoned his voice: "Refugee!"

Refugee Smith looked up. He saw Willie Wurtzel standing there, saw his familiar brightly colored vest, saw his hooked nose, his white face. Refugee sneered at him. "Go on 'way from me, Mr. . . . go on away from me, Willie Wurtzel."

Willie Wurtzel walked over, reached down, his courage at the sticking point and took Refugee by the arm. "Come out of here," he said harshly. He looked around at ten black and tan, ominously belligerent faces. "Don't nobody try to stop him."

Refugee came.

On the street Willie turned to him: "What's the matter with you, you ape?"

"A seventy-five-cent ring. You tole me hit was a diamond."

Willie Wurtzel reached over, pulled the ring off of Refugee's finger, jabbed it into a vest pocket. He hailed a cab, shoved Refugee in it, climbed in after him. "Fifth Avenue and Fiftieth Street," he barked.

In the store he dragged Refugee, subdued, and only staggering a little, through the luxurious depth of the carpet to the diamond counter. He pulled a ring out of his pocket, threw it down before the startled morning-coated attendant. "What's that ring worth?"

The clerk looked at it, smiled. "Oh," he said, "I remember now, you are Mr. Wurtzel, you bought the ring here." The clerk looked apprehensively at Refugee, disappeared for a moment.

"You paid two thousand and two hundred for it, sir," the clerk said when he came back, "but of course the price of diamonds is advancing . . ."

Willie Wurtzel took the ring from the counter, held it out to Refugee. "Put it on, boy," he said.

Refugee's brown eyes were wet as he reached for the ring. "They tole me hit was glass," he said, groping for the ring.

"Who told you it was glass?" Willie asked.

Refugee's voice broke completely, answering. "A gemp-man named Mr. Eisensomethin' over on Eight Avenue."

WILLIE WURTZEL led Refugee out of the store, holding him by the arm. "Boy," he said gently, "there is persons around this town you cannot trust. And it looks to me . . ." Willie summoned all his histrionic ability, holding his voice paternal. "It looks to me like some dirty guy was tryin' to beat you out of your ring."

Refugee nodded his head. Then his face brightened. "Ole Deucy winned?"

"Easy," Willie said absently, mentally calculating he could replace all of Refugee's money in the annuity and still have enough to send the Jewish Welfare Fund an anonymous hundred.

"I guess," Refugee said, "dat Empire City angel was so busy out to de track he let ole Satan slip up into Harlem."

Monkey-shines

Continued from page 17

the famous panda exhibited at the World's Fair and later the property of the Bronx Zoo in New York, there are only four pandas in the United States—two in Chicago and two in St. Louis. The giant panda, Happy, was captured in Szechwan, China, and sold to St. Louis for $5,000; the baby panda, Paopei, was a gift, the greatest windfall a zoo ever had.

The first Mr. Vierheller knew of Paopei was when a cable arrived from William H. Schultz in Chungking, offering the panda for $4,000. The St. Louis people, greatly excited, had no sooner wired their acceptance when a second cable arrived saying Mr. Schultz was making them a gift of the animal. This was a sentimental gesture occasioned by the fact that he had been born in Ferguson, Missouri, and suddenly decided that he wanted to do something for the home folks.

The panda was placed in charge of P. Clifford Domke, an American who had been studying in Chungking, and the journey started. Between Chungking and Hong Kong, the train which was carrying them was twice attacked by Japanese bombers. When the boat arrived in Seattle, Mr. Vierheller was there with a special plane, the gift of Frank Phillips of Bartlesville, Oklahoma, and Paopei eventually arrived in state. The cost for the trip was around $2,000, a mere nothing in contrast to the worth of the baby sensation.

Caring for the chimpanzees in the act is a job in itself. The rooms in which they live are kept at a temperature of 74 all winter. They only appear outdoors in the summer when the temperature is over 70. They have the same normal fever rate as humans, 98.6, and when one catches a cold they all catch it. In training them everything is done by kindness and perseverance. They are never whipped and never threatened. For breakfast they have milk, to which yeast, chocolate and an egg have been added, and crackers with syrup. For lunch they get whatever fruits are in season. For dinner they have bananas and carrots. They never get meat. This is in contrast with the orangutans, which get a mixture of meat and bones.

"When they do five shows on Sunday," adds Leon Smith, the trainer, "we give them a bottle of soda pop or an ice-cream cone or a cigarette as a treat."

Simians with Personality

The chimps are as different in personality as humans. In the St. Louis Six, Swanty is the most mischievous; Sailor cries if he isn't used in the act; Rudy is the best acrobat, is an expert at pin wheels, and really puts it on as a Spanish dancer; Alice is the clown and does the horizontal bar work; Jimmy is the boss, the best performer—and knows it.

The memory of the chimps is amazing. After an absence of three years Edwin A. Lemp, who is a member of the zoo board and an active worker for the institution, came into a room where one of the chimps was performing with his back to the audience. The room was full of people who were between Mr. Lemp and the chimp, but that made no difference. The animal turned around instantly, uttered a happy sound of recognition and rushed over to be greeted by his old friend.

Not only do they know their friends but they refuse to listen to anybody else. Last winter when painters were at work in the monkey house, Jackie and Percy waited patiently until they went off to lunch, parted the bars of their cage, scrambled out and proceeded to splash paint all over the joint. When an astonished reptile keeper happened along and showed signs of disapproval, they chased him out of the place. But with Mr. Vierheller's arrival, they halted their artistic work immediately, leaped into his arms and cried remorsefully.

"Plain fakes," says Mr. Vierheller, trying to be stern. "They weren't sorry a bit."

The Life of Riley

This year the chimps have their own arena that seats 3,500 people, also something new in the world. The stage is open and roofed over. No iron bars. No protective netting of any kind. There is, however, a small moat around the platform and a second one beyond that. They are hidden from the spectators by hedge rows but the chimps can see them. They like to play and splash in the water but not when it's up to their necks. The roof is supported by four posts and there was some worry about keeping the chimps from climbing up and staying there, but that also has been solved.

"We have a charged electric wire at the top of each post," explains Mr. Lemp, who helped design the arena. "One mild shock and they haven't been back there since."

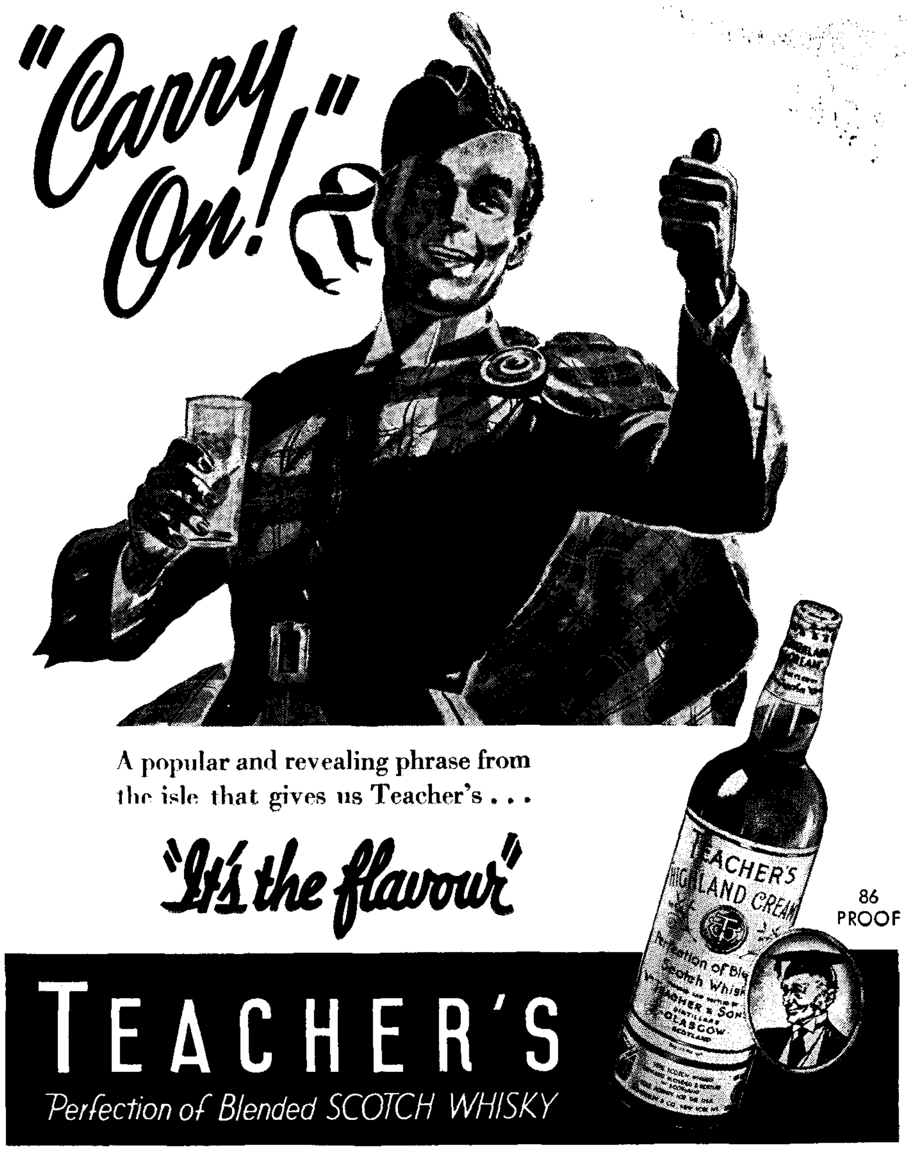
The most expensive animal in the St. Louis menagerie is the Indian rhinoceros, which set them back $8,800 and is said to be the costliest beast in captivity. African rhinoceroses are plentiful but there are only two of the Indian variety in America, the other being in New York. But the simians are the Zoo's first love. They are treated more like potentates than humans. When Mr. Vierheller went down to New York to meet Jerry, the noted orangutan, he kept him for two days in the Hotel Plaza, living in state. Coming back in the train, Jerry occupied a lower berth in a drawing room.

When the chimps are around ten years old, they get too wise for their own good and have to be taken out of the show. They eventually reach a weight of 175 pounds and have been known to live to thirty-five years Jackie, Sammy, Lady and Percy, all famous, are now around fifteen. It may only be imagination, but Jackie seems to understand human speech. When a question requires a negative answer he shakes his head in disapproval; when it needs a "Yes" answer, he nods his dome approvingly.

But Sammy is this year's favorite because of an incident that happened this spring. A lady of some prominence arrived armed with letters of introduction from prominent persons. She was also an amateur authority on zoos, with quite decided views. If they showed her the lions, she thought the collection in London was much better. The birds, she felt, were better represented in Tokyo or some place. The Bronx Zoo, she was reluctant to say, had done more with reptiles.

When the party reached Sammy's cage, he sensed immediately that Mr. Vierheller was polite but well fed up with his visitor. Whereupon Sammy took a sip of water from his receptacle, looked at her calmly through the bars —and sprayed her.

"I gave him a good talking-to later about that," says Mr. Vierheller sternly, "but he just looked at me."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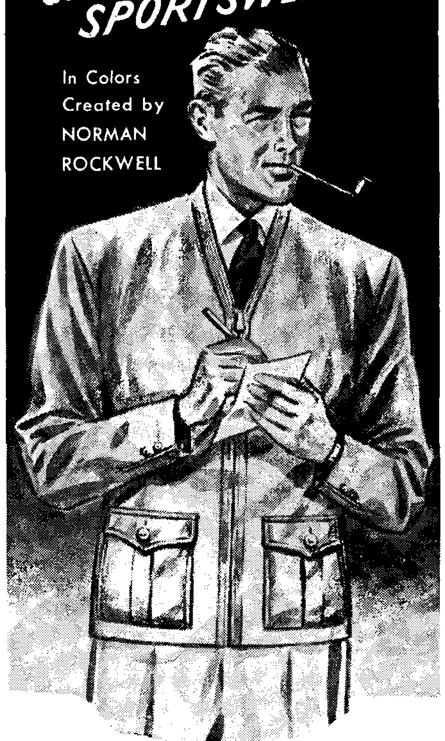

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Our New Army

Continued from page 14

David a patented potato peeler of latest design. Now, when Pvt. Beed isn't cranking the gadget himself, he rents it out for handsome sums. Incidentally, World War I soldiers snort and sneer when they read about the chromium-plated labor-saving gimmicks the Army is adopting. What some of these veterans don't take into consideration is that an hour of maneuvers is worth a lot more to a man than an hour of disrobing a bushel of future fried potatoes.

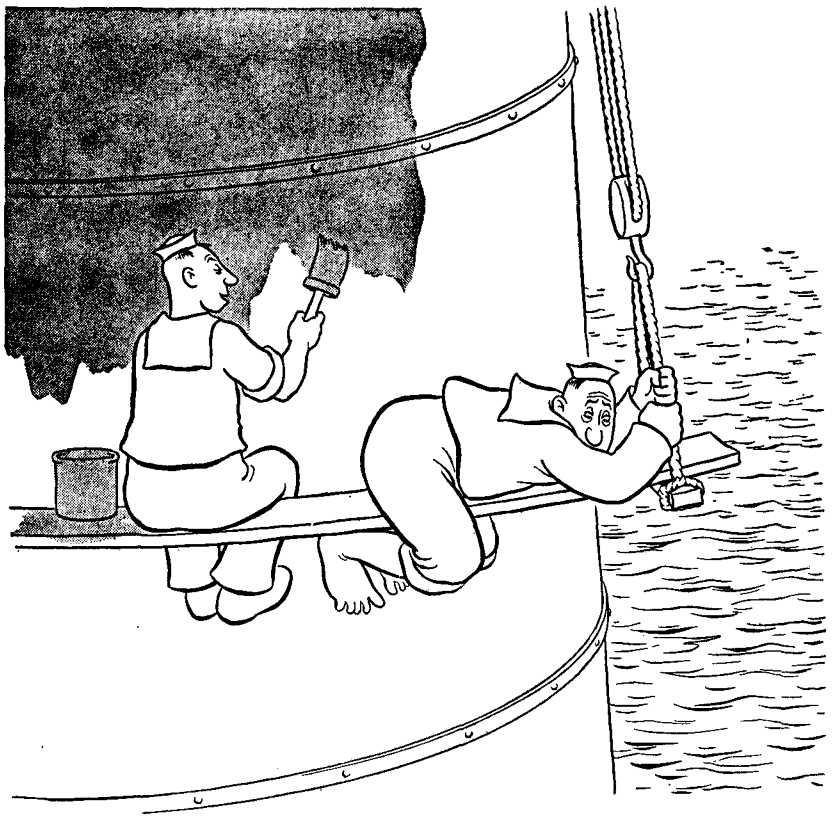
CAMP LIVINGSTON. Letters from Collier's Cartoonist Pvt. Dave Breger of Co. B, 71st Qm. Btn.: "My Army life is being spent almost exclusively in a glorified repair shop on wheels. Function of our company is to run around (in war or on maneuvers) repairing everything in sight except morals. My own job is Keeper of the Tools; I'm in charge of a huge truck with built-in cabinets containing over a thousand highly specialized tools and gadgets. A driver, mechanic and two supply assistants are my crew. My responsibility is a grave (if not difficult) one and I'm seeing to it that I don't become known as Bottleneck Breger. Because we are so highly specialized an outfit necessitating so much equipment (some of which we still lack), we won't take part in maneuvers until September, during which time our mechanized repair area will include Louisiana, Texas and Mississippi, no less. After that, who knows?"

FLORIDA

CAMP BLANDING, Starke. The 31st and 43d divisions are on maneuvers in Louisiana, but the camp is far from deserted. More than 7,000 soldiers, in the form of station complement, corps units and guards, were left behind and more are scheduled to arrive during the next five weeks. Largest single outfit on hand is the 74th F.A. Brigade, composed of Georgia and New Hampshire Regulars and selectees. Also on hand is a battalion of colored Engineers from Michigan and Illinois, with a second battalion due any minute. Florida selectees will continue to be received at Blanding but, because all Blanding units are up to strength, the new men will be scattered around from Fort Devens, Mass., to Fort Ord, Cal. Officers are heaving sighs of relief at not having to assimilate rookies into trained units. It had to be done last fall and winter before the replacement centers (where a selectee gets his basic training) got rolling and some of the older Army men got the screaming meemies at the mess it made.

MAYBE the Army craftily figured it out, or maybe it was accidental. Anyway, men of the Dixie and New England divisions were flat busted when they left camp for Louisiana. What happened was, they were paid off July 3d and the dough went into a long week-end blowout; then, with six days on the road ahead of them beginning July 26th, the boys got the bad news that next payday wouldn't be until August 8th. It was a sad bunch of 38,000 guys that pulled out of Blanding, but none of them got lost en route. None of them could have afforded to. Is this a system?

SOMETIME when the Army stylists have nothing much on their minds, they ought to cook up a sensible uniform for summer wear. In the South, particularly, enlisted men sweat copiously, officers perspire and the feminine contingents of hospital staffs glow after thirty minutes of any activity. In fact, they all get wringing wet. The present basic cotton material is all right, but what the officers and men want is less of it. Something on the order of the garb John Bull hands out to his men in the tropics. Said one Dixie Division officer: "A summer outfit consisting of a sports-type shirt, no tie and khaki shorts would make things a thousand times more pleasant, and certainly we'd have a far more efficient Army. Ventilation is what we don't get now. A collar, no matter how soft, and a tie cut off air circulation around the neck, and the buttoned cuff around the wrist suffocates the arm. Everybody but the War Department seems to know that cool wrists have a cooling effect on the entire body. Long trousers are hellish in hot weather. Of course, shorts would expose a lot of knobby knees and hairy legs, but who cares? It would be better than sealing every soldier up from chin to ankles in a device to promote perspiration and a bodily temperature equal to that sought in the treatment of patients in a hospital for nervous diseases."


"Well, it's your own fault if you're scared. I told you not to look down, and now you went and did it"

F. HUMFREVILLE

MASSACHUSETTS

FORT DEVENS, Ayer. Black-out maneuvers at night without lights are bad enough on foot or in a truck but they're worse on horseback. Most of the 101st Cavalry have quite a time working out problems in the heavily wooded terrain near the fort, but the boys in Troop B find the going easier by using phosphorescent taillights. One of the lads ran across a decayed log one night, noticed the phosphorous glow, got an idea, tried it out, decided it would work. Now, when B Troop stumbles out into the dark, every horse has a hunk of log tied to its tail. The name of the genius was not divulged.

KANSAS

FORT RILEY. Eight months ago 2,600 civilian workers rolled up their sleeves at Republican Flats and 113 days later this cavalry replacement center, with accommodations for nearly 8,000 men, was finished. Located two miles from a monument marking the geographical center of the U. S., the post is staffed by 169 officers and 923 enlisted men representing all cavalry regiments except the Philippine Scouts, whose job it is to make horsemen out of pedestrians. With few exceptions, trainees are made, not born, riders; and their initial surprise at being designated cavalrymen is followed by awe of what is demanded of them. They catch on, though. In thirteen weeks of intensive training the recruit learns to handle a horse over any terrain under any conditions and at any gait, learns to care for his animal and equipment, and qualifies for dismounted action. All with neatness and dispatch.

THE 6,000 selectees now at Riley play a lot of baseball but arguments with the umpires are practically nil. First Sergeants Charles E. Kuhn and Glen Richardson call the turns on the ball field with the same antiarguing tactics they use on the parade ground, so there's just no room for discussion.

CALIFORNIA

PRESIDIO OF SAN FRANCISCO. You'd have expected that brass hats around Ninth Corps Area and Fourth Army Headquarters would have hit the ceiling when rumors were aired in Congress that "many soldiers had been killed" during summer maneuvers, particularly in motor accidents during black-outs. No such thing happened, because the officers were glad to get such reports out into the open; it cleared the way for official denials, which might have sounded suspiciously unnecessary until then. Weird stories have been circulating since maneuvers began in the rugged and isolated Hunter Liggett Reservation; hundreds of soldiers have written or told parents and acquaintances of "mysterious" tragedies. Most popular of the Pacific Coast rumors was that "dozens of men were killed or injured" in motor-vehicle accidents at night along the mountain grade on the reservation. "At least 100 fellows were killed by snake bites alone" was another; and third place went to the rumor about the soldier whose finger froze on the trigger during machine-gun practice so that "he chopped a whole platoon to pieces before somebody knocked him cold and silenced the machine gun." All old stuff to old-timers but good meat for "the gossiping Gussies in pants." Civilians spread the epidemic, too. Every soldier who stopped at a farmhouse for a drink of water became "a poor lad who was dying of thirst"; and if he said, sure, he was tired of field rations and wouldn't mind a sandwich, he was pictured as "absolutely on the verge of starvation—and he looked simply terrible." He probably did look terrible. They all looked terrible, because few bothered to shave. Officers agree that the maneuvers were tough. They will get increasingly tough, and casualty lists are expected to increase as hundreds more pieces of motorized equipment are added; but when the number of men on maneuvers is considered the accident rate compares favorably with the normal accident rate in civilian life. Officers don't expect to stop the spreading of rumors; all they ask is that friends and relatives bear in mind that one of the principal duties of Army public-relations officers is to see that the public is advised of every serious accident. "If it's bad news," says a Fourth Army officer, "and you haven't seen it in print, don't believe it."

CAMP SAN LUIS OBISPO. Co. A, 98th Qm. Btn. recruits get their first lesson in field bakery oven firing from Pvt. Floyd Carter. "It's easy," says Pvt. Carter. "Watch." He goes whoosh, a tongue of fire leaps out of his mouth, and the oven gets going. Sooner or later the recruits learn that Pvt. Carter used to be a fire-eater in a circus.

WASHINGTON

FORT LEWIS, Tacoma. One of the members of the Seventh Infantry gave his girl a regimental pin, which bears the Latin inscription, *Volens et Potens.* "What," said she, "does this motto mean?" Replied he: "Willing and Able." Sniffing, the gal returned the pin.

FORT CASEY, Puget Sound. Last February this post, one of the triangle of forts guarding the entrance to the Sound, consisted of a Spanish-American War site, a few old barracks, Sgt. William Nelson and ten soldiers. Today there are about 5,000 men on hand, mostly from Detroit and Chicago, who boast about the superiority of their salt-water breezes over those of near-by Forts Flagler and Worden. Casey is miles from any big city; it's on Whidby, exceeded only by Long Island as the continental United States' largest insular area. Nearest center is sleepy Coupeville, where the biggest excitement is the annual canoe race between

Indian tribes in the vicinity. The city boys, however, seem to go for the secluded life. Casey has a guardhouse but no cells, and hasn't needed one yet.

Coupeville didn't realize it had so many young girls in the neighborhood until the soldiers hit town. Now every girl from fourteen up, from any farm in the area, has a boy friend. Saturday-night dances are well attended; the only thing the city sophisticates don't like is the music. Post Adjutant Lt. G. W. Hodgson has a theory that somebody walked down the main street of Coupeville (pop. 325), picked the first seven guys he found and made them musicians. The boys say that no matter what the band plays it sounds like a schottische. The gals back home needn't worry. Every eastbound soldier on furlough carries a string of personal messages from pining soldiers, and every battery on the post has been visited by four or five Midwest mice who have driven all the way out West to see their khaki crushes.

Work at the post means plenty of hikes and manning the twelve-inch guns. Commanding Officer Lt. Col. Bell gives out freely with surprise alerts, and the boys are used to scramming from the ball field, getting into uniform and dashing over the hills to the big guns in twenty minutes. Lots of the men have never been away from the city before; they get a kick out of rabbit hunting, salmon fishing in the Sound and just plain hiking. There's not the civilian soldier-antipathy on Whidby such as is found at Tacoma, where Fort Lewis soldiers often wear civvies so they won't be snubbed.

RECOIL

VARIOUS Army officers and N.C.O.'s have pointed out the error of our ways in stating that mess sergeants are having a helluva time trying to get by on "a field-ration figure of twenty-two cents" (Collier's, Aug. 2d). What seems to be the case is that the field-ration figure is actually as large or larger than the garrison figure of forty-two cents; further, that the mess sergeant doesn't concern himself with the buying. In the field, expert dietitians in each Corps Area work up balanced meals for one month and distribute monthly menus (and a list of what it will take to make them up) to all organizations; then a purchasing agency, called the Market Center, buys the vittles, which are distributed by the sales officer. "The poor old mess sergeant," writes Retired Corp. T. H. Mills, from Chicago, "has always had a headache—it's that kind of a job—but the sales officer has a right to a headache if anyone has." Anyway, here's a sample of field-ration menu; in fact, it's what men in the Sixth Corps Area will eat come Tuesday, September 16th: Breakfast: Fresh peaches, rolled oats, fresh milk, fried eggs, diced potatoes, toast, butter, coffee, milk, sugar. Dinner: Roast beef, pan gravy, sage dressing, mashed potatoes, cauliflower, cucumber and tomato salad, French dressing, rice custard, bread, butter, lemonade, sugar. Supper: Italian spaghetti, meat sauce, fried cabbage, celery, baked apples, bread, butter, cocoa, milk, sugar.

WE'VE been challenged to a duel "with swordfish at twenty paces in front of the nearest P-X at daybreak" in an editorial entitled Quit It, Collier's! published in the Fort Wood News at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. Twice, the editors maintain, we've mentioned the fort, each time "vilifying, traducing and downright insulting the post." All we write about, they continue, is their trash heaps and near-by gambling joints. Nothing about the elegant Service Club and the fine work of the morale officers. In defense, we point to our Fort Wood reports of March 22d and April 26th, in which there is no whisper of gambling joints and trash heaps. Partly to atone for not printing the kind of news the Fort Wood News would like to have us print, we gladly report that during June, drivers of the hundred vehicles of the Engineer Replacement Center at the fort operated a total of 88,000 miles with but one accident for every 22,000 miles. Total accident cost was $16.37. But just to pave the way for another duel we beg to report that the above-named editorial was clipped from a copy of the Fort Woods News and sent to us by five privates who don't agree with it and who think this department is wonderful.

NOTE to gals who want to write to lonely soldiers: This column doesn't know of any at present. Please do not write and ask for names of same. The amount of perfumed mail flooding this office is appalling.

SIGNED: Desperate.

G. W.

What Price Henderson

Continued from page 18

to Millville to play a few innings of third base on the high-school team. It was an interesting life. For driving the school bus he got two dollars a week.

After supper, which, as far as we've been able to learn, consisted chiefly of clams in various guises, he gathered and wrote religious and society news for the Republican and Daily Reporter. Sometimes this called for more than polite inquiries and jottings. During Leon's last summer of this, before leaving for Swarthmore College, the Reverend Doctor George Wood Anderson, an evangelist, pitched his tent in Millville. Mr. Anderson and all his works were left to the journalistic genius of Leon Henderson, who acquitted himself with an energy hitherto unsuspected. Not only did Leon take down the nightly sermon in full but he wrote inspirational interviews with the saved and topped it off with a column of Andersongrams at least one of which, boiled down to its essence by Henderson's swift pen, lived—A Man May Be Down, but Never Out. As a journalist Henderson got two cents an inch. Unhappily the editors did not publish all that he wrote; otherwise he'd have gone to Swarthmore an extremely wealthy man. It was an educational life, too.

We asked Mr. Henderson what he did after his nightly chores for the newspaper—go home to bed?

"Sure," said he. "After seeing my girl."

"Girl?"

"Certainly. What the hell."

Lots of Time for Everything

We've gone into Henderson's active boyhood in some detail that we, like Horatio Alger, might point a moral. From the humble South Jersey choring set forth above, Mr. Henderson has exploded into his current important and almost international renown. And we shall conduct you through a typical Hendersonian day in Washington if for no other reason than to display the rewards of youthful diligence, perseverance and piety.

Today, aged forty-six he lies abed

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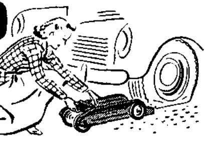

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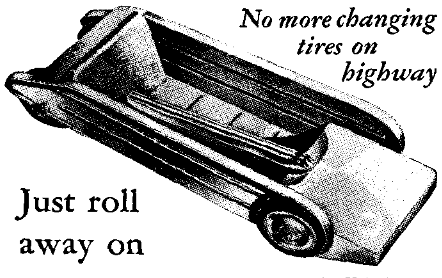

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DOCTORS WARN

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until five-fifteen instead of leaping out of the hay at four-twenty. He has breakfast at an all-night coffeepot where a radio and several taxi drivers report to him the night's local and foreign mishaps. Thus he arrives at his office at six-thirty, fairly conversant with who got drunk, nationally and internationally. While devouring a large, anti-Havana cigar, purchased sight-unseen at the coffeepot, Mr. Henderson reads two Washington newspapers. This is done with the Henderson unpolished shoes on the desk and amid salvos of Henderson unpolished language. In about ten minutes he knows about all that the newspapers have to add to what he heard at the coffeepot. A brief but acutely profane discourse upon the follies of mankind follows; and we regret more than we can tell you that we're unable to set same down here.

Then Henderson goes to work. Before leaving the office on the previous evening, his five secretaries whose feet are killing them have laid a mass of reports on his desk. Having read the newspapers, Henderson reads the reports, which always provoke much vigorous criticism. That done, he lays out the day's schedules for his aides, assistants and advisers. The advice offered by the latter consists of what the rest of the government is doing, not what OPACS should do. Only the White House tells Henderson what to do. And about the only man who may tell him how to do it is Bernard Mannes Baruch, the aging, towering genius of President Wilson's War Industries Board in 1918.

Until eight o'clock, then, he becomes a human assembly line—writing notes to fifteen or twenty assistants, correcting testimony that he is to give before a Congressional Committee, jotting down ten hitherto impossible jobs for ten assistants with demands for full reports thereon by three in the afternoon and analyzing several pieces of pending legislation, scribbling suggested amendments, deletions and rewordings as he goes along. By this time his office begins to look as if it had been raided and it's only eight o'clock. However, his five secretaries arrive with baskets, gather up the debris and proceed to reduce it to twenty or thirty pages of neat typing.

Reading with an Accompaniment

Mr. Henderson, his feet back on the desk, devotes the next forty-five minutes to a searching perusal of four newspapers—the New York Times, the Philadelphia Record, the Journal of Commerce and the Wall Street Journal. This reading is given character by an obbligato of groans, growls, shouts, imprecations, curses and demonstrations of approval. He is the only man we know who can clap his hands while holding a newspaper and not lose his place. To spice up these forty-five minutes the telephone rings frequently. Still reading, Mr. Henderson answers. His contribution to the telephonic conversation is usually brief—"Hello—yes—yes—when—who—sure—hell no." And by now the office begins to look like the last night of an American Legion Convention. It is eight forty-five.

Stenographers appear and Mr. Henderson begins to dictate. The ordinary stenographer would last an hour or so before the screamies got her. But Mr. Henderson's stenographers seem to get along fine. Anyway, they retire to their typewriters without facial twitchings at nine-thirty when Mr. Henderson's staff plus department heads march in to hearken to what is on the Henderson mind. Unlike aluminum, rubber, tin and steel, there always is plenty of this and no one need beg for priorities.

He tells them what he did outside the office the day before and whom he saw—Jesse Jones, Bill Knudsen and the like—and what they said and what he said—plenty. He had an hour with the Big Four—the Vice President, the Speaker and the majority leaders. What they said about price-control legislation he relays to his audience. He has discovered in the morning papers that somebody in his organization revealed confidential information to a columnist. He appoints a committee of his aides to look into it, discover who did the informing and, if it was done willfully, fire the guy. Sometimes the guy gets fired too, although once the committee traced the leak right back to Henderson—discovering, however, that it wasn't willful.

Coercion? Of Course!

The rest of the day is devoted to consultations with officials from the White House and Capitol Hill and to invoking nineteen Henderson ways to discourage manufacturers, jobbers and retailers who either yearn to boost prices or who have already boosted. His legal rights to keep prices within reasonable bounds are as yet somewhat amorphous, but this is soon to be remedied by new and supplementary legislation.

"Mother, try to be fair about it—does Bob Feller sit around minding babies?" WHITNEY DARROW, JR.

As we trotted along with Mr. Henderson he was depending more upon his friend the President's legal sanctions and his own daring and ingenuity than clear law. Price-kiters, particularly in the heavy industries—war materials for example—are threatened with publicity, with transportation difficulties, with loss of raw-materials priorities. And this usually works. If a manufacturer is stubborn, announcing that he'll do precisely what he pleases and that he is within the law, he is treated to an exhibition of Hendersonian hackle-rising plus cunning.

"Sure, mister, you're within the law. But you're also in business. You're in business to make profits. If you don't get government contracts and raw materials, if you can't get your goods delivered promptly, you don't make profits. Listen, ain't a reasonable profit better than none?"

Occasionally the manufacturer replies with some heat that this amounts to coercion. He adds that it's practically blackmail. Anyway, it's un-American and illegal and he, for one, is not to be bluffed into standing for it.

Then Henderson becomes entirely sympathetic, admitting it's coercion and blackmail. But he adds that that's the way it is and that he doubts very much whether the manufacturer desires the publicity attending a defense in court of profiteering.

"However, if you must go to court," adds Mr. Henderson, "I advise you to hurry. We have a few pieces of pending legislation which are darbs—price-fixing, profit taxation and the like, with penalties. Mister, see your lawyers. If they don't tell you to play ball with me, fire them because in that case they're lousy lawyers. And drop in any time."

Others he treats somewhat differently. Having some trouble with one of the most important heavy industries, he telephoned to one of that industry's most powerful moguls—a most implacable hater of Roosevelt and all he stands for. Mr. Henderson merely asked this gentleman to come to Washington and, in the name of The Crisis, advise him. For half an hour the Old Dealer told Henderson what he thought of the New Deal.

"New Deal, hell," cried Henderson. "I'm in a jam."

"To get what you want," was the reply, "you'd play ball with the devil himself, wouldn't you?"

"Sure," said Henderson. "I'll be looking for you, Satan."

Anything Can Happen Here

And Satan came, stayed a month, fought his own industry into a reasonable attitude and departed threatening to smack down anybody who didn't agree with him that this guy Henderson was one hell of a smart mug.

For the next two hours almost anything is liable to happen. Mr. Henderson's progress becomes somewhat florid, hectic, rushed. Perhaps he has lunch at the White House where he advocates immediate slap-down legislation to apply to nose-thumbing manufacturers, processers and wholesalers who defy his efforts to keep the cost of living within the wage earner's sight. He is urged to be calm, told that Congress has to be worked on a little more before it will agree to direct, drastic legislation. Whereat, as calm as a general-alarm fire, Mr. Henderson canters off to harangue motorcar manufacturers, furniture makers and representatives of five or six other industries who think that prices are far too low. Running a temperature, Mr. Henderson leaves them to discuss aluminum, scrap and zinc with Messrs. Knudsen and Hillman at the Office of Production Management.

The telephone rings on Mr. Knudsen's desk. Mr. Henderson's secretary is on the wire reminding Henderson that he has an appointment to discuss installment credit with Mr. Eccles. This takes him up to four-thirty when he rockets back to his own office to do a bit of telephoning. On this particular day he took it relatively easy. He made only twenty calls to bankers, oilmen, congressmen, his own scouts, coal operators, steelmakers and the like—two of them to San Francisco. Between calls he ran over a radio talk he was to make the next night, wrote seven checks, accepted five invitations to address business organizations and declined six, dictated four memoranda and five letters and drank three glasses of iced tea. At six o'clock he met Mr. Baruch on a park bench—and listened. He had a date with Jesse Jones at seven forty-five for dinner but managed to patch up a quarrel, in a hotel lobby, between a group of economists and another of statisticians and analysts. After dinner he slowed down a bit, limiting himself to refereeing a brawl between a municipal bus-transportation crowd and the Army. After that as relaxation before going to bed he played bridge, becoming enraged only five or six times. It's a very active life.

"So Leon Socks Him"

What Mr. Henderson will be able eventually to do about prices, from tanks to eggs, remains to be seen. We are trying only to give you a snatch of description of the man himself. Under existing law, dating back to 1917, he is backed by powers of near-confiscation with which to compel industrialists to co-operate. So is the President—with more to come. But the Administration prefers to view this as a last resort.

Physically, he's a powerful guy. He looks something like an older Orson Welles and in temperament, mental processes and complete disdain for precedent operates very much like the Hollywood Heatwave. Three quarters of the anecdotes told about him conclude with the same words: "So Leon socks this guy in the nose and takes a shiner in exchange." He's one of the very few original New Dealers who has what it takes to survive the collapse of Utopia. Even in those treble-clef days before Munich, Henderson despised dewy eyes.

With some financial assistance from an uncle, he heaved himself into Swarthmore College. Once in, he supported himself by working in the college canteen, clerking in a bank, stenography, minding sleeping children at night while their parents gadded, gardening, digging cellars and drainage ditches, selling greeting cards, playing professional football and basketball, refereeing and, in his senior year, teaching business administration, commercial geography and economics to freshmen at Wharton School, University of Pennsylvania. These are but a few of the jobs he turned a large, eager hand to. He'd take any job offered, preferring to find out later whether he could do it or not. There was nothing All-America about his college athletics but his efforts are still remembered. Hearing that a tough tackle could get a job playing professional football at Hazleton, Pennsylvania, he applied and talked himself in. In the coal regions football was not ruined by rules. A minimum of attention was paid to the ball. Victory usually went to the team still on its feet when the last whistle sounded. Leon got twenty-five dollars a game. It was a turbulent life.

He studied and taught at Wharton School and Carnegie Institute of Technology. He crap-shot his way to Europe and back, bicycling his way through Germany and France, to the great astonishment of many natives and officials. In the meantime he had enlisted in the Army Quartermaster Corps in 1917, emerging a captain. And presently, after a series of explosive lectures on the Chautauqua circuit, he was hired by Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania to be deputy secretary of the commonwealth. In a couple of years he almost depopulated Harrisburg of its serried ranks of completely unnecessary jobholders. His salary was $5,000 a year. When Mr. Pinchot went out of office and the spoils boys took over, Henderson's job was divided into five jobs paying a total of $28,900 and Pennsylvania was normal again.

From thence he vaulted into a job with the Russell Sage Foundation in New York—Director of Remedial Loans. The job belied its perfumed title. Actually it involved licking loan sharks. The salary was not large but Leon would have taken it for the exercise. With commendable vigor Mr. Henderson made life as miserable as possible for loan sharks in a dozen states—particularly the chain usurers who did a piratical interstate business of ten per cent interest on two-week loans. Where there were laws to be invoked, he invoked them. Where there weren't he simply enlisted the co-operation of the cops, poor men themselves. Loan sharks, salary buyers and strong-arm usurers were mysteriously but painfully beaten up, arrested for third-degree vagrancy (whatever that is) and cast into the least sanitary cells in the oldest available cooler. This latter always had a demoralizing effect on the richer loan sharks who, after spending a night or so arguing with cockroaches and rats, seemed eager to agree to leave those parts forever.

Never Mind the Law

Once Mr. Henderson tried without success to get possession of a big loan shark's books. An inspiration came to him. He prevailed upon the superintendent of the building, himself a loan-shark's victim, to dispossess the usurer. While the shark was getting his things, including his books, together awaiting the moving van, he was lured out by a fake telephone call. And while thus decoyed, Mr. Henderson and the cops stepped in, snatched the books and ran for it. The books sent the shark to jail. Thoroughly but commendably illegal.

Mr. Henderson entered the service of his country through the National Recovery Administration. If you'll think hard you'll remember that the NRA was run by one Brigadier General Hugh Johnson, whose politest alias in those uprooting days was Ironpants. Leon, charging up and down the land with shreds of loan sharks in his teeth, got his relaxation in telling the foregathered spectators what he'd do if he bossed the NRA. And presently, above the din, a few of the choicer Hendersonian phrases got as far as the general's hairy ears. The general, thinking to put a stop to this, sent for Mr. Henderson and Mr. Henderson appeared in Washington with magical rapidity, his hands still warm from a loan shark's throat.

We weren't at that memorable meeting; but we're assured that the meeting of two well-matched panzer divisions is an inadequate comparison. The language sent three union plasterers, repairing the general's office after his battle with the poultry industry, home for the day. The shouting woke up the Department of Commerce next door to the NRA—which gives you some idea. By the time the police arrived, Leon was working for the general. And they got along in beautiful discord until the Supreme Court threw them both out and the NRA with them.

In quick succession Henderson wore out several important federal jobs, the President using him as a track-clearing trouble shooter and bouncing him from post to post, profiting hugely from Henderson's vast energy, his swift intelligence and belligerent honesty. The easiest job he had was semiofficial—economist for the Democratic National Committee in the 1936 campaign. He tossed that one off with a large left hand.

Ironpants Gives Up

Harry Hopkins grabbed him into the WPA as an economist and statistician, a job he discharged without a tear in his eye. But he produced facts that to some of Mr. Hopkins' staff had a very brutal sound. That done, he became executive secretary of the Temporary National Economic Commission. We've forgotten what that was. It doesn't matter. But his next job came from Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold, who took him on as his aide in the congressional investigation of monopolies. Mr. Henderson is not a lawyer, not that it matters. Mr. Arnold can talk even louder than General Johnson who, dropping in upon Messrs. Arnold and Henderson one day while they were discussing something, departed with tears in his eyes, muttering: "Guess I must be getting old or something." It was a very noisy life.

From the sound and fury of the Arnold offices Leon, whom any baseball manager would recognize at once as a dangerous switch hitter, was transferred to the more cloistered Securities and Exchange Commission. Here his crashing enthusiasm for smacking down the potential or actual malefactor was tempered by the dry-iced scholarship of Jerome Frank, chairman of the commission.

As boss of the Office of Price Administration and Control he beseeches Congress and the country to prepare for a long war. A long-drawn-out war means eventual price control of the most rigid sort, says he; so why not start without panic now?

He thinks it would be a major mistake to give any one man, including himself, mind you, arbitrary powers to fix commodity prices. He'd fix and control them but not before hard-boiled deliberation with other units of government. Every phase of cause and effect, supply and demand, should be scrutinized, says he, before a price is fixed. Two authorities he'd ignore: the gulping profiteer and the self-seeking politician. He's inflation's foe and offers a preventive prescription—compulsory saving, price control, expansion of production and heavy taxation.

He is married, the father of three children—Myrlie Beebe, Lyn and Leon. He plays golf—characteristically—socking them far and wide, quite wide. He bangs around the Chesapeake Bay in a power boat which, too, is characteristic—blunt, wide, powerful, efficient and noisy. When he gets a chance he takes Mrs. Henderson and the kids to Wild Rose Shores. They leap into the boat, get going, turn the radio on full power and sing. It's a lusty life and the hell with Alexander Pope.

"...with but a Single Thought"

YOUNG minds in tune... each agreed how wonderful the other... each keen on new styles, new records, new dances. At the moment, agreed that the sodas before them "hit the spot." And to them, appetite appeal and cleanliness go hand in hand.

For these youngsters of the new generation are health conscious... increasingly aware of the importance of safeguarding it. On all sides they see evidences of the public's awakening to the dangers of the common drinking vessel. These fresh crisp Dixie Cups at the fountain (there for their health) are but one example.

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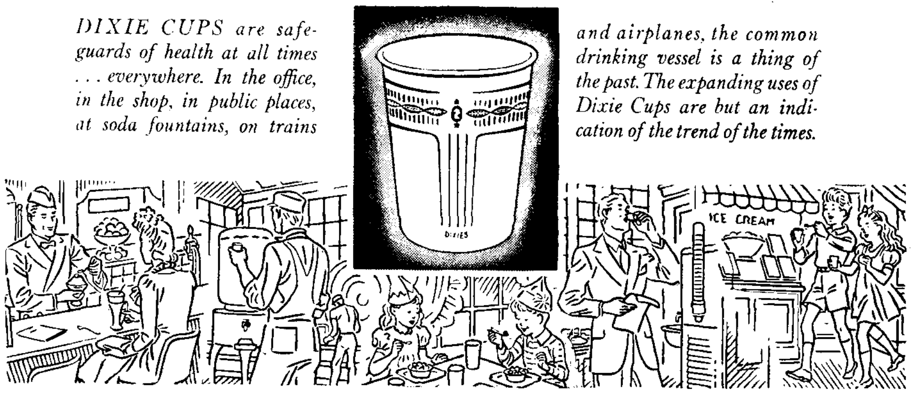

Collier's

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Trader Hitler

WE'VE just read a gruesome book, You Can't Do Business with Hitler, by Douglas Miller (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1941, $1.50, 229 pp.) Gruesome though it is, we'll join with Wendell Willkie, John Kieran and numerous other observers in commending the book to the careful attention of the American people.

The book considers the chances of an adjustment between American business and German business in case Hitler either beats Britain or establishes Germany as the dominant power in Europe. Mr. Miller's opinion is that no such adjustment is possible in either case; and Mr. Miller was U. S. Commercial Attaché at Berlin from 1925 to 1939, or for eight years before and six years after Adolf Hitler's rise to power in Germany.

Mr. Miller's thesis, as we get it, boils down to this:

That Hitler feels in his bones that it is not right for anybody to make a profit out of any deal in which a German is involved, except the German . . . that Hitler hopes, after knocking out Britain, to rig a German empire, sprawling over all Europe and deep into Asia and Africa, which will be so nearly self-sufficient that it can trade with the rest of the world strictly on German terms . . . that this empire will rest on slave labor, the slaves being everybody in Hitler's domains except the members of the Nazi party, who are the *Herrenvolk* (superior people) ordained of Wotan to exploit the earth—though the Nazis for the time being are telling the rest of the Germans that all Germans are *Herrenvolk*.

Hitler's cardinal principle, as Mr. Miller sees it, is the gangster tenet that a smart, conscienceless person or nation can live on his or its debts and make the creditors do all the suffering.

Once Hitler is unchallenged master of Europe, Mr. Miller foresees him hemming us in remorselessly, until at last we are able to sell only in North and Central America and the Caribbean. Then, the moment we let our guard down, Mr. Miller looks for some sort of physical conquest of the United States by the German empire.

We're pugnaciously American enough to discount some of these gloomy forebodings; to believe that American resource, ingenuity and courage still have a lot of tricks up their sleeves.

But we also think it is only common sense for Americans to acquaint themselves with all possible dangers to their economy and ways of life, as a matter of earthquake and hurricane insurance. Certainly this book is a jolt between the eyes for anybody who thinks we can shut ourselves up in an economic and political ivory tower and let the rest of the world go by.

We hope You Can't Do Business with Hitler has a wide and careful reading all over this country. In these times, it is the duty of all of us to bend attentive and respectful ears to anybody who comes along making a noise like Paul Revere.

Is Hoarding Wise?

THE other day we asked a lady whose judgment we respect whether she was laying in any extra household goods of which shortages are threatened because of the defense program. Here's the gist of her reply:

"No, I don't believe in hoarding anything. Remember the people in the last war who laid in a lot of sugar, and were stuck with it when prices went down again? Well, I'm confident we're going to have shortages of various things; but I don't believe in rushing around frantically trying to head off sacrifices in one's own case.

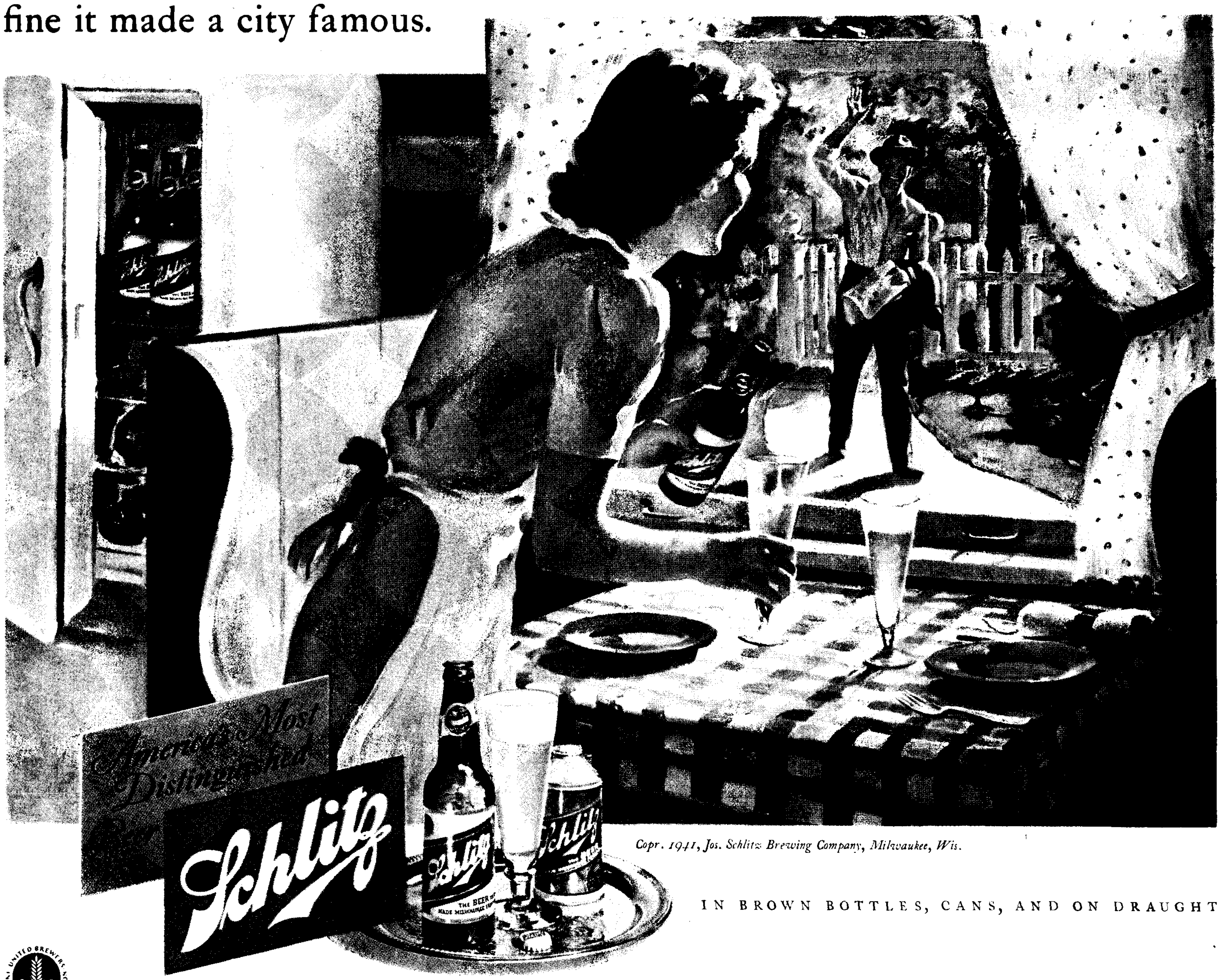
"What I say is, let's all take the approaching unpleasantness together, like good sports. Why try to cut one another's throats?

"I think the person who takes these deprivations like a sport is likely going to come out all right in the long run, while the person who tries to be ultrasmart and cagey about it all is most likely to wind up eventually by thoroughly outsmarting himself.

"Especially," our friend finished with a wicked twinkle of the eye, "when you remember that the Washington smarties themselves don't know what we're going to be short of, and make entirely different predictions about it every fifteen minutes."

All of which struck us as about as sane a comment as could be made on the fast-arriving spell of shortages of materials and the use of makeshifts.

Coming home from a day's hard work, it's a truly happy husband who finds Schlitz at the evening meal! • With quail-on-toast or plain round steak, the *thoughtful* wife of millionaire or mechanic serves America's most distinguished beer • That famous flavor found only in Schlitz is within reach of everybody. It revives the tired taste, brings cheer to any spread. There is no substitute for a beer so fine it made a city famous.


America's Most Distinguished Beer
Schlitz
Schlitz
The Beer that made Milwaukee famous
Schlitz

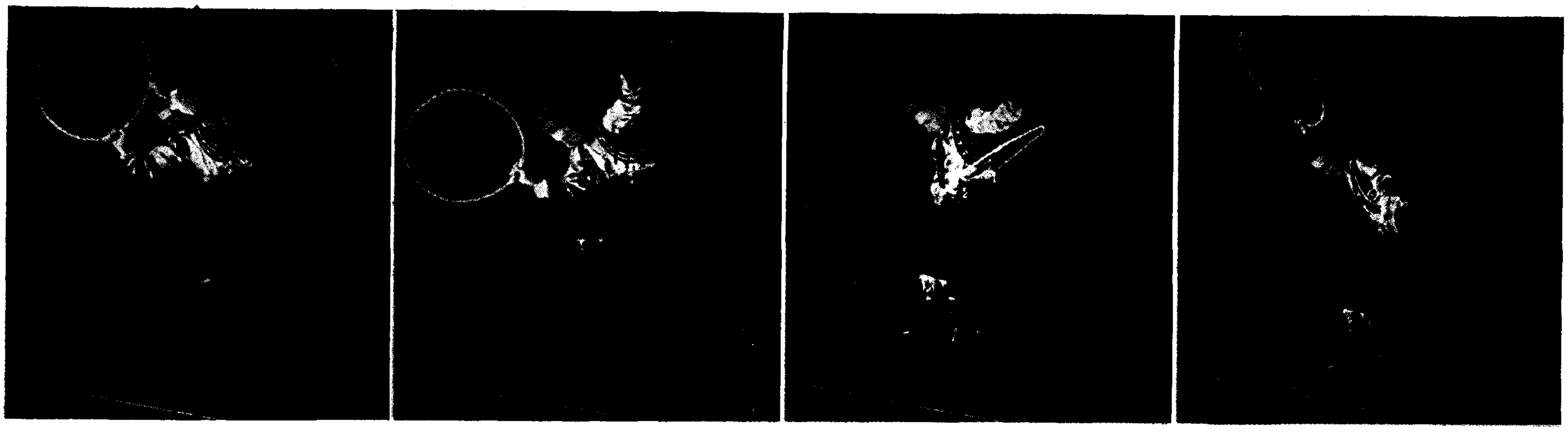
Copr. 1941, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

IN BROWN BOTTLES, CANS, AND ON DRAUGHT

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

WHIRLWIND ON WIRE!

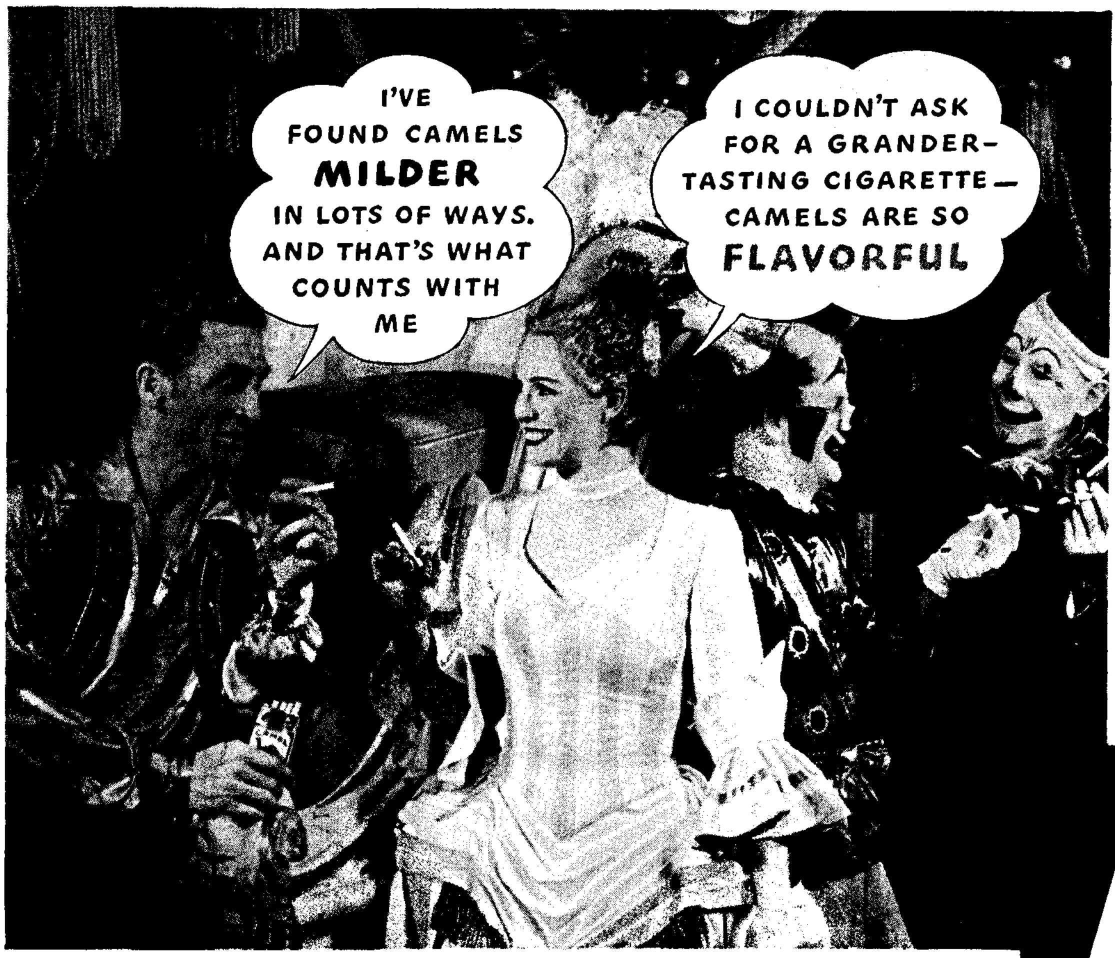


HUBERT CASTLE

—Millions thrill to his aerial wizardry—share his preference for the extra-mild cigarette with less nicotine in the smoke—Camel

● A slim cable of steel – held at 3,500-pound tension by coil spring. The bounding wire, they call it. The slightest miss in balance or footing can toss you like a bullet into plenty of trouble. And the wizard on this bounding wire *(above)* is the one and only Hubert Castle. His one and only cigarette is the brand that gives the scientific assurance of less nicotine in the smoke.

● Hubert Castle worked 6 years – broke an arm, a leg, 3 ribs – to perfect the whirlwind series of somersaults and hoop jumps he performs on his bounding wire. But before you try any of his tricks on your clothes-line, think it over . . . with a Camel. And remember: Camel's costlier tobaccos and slower burning mean extra mildness with less nicotine in the smoke *(see below)*.


I'VE FOUND CAMELS MILDER IN LOTS OF WAYS. AND THAT'S WHAT COUNTS WITH ME
I COULDN'T ASK FOR A GRANDER-TASTING CIGARETTE—CAMELS ARE SO FLAVORFUL

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself*

"CASTLE IN THE AIR." That featured billing in the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey circus program means Hubert Castle, photographed with Mrs. Castle at Madison Square Garden, New York *(above)*.

And to the Hubert Castles – to millions of other smokers just like yourself – Camels mean smoking pleasure at its flavorful best – with the extra mildness and extra freedom from nicotine that only Camel's matchlessly blended, costlier tobaccos can give.

But the final and convincing proof of Camel's advantages is in the smoking . . . in the very *smoke itself* (see scientific findings above, right). So try Camels. Smoke them critically. Discover for yourself what a real difference Camels, with their slower-burning, costlier tobaccos, can make in your every smoking moment.

For convenience – economy – buy your Camels by the carton.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAMEL THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS